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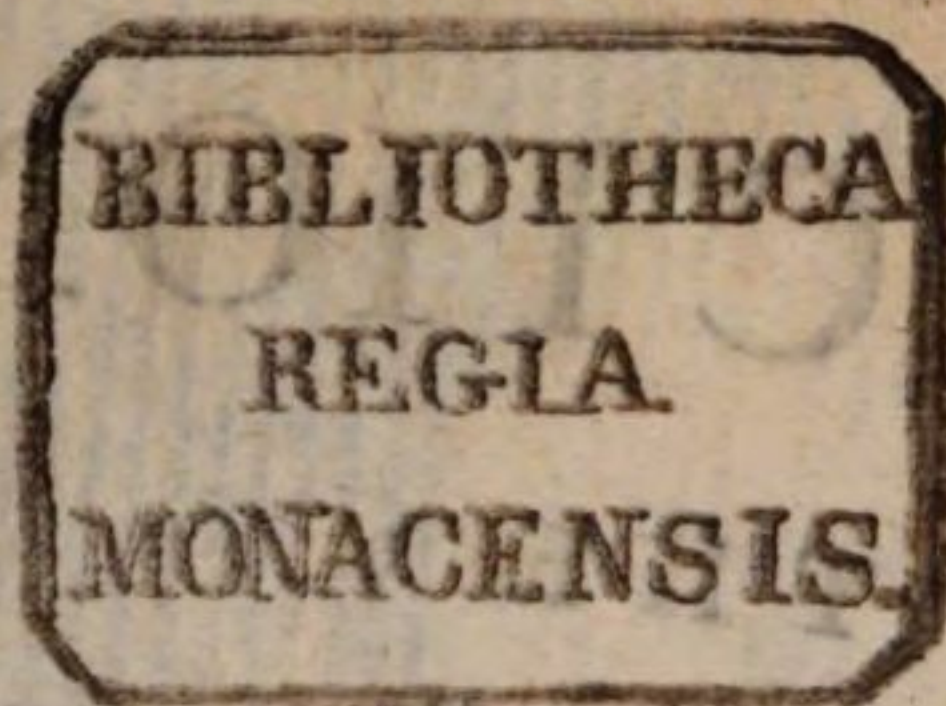
VOL VI.



Printed for

H. SCHEURLEER, Junior.

at the Hague, 1750.



SELECTED FROM

THE

BEST AUTHORS

VOL VI

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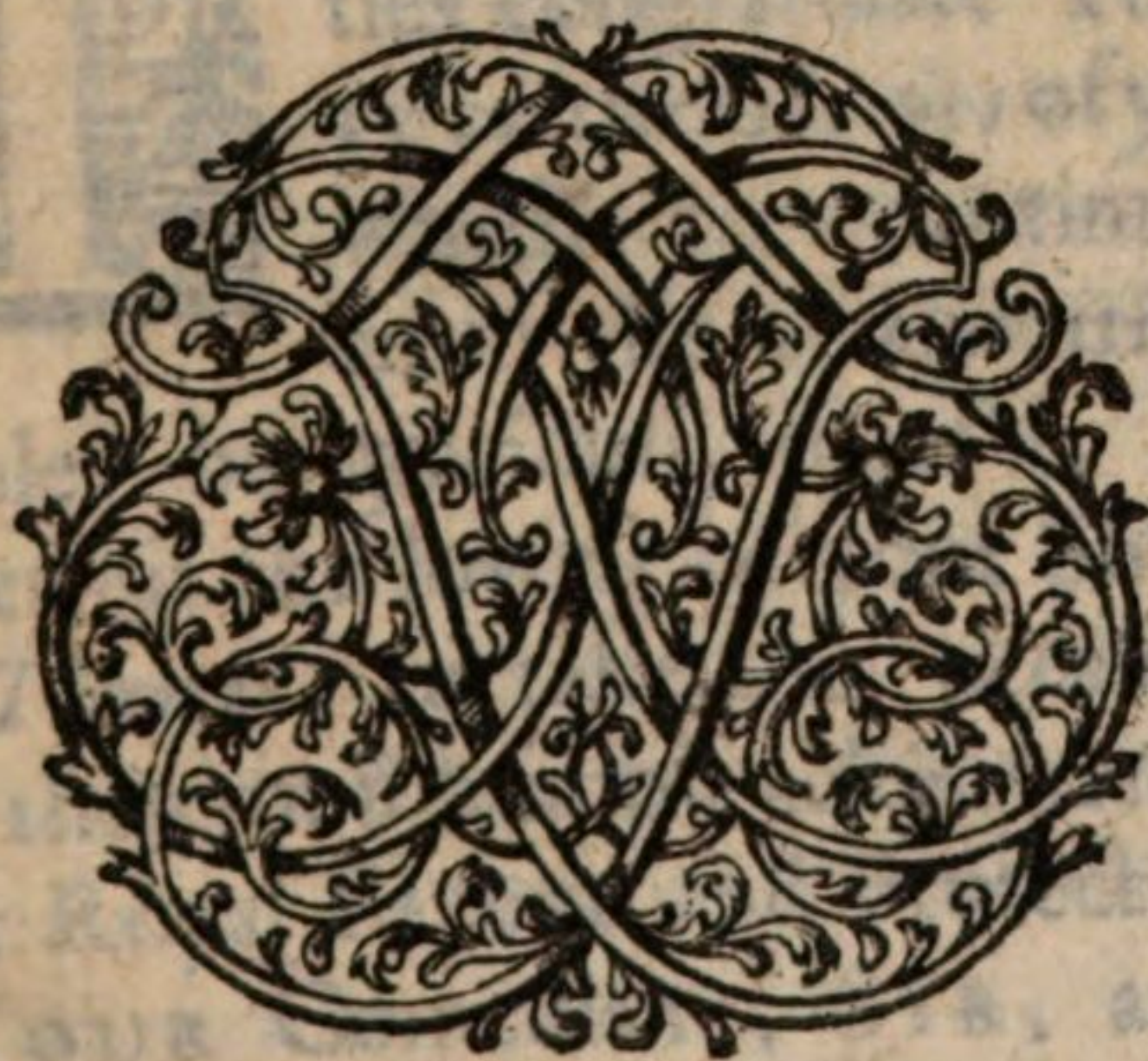
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THE
NON-JUROR.
A
COMEDY.

Written by Mr. CIBBER.

—*Pulchra Laverna*
Da mihi fallere; da justum, sanctumque videri,
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem. HOR.



LONDON,

Printed for T. J. & are sold by the Book-
sellers of London & Westminster.

M. DCC. XVIII.

THE
NON-PROFITOR.
A
COMEDY.

Written by MR. CIBBER.

—PUBLISHED BY LONDON—
Da nobis fallere; da iudicare, facitque videtur.
Nobis peccatis, & fratribus obice videtur. H. O. R.



L O N D O N,
Printed for T. J. & are sold by the Booksellers of London & Westminster.

M. DCC. XVII.

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TO THE
K I N G.

S I R,

IN a time, when all Communi-
ties congratulate Your MAJES-
TY on the *Glories* of your Reign,
which are continually rising
from the *Prosperities* of your
People; be graciously pleas'd, *Dread Sir*,
to permit the lowest of your Subjects from
the *Theatre*, to take this occasion of offer-
ing their most humble acknowledgments for
your Royal Favour and Protection.

YOUR Comedians, SIR, are an unhap-
py Society, whom some severe heads think
wholly useless, and others dangerous to the
young and innocent: This Comedy is ther-
fore an attempt to remove that prejudice,
and to shew, what honest and laudable uses

A DEDICATION

may be made of the *Theatre*, when its performances keep close to the true purposes of its institution: That it may be necessary to divert the fullen and disaffected from busyng their brains to disturb the happiness of a Government, which (for want of proper amusements) they often enter into wild and seditious Schemes to reform: And that it may likewise make those very follies the ridicule and diversion even of those that committed them. Our labours have at least this glory to boast, that since Plays were first exhibited in *England*, they were never totally suppress'd, but by those very People, that turn'd our *Church* and *Constitution* into *Irreligion* and *Anarchy*.

OF all errors, those that are the effect of *Superstition* make us naturally most obstinate; it is therefore no wonder, that the blinded Profelytes of our few Non-juring Clergy, are so hard to be recover'd by the clearest evidences of sense and reason. But when a *Principle* is once made truly *ridiculous*, it is not in the power of human nature not to be *asham'd* of it. From which reflection, I was first determin'd to attack those *lurking* Enemies of our Constitution from the Stage: And though my success has far exceeded my expectation, yet I grieve, when

D E D I C A T I O N. 5

ve, when I (perhaps with vanity) imagine it might have had thrice the good effect on the minds of Your MAJESTY's People, were it not under the *misfortune* of being written by a *Comedian*. I am therefore in some terror, notwithstanding its publick applause, to reflect how far your MAJESTY, in your Wisdom, may think it proper to with-hold your pardon for the unlicensed boldness of my undertaking. I am sensible it may be justly urg'd against me, That even *Truth* and *Loyalty* might have lost their lustre, by appearing reduc'd to want the defence of so inconsiderable a Champion. But as I never believ'd the best Play could be supported in an ill cause; so was I assur'd the worst might pass, with favour, in a good one. And though my duty and concern has made me more careful in the conduct of this, than any of my former endeavours; I am convinc'd, that what may have been extraordinary in the success of it, is utterly owing to a happy choice of the subject. And as its meeting no opposition from our publick Malecontents, seems, in some degree, an argument of the clear and honest truth of those Principles it vindicates, so may it of the equal falsehood of the rebellious and unchristian tenets it exposes.

A 3

6 DEDICATION.

poses. Nay, I have yet a farther hope, that it has even discovered the strength and number of the *Misguided* to be much less, than may have been artfully insinuated; there being no Assembly where people are so free, and apt to speak their minds, as in a crowded *Theatre*; Of which Your MAJESTY may have lately seen an instance, in the insuppressible Acclamations that were given on your appearing to honour this Play with your Royal presence.

BUT were the Dilaffected yet as numerous, as some few may wish them, what honest *Englishman* can ever think them formidable, that considers his security in the wisdom of your MAJESTY's *Counsels*, and your heroick *Resolution* to execute them? And as every action of your Regal power has shewn the Nation, that your greatest *glory* and *delight* is in being the *Father* of your *People*; so may it convince its Enemies, that *they* will always find you KING of your *Subjects*.---But I am wandering into thoughts that awe me into silence; and humbly beg leave to subscribe my self,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY's

*Most Dutiful, and most Obedient,
Subject and Servant,*

COLLEY CIBBER.



PROLOGUE

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

TO-night, ye Whigs and Tories both be safe,
 Nor hope, at one another's cost, to laugh:
 We mean to fouse old Satan and the Pope;
 They've no Relations here nor Friends, we hope.
 A Tool of theirs supplies the comic Stage
 With just materials for satyrick rage:
 Nor think our colours may too strongly pain
 The stiff Non-juring separation-Saint.
 Good breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the Nation to the Devil;
 Who at our surest, best foundations strike,
 And hate our Monarch and our Church alike:
 Our Church, --- which, aw'd with reverential fear,
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
 Long may she these her worst of Foes defy,
 And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky:
 While theirs-- But Satyr silently disdains
 To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's brains.
 Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the dark,
 And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk.
 In close back rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the Patriarch of blind lanes and allies.
 There safe, he lets his thundring Censures fly,
 Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the lie,
 And excommunicates three stories high. }
 Why, since a land of Liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this free born State?
 Here, ev'ry hour, fresh hateful objects rise,

PROLOGUE.

*Peate, and Prosperity afflict their eyes:
With anguish, Prince, and People they survey,
Their just obedience, and his righteous sway.
Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some passive land,
Where Tyrants after your own hearts command.
To your transalpine Master's rule resort,
And fill an empty abdicated Court:
Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
And buy ye lands and Lordships at Urbino.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir JOHN WOODVIL,	Mr. Mills
Colonel WOODVIL,	Mr. Booth
Mr. HEARTLY,	Mr. Wilks
Doctor WOLF,	Mr. Cibber
CHARLES,	Mr. Walker

W O M E N.

Lady WOODVIL,	Mrs. Porter
MARIA,	Mrs. Oldfield

The SCENE, an Anti-chamber of Sir JOHN's
House in LONDON.



T H E NON-JUROR.

A C T I.

Sir John Woodvil, and the Colonel.

Col.



RAY consider, Sir.

Sir John. So I do, Sir, that I am her Father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. I don't dispute your Authority, Sir: But as I am your Son too, I think it my duty to be concern'd for your Honour: Have not you countenanced his Addresses to my Sister? Has not she receiv'd them? How then is it possible, that either you or she with honour can recede?

Sir John. Why, Sir? Suppose I was about buying a Pad nag for your Sister, and upon enquiry should find him not sound: Pray, Sir, would there be any great Dishonour in being off o'the bargain?

Col. With submission, Sir, I don't take that to be

be the case. Mr. *Heartly's* Birth and Fortune are too well known to you ; and I dare swear he may defy the world , to lay a blemish upon his principles.

Sir *John*. Why then , Sir , since I must be catechis'd , I must tell you , I don't like his principles : For I am inform'd he is a Time-server , one that basely flatters the Government , and has no more Religion than you have.

Col. Sir , we don't either of us think it proper to make boast of our Religion ; but if you please to enquire , you will find we go to Church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir *John*. Ay ! to what Church !

Col. St. *James's* Church The establish'd Church.

Sir *John*. Establish'd Church !

Col. Sir....

Sir *John*. Nay , you need not stare , Sir ; and before he values himself upon going to Church, I would first have him be sure he is a Christian.

Col. A Christian , Sir !

Sir *John*. Ay , that's my question, Whether he is yet christned ? I mean , by a Pastor, that had a divine , uninterrupted , successive right to mark him as a Sheep of the true Fold ?

Col. Is it possible ! are you an *Englishman* , and offer , Sir , a question so uncharitable, not only to him , but the whole Nation ?

Sir *John*. Nay , Sir , you may give your self what airs of amazement you please , I won't argue with you ; you are both of you too harden'd to be converted now ; but since you think it your duty , as a Son , to be concern'd for my errors , I think it as much mine , as a Father , to be concern'd for yours I'll only tell you of them , if you think fit to mend them so if not ... take the consequence.

Col.

Col. [*aside.*] O! give me temper, Heaven! this vile nonjuring Zealot! what poisonous principles has he swell'd him with! Well, Sir, since you don't think it proper to argue upon this subject, I'll wave it too: But if I may ask it without offence, Are these your only reasons for discountenancing Mr. *Heartly's* Addresses to my Sister?

Sir John. These! are they not flagrant! would you have me marry my Daughter to a Pagan! for so he is, and all of you, till you are regularly Christians. In short, Son, expect to inherit no Estate of mine, unless you resolve to come into the pale of the Church, of which I profess my self a Member.

Col. I thought I always was, Sir, and hope I am so still; unless you have lately been converted to the *Roman*.

Sir John. No, Sir, I abhor the thoughts on't; and protest against their errors as much as you do.

Col. If so, Sir; where's our difference?

Sir John. Difference! 'twould make you tremble, Sir, to know it! but since 'tis fit you should know it, look there.... [*Gives him a Book*] Read that, and be reform'd.

Col. What's here? [*Reads*] *the Case of Schism*, &c. Thank you, Sir; I have seen enough of this in the *Daily Courant*, to be sorry its in any hands, but those of the common Hangman.

Sir John. Prophanation!

Col. And though I always honour'd your concern for the Churches welfare, I little thought 't was for a Church that is establish'd no where?

Sir John. O! Perverseness! but there is no better to be expected from your course of life: This is all the effects of your modern Loyalty, your conversation at *Button's*. Will you never leave that foul nest of Heresy and Schism?

Col.

Col. Yes, Sir, when I see any thing like it there; and should think myself oblig'd to retire, where such principles were started.... I own I use the place, because I generally meet there instructive or diverting company.

Sir John. Yes, fine company indeed, *Arians*, party-Poets, Players and Presbyterians.

Col. That's a very unusual mixture, Sir; but if a man entertains me innocently, am I oblig'd to enquire into his profession, or principles? Would not it be ridiculous for a Protestant that loves Musick, to refuse going to the *Opera*, because most of the performers are Papists? But, Sir, this seems foreign to my business; Mr. *Heartly* intends this morning to pay his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent; and desired me to be present, as a Mediator of Articles between you.

Sir John. I am glad to hear it.

Col. That's kind, indeed, Sir.

Sir John. May be not, Sir.... for I will not be at home when he comes.

Col. Nay, pray, Sir, 'twill be but civility, at least, to hear him.

Sir John. And because I won't tell a lie for the matter, I'll go out this moment.

Col. Good Sir.

Sir John. But because I won't deceive him neither, tell him, I would not have him lose his time, in fooling after your Sister.... In short, I have another man in my head for her. [Exit Sir John.]

Col. Another Man! 'twould be worth one's while to know him.... Pray Heaven this nonjuring Hypocrite has not got some beggarly Traytor in his eye for her.... I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement I can hope from my Father is a Castle in the Air; nor can indeed his life be safe, while such a Villain makes it an act of Conscience to endanger it: If his eyes are not soon open'd against him, the

Crown's

Crown's more likely to inherit his Estate, than I am; and though the Government has been very favourable upon those occasions, it is but a melancholy business to petition for what might have been one's birthright. My Sister may be ruin'd too Here she comes; if there be another man in the case, she no doubt can let me into the secret.

Enter Maria.

Sister, good morrow I want to speak with you.

Mar. Nay, but prithee, Brother, don't put on that wise politick face then: Why you look as if the minority had like to have carried a Question.

Col. Come, come, a truce with your raillery; what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Mar. Well then, provided it is not upon the subject of Love, I will be so but make haste too for I have not had my Tea yet.

Col. Why it is, and is not upon that subject.

Mar. O! I love a Riddle dearly come ..., let's hear it.

Col. Nay, pish if you will be serious, say so.

Mar. O Lard! Sir, I beg your pardon there there's my whole form and features totally disengag'd, and lifeless at your service; now put them in what posture of attention you think fit.

[She leans against him, with her arms awkwardly falling to her knees.]

Col. Was there ever such a giddy Devil! prithee stand up. I have been talking with my Father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any farther Addresles from Mr. Heartly.

Mar. Are you serious?

Col. He said it this minute, and with some warmth too.

Mar. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col.

Col. How! glad!

Mar. To a degree: Do you think a man has any more charms for me for my Father's liking him? No, Sir, if Mr. *Heartly* can make his way to me now, he is oblig'd to me only: Besides, now it may have the face of an Amour indeed: Now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too. O I like it mightily.

Col. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of *Heartly*... but however, a Father's consent might have clapt a pair of Horses more to your Coach perhaps, and the want of that, may pinch your fortune.

Mar. Burn fortune! Am not I a fine Woman? And have not I above 5000. l. in my own hands?

Col. Yes, Sister, but with all your charms, you have had it in your hands almost these four years; pray consider that too.

Mar. Pshaw! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? But if I'll humour my Father, I'll warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlick'd lout of a Fellow to snub me into the bargain: A comfortable equivalent truly... No, no, let him light his pipe with his consent if he pleases. Willful against Wife for a wager.

Col. Well said; nothing goes to your heart I find.

Mar. No, no, Brother; the suits of my Lovers shall not be ended, like those at Law, by dull Council on both sides: I'll hear nothing but what the Plaintiff himself can say to me. 'T would be a pretty thing indeed to confine my airs to the directions of a Solicitor, to look kind, or cruel, only as the Jointure propos'd, is, or is not, equal to the fortune my Father designs me: What! do you think I'll have my features put into the *Gazette* to be dispos'd of, like a parcel of dirty Acres, by an old Master

Master in Chancery to the fairest bidder? No, if I must have an ill Match, I'll have the pleasure of playing my own game at least.

Col. There spoke the spirit of a free-born *English-woman*. Well, I am glad you are not startled at the first part of my news however; but farther.... Pray, Sister, has my Father ever propos'd any other man to you?

Mar. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Why the last words he said to me, were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Mar. And who is it? Who is it? tell me, dear Brother, quickly.

Col. Why you don't so much as seem surpriz'd at it?

Mar. No, but impatient, and that's as well you know [Gravely.]

Col. Why how now, Sister?

Mar. Why sure, Brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprize of a new Lover ought to shock a Woman of my temper.... don't you know that I am a *Coquette*?

Col. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Mar. To a Lover I grant you; but I make no more of you than a Sister, I can say any thing to you.

Col. I should have been better pleas'd if you had not own'd it to me.... it's a hateful character.

Mar. Ay, it's no matter for that, its violently pleasant, and there's no law against it, that I know of. You had best advise your Friend *Heartly* to bring in a Bill to prevent it: All the discarded Toasts, Prudes, and superannuated Virgins would give him their Interest I dare swear: Take my word, *Coquetry* has govern'd the World from the beginning, and will do so to the end on't.

Col.

Col. *Heartly's* like to have a hopeful time on't with you.

Mar. Well, but don't you really know who it is my Father intends me?

Col. Not I really, but I imagin'd you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Mar. Nay, he has not open'd his lips to me yet. Are you sure he's gone out?

Col. You are very impatient to know methinks? What have you to do to concern your self about any Man but *Heartly*?

Mar. O lud! O lud! O lud! don't be so wise, prithee Brother: Why if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeas'd to hear there were two people about it? Can any Woman think herself happy, that's oblig'd to marry only with a *Hobson's* choice? No, don't think to rob me of so innocent a vanity; for believe me, Brother, there is no Fellow upon Earth, how disagreeable soever, but in the long run of his Addresses will utter something at least, that's worth a poor Woman's hearing. Besides, to be a little serious, *Heartly* has a tincture of Jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial Rival can cure him of.

Col. O your servant, Madam, now you talk reason; I am glad you are concern'd enough for *Heartly's* faults, to think them worth your mending.... Ha! ha!

Mar. Concern'd! Why did I say that... look you, I'll deny it all to him... Well, if ever I am serious with you again....

Col. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Mar. Pshah!

Enter Heartly. Maria takes a Book from the Table, and reads.

Heart

Hear. Dear Colonel, your servant.

Col I am glad you did not come sooner, for in the humour my Father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time to have press'd your affair....I touch'd upon 't....but ...I'll tell you more presently; in the mean time lose no ground with my Sister.

Hear. I shall always think my self oblig'd to your Friendship, let my success be what it will....Madam....your most obedient....What have you got there pray?

Mar. [Repeating.]

„ Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,

„ Quick, as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those....

Hear. Pray, Madam, what is it?

Mar. „ Favours to none, to all she smiles extends....

Hear. Nay, I will see.... [Strugling.]

Mar. [Putting him by.]

„ Oft she rejects....but never once offends.

Col. Have a care, she has dipt into her own Character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her through with it.

Hear. I beg your pardon, Madam. [Gravely.]

Mar. „ Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,

„ And like the Sun, they shine on all alike....um....um

Hear. That is something like indeed.

Col. You would say so, if you knew all.

Hear. All what? Pray what do you mean?

Col. Have a little patience, I'll tell you immediately.

Hear. [Aside.] Confusion! some Coxcomb now has been flattering her, I'll be curst else, she's so full of her dear self upon't.

Mar. [Turning to Heartly.]

„ If to her share some female errors fall,

„ Look on her face....and you'll forget them all.

Is not that natural, Mr. Heartly?

Hear. For a Woman to expect it is indeed.

Mar. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the

B

same

same time a proof of the poor man's passion and her power?

Hear. So that you think the greatest compliment a Lover can make his Mistress, is to give up his reason to her!

Mar. Certainly: For what have your lordly Sex to boast of but your understanding? And till that's entirely surrender'd to her discretion while the least sentiment holds out against her, a Woman must be downright vain to think her conquest compleated.

Hear. There we differ, Madam; for in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity, could value or desire such a conquest.

Mar. O! d'ye hear him, Brother? The Creature reasons with me! Nay, has the frontless folly to think me in the wrong too! O lud! he'd make a horrid Tyrant....positively I won't have him.

Hear. Well, my comfort is, no other Man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Mar. [*Affectedly smiling.*] Am not I a horrid, vain, silly Creature, Mr. *Heartly*?

Hear. A little bordering upon the baby, I must own.

Mar. Laud! how can you love one so then? But I don't think you love me though...do you?

Hear. Yes, faith I do, and so shamefully, that I am in hopes you doubt it.

Mar. Poor Man! he'd fain bring me to Reason. [*Smiling in his face.*]

Hear. I would indeed, nor am ashamed to own it.... nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, you would be the most perfect creature of your Sex.

Mar. O lud! he's civil...

Hear. Come, come, you have good sense, use me but with that, and make of me what you please.

Mar.

Mar. Laud! I don't desire to make any thing of you, not I.

Hear. Don't look so cold upon me; by Heaven I can't bear it.

Mar. Well! now you are tolerable. [*gently glancing on him.*)

Hear. Come then, be generous, and swear at least you'll never be another's.

Mar. Ah! Lard! now you have spoil'd all again. Beside, how can I be sure of that before I have seen this t'other Man, my Brother spoke to me of? [*Reads to her self again.*]

Hear. What Riddle's this? [*To the Col.*]

Col. I told you you did not know all: To be serious, my Father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you. In short, he absolutely retracts his promises; says he would not have you fool away your time after my Sister; and in plain terms told me, he had another Man in his head for her.

Hear. Another Man! Confusion! who! what is he? did not he name him?

Col. No, nor has he yet spoke of him to my Sister.

Hear. This is unaccountable...What can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. Some whim our conscientious Doctor has put in his head I'll lay my life.

Hear. He! He can't be such a Villain; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. So much the worse: By the way, I am now upon the scent of a secret, that I hope shortly will prove him a Rogue to the whole Nation.

Hear. You amaze me...But on what pretence, what ground, what reason, what interest can he have to oppose me?This shock is insupportable.

[*He stands fix'd, and mute.*]

Col. [*Aside to Maria.*] Are you really as un-

concern'd now as you seem to be?

Mar. Thou art a strange dunce, Brother, thou knowest no more of Love, than I do of a Regiment You shall see now how I'll comfort him....

[She goes to Heartly....mimicks his posture and uneasiness, then looks seriously in his face, and blurts into a laugh.]

Hear. I don't wonder at your good humour, Madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Mar. O lud! how wise he is? Well! his Reproaches have that greatness of soul....the confusion they give one is insupportable.... *Betty*, is the Tea ready?

Enter Betty.

Bet. Yes, Madam.

Mar. Mr. *Heartly*, your Servant. *Exit.*

Col. So, so, you have made a fine spot of work on't indeed.

Hear. Dear *Tom*, you'll pardon me, if I speak a little freely: I own the levity of her behaviour, at this time, gives me harder thoughts, than I once believ'd it possible to have of her.

Col. Indeed, my Friend, you mistake her.

Hear. O pardon me; had she any real concern for me, the apprehension of a Man's Addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarm'd her to be something more than serious.

Col. Not at all, for (let this man be who he will) I take all this levity, as a proof of her resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Hear. And pray Sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good-Nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this Man, she should think it convenient to prefer him to me?

Col.

Col. No, no, she's giddy, but not capable of so serious a falsehood.

Hear. It's a sign you don't judge her with a Lover's eye,

Col. No; but as a stander by, I often see more of the game than you do: Don't you know that she is naturally Coquette? And a Coquette's play with a serious Lover, is like a Back-game at Tables, all open at first; she'll make you twenty blots... and you... spare none, take them all up, to be sure; while she... gains points upon you: So that when you eagerly expect to end the game on your side: flap... as you were, she whips up your man, she's fortified, and you are in a worse condition, than when you begun with her... Upon which, you know of course, you curse your Fortune, and she laughs at you.

Hears Faith you judge it rightly... I have always found it so.

Col. In short, you are in haste to be up, and she's resolv'd to make you play out the game at her leisure; you play for the fair stake, and she for victory.

Hear. But still: what could she mean by going away so abruptly?

Col. You grew too serious for her.

Hear. Why who could bear such trifling?

Col. You should have laugh'd at her.

Hear. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. No... If you could, the uneasiness would lie on her side.

Hear. Do you then really think she has any thing in her heart for me?

Col. Ay, marry Sir... Ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now... Lord! how you could love her!

Hear. And so I could, by Heaven! [*eagerly embracing him.*]

Col. Ay, but 'tis not the nature of the Creature; you must take her upon her own terms; tho' faith I thought she own'd a great deal to you, but now. Did not you observe, when you were impatient, with what a conscious vanity she cry'd....Now you are tolerable.

Hear. Nay, the Devil can be agreeable when she pleases.

Col. Well, well, I'll undertake for her; if my Father don't stand in your way we are well enough, and I don't question, but the alarm he has given us, like his other politick projects, will end all *in fumo*.

Hear. What says my Lady? you don't think she's against us?

Col. I dare swear she is not; she's of so soft, so sweet a disposition, that ev'n provocation can't make her your Enemy.

Hear. How came so fine a Creature to marry your Father with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. Want of fortune, *Frank*. She was poor and beautiful, He rich and amorous....She made him happy, and he her....

Hear. A Lady.

Col. And a Jointure....Now she's the only one in the Family, that has power with our precise Doctor, and I dare engage she'll use it with him, to persuade my Father from any thing that's against your Interest. By the way you must know, I have some shrewd suspicions, that this sanctify'd Rogue is carnally in love with her.

Hear. O the liquorish Rascal!

Col. You shall judge by the symptoms: First, he's jealous of every male thing that comes near her; and under a friendly pretence of guarding my Father's Honour, has persuaded him to abolish her Assemblies: Nay, at the last Masquerade this conscientious Spy (unknown to her) was eternally at
her

her elbow in the habit of a Cardinal. At dinner he never fails to sit next her, and will eat nothing but what she helps him to; always takes her side in Argument, and when he bows after Grace, constantly ogles her; bids my Sister, if she would look lovely, learn to dress by her; and at the Tea-Table, I have seen the impudent Goat most lasciviously sip off her leavings. She lost one of her Slippers t'other day, (by the way she has a mighty pretty foot) and what do you think was become of it?

Hear. You puzzle me.

Col. I gad, this love-sick Monkey had stole it for a private play-thing, and one of the house-maids, when she clean'd his Study, found it there with one of her old gloves in the middle of it.

Hear. A very proper Relique to put him in mind of his Devotions to *Venus*.

Col. But mum! here he comes.

Enter Doctor Wolf, and Charles.

Doct. Charles, step up into my Study, and bring down half a dozen more of those Manual devotions that I compos'd for the use of our Friends in Prison: and, dost thou hear? leave this Writing there, but bring me the key, and then bid the Butler ring to Prayers....[*Exit Charles.*] Mr. Heartly, I am your most faithful Servant, I hope you and the good Colonel will stay and join in the private duties of the Family.

Hear. With all my heart, Sir, provided you'll do the duty of a Subject too, and not leave out the Prayer for the Royal Family.

Doct. The good Colonel knows, I never do omit it.

Col. Sometimes, Doctor; but I don't remember, I ever once heard you name them.

Doct. That's only to shorten the Service, left in so large a family, some few vain idle souls might think it tedious; and we ought, as it were, to allure them to what's good, by the gentlest, easiest means we can.

Hear. How! how Doctor! Are you sure that's your only reason for leaving their names out?

Doct. But, pray Sir, why is naming them so absolutely necessary? when Heaven, without it, knows the true intention of our hearts? ...Beside, why should we, when we so easily may avoid it, give the least colour of offence to tender consciences?

Col. Ay! now you begin to open, Doctor....

Hear. Have a care Sir, the Conscience that equivocates in its devotions, must have the blackest colour Hell can paint it with.

Col. Well said! to him *Heartly*.

Hear. Your conscience, I dare say, won't be easily convinc'd, while your scruples turn to so good account in a private Family.

Doct. What am I to be baited then....but 'twont be always holiday...[*Frowning.*] The time's now yours, but mine may come.

Col. What do you mean, Sir?

Doct. Sir, I shall not explain my self, but make your best of what I've said. I'm not to be intrap'd by all your servile Spies of power...But Power perhaps may change its hands, and you e'er long, as little dare to speak your mind as I do.

Col. [*Taking him by the Collar.*] Hark you, Sirrah! Dare you menace the Government in my hearing?

Hear. Nay, Colonel. (*Interposing.*)

Doct. 'Tis well!

Col. Traytor! but that our Laws have chains and gibbets for such Villains, I'd this moment crackle all thy bones to splinters.

Doct.

Doct. Very well! your Father, Sir, shall know my treatment.

Hear. Nay, dear Colonel, let him go.

Col. I ask your pardon, *Frank*, I am ashamed that such a Wretch could move me so.

Hear. Come, compose your self.

Doct. (*Aside, and recovering himself.*) No! I'll take no notice of it - I know he's warm and weak enough to tell this as his own story to his Father---let him---'tis better so---'twill but confirm Sir *John* in his good opinion of my Charity, and serve to ruin him the faster. (*Exit.*)

Hear. Was there ever so insolent a Rascal?

Col. The Dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Hear. Who could have believ'd such outrageous arrogance could have lurk'd under so lamb like an outside?

Col. This Fellow has the spleen and spirit of ten Becketts in him.

Hear. What the devil is he? whence came he? what's his original? Is he really a Doctor?

Col. So he pretends, and that he lost his Living in *Ireland* upon his refusing the Oaths to the Government. Now I have made the strictest inquiries, and can't find the least evidence, that ever he was in the country. But (as I hinted to you) there is now in prison a poor unhappy Rebel I went to school with, whose Pardon I am soliciting; and he assures me, he knew him very well in *Flandres*, and in such circumstances, as when it can be serviceable to me to know them, he faithfully promises to discover; but begs till then I will not insist upon it.

Hear. I gad this intelligence may be worth your cherishing.

Col. Hah! here's my Sister again.

Enter

Enter Maria hastily, Doctor Wolf following.

Mar. You'll find Sir, I will not be us'd thus: Nor shall your credit with my Father protect your Insolence to me.

Hear.

and

Col.

} What's the matter?

Mar. Nothing, pray be quiet--I don't want you stand out of the way-- (*They retire.*

Col. What has the dog done to her?

Mar. How durst you bolt with such authority into my Chamber without giving me notice!

Hear. Confusion!

Col. Now, *Frank*, whose turn is it to keep their temper?

Hear. (*Struggling.*) 'Tis not mine I'm sure.

Col. Hold... if my Father won't resent this, 't is then time enough for me to do it.

Doct. Compose your transport, Madam, I came by your Father's desire, who being inform'd, that you were entertaining Mr. *Heartly*, grew impatient, and gave his positive command, that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Hear. So! now the storm is rising.

Doct. So for what I have done, Madam, I had his Authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Mar. 'Tis false, he gave you no authority to insult me; or if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? your Function! Does that exempt you from the Manners of a Gentleman?

Doct. Shall I have any answer to your Father, Lady?

Mar. I'll send him none by you.

Doct. I shall inform him so....

[*Exit.*
Mar.

Mar. A saucy puppy.

Col. Prithee, Sister, what has the fellow done to you?

Hear. I beg you tell us, Madam.

Mar. Nay, no great matter.... but I was sitting carelessly in my Dressing Room... a... a fastning my garter, with my face just towards the door, and this impudent Cur, without the least notice, comes bounce in upon me.... and my devilish hoop hapning to hitch in the chair, I was an hour before I could get down my petticoats.

Hear. The Rogue must be corrected.

Col. Yet I gad, I can't help laughing at the accident! What a ridiculous figure must she make! ha! ha!

Mar. Hah! you're as impudent as he I think: Well but had not I best go to my Father?

Hear. Now, now, dear Tom, speak to her before she goes, this is the very crisis of my life....

[*Apart to the Col.*

Mar. What does he say, Brother?

Col. Why he wants to have me speak to you, and I would have him do it himself.

Mar. Ay, come, do, Heartly, I am in good humour now.

Hear. O Maria! ... my heart is bursting....

Mar. Well, well, out with it.

Hear. Your Father, now, I see is bent on parting us... Nay, what's yet worse, perhaps, will give you to another.... I cannot speak.... Imagine what I want from you....

Mar. Well... O lud! one looks so silly though, when one's serious.... O ged.... in short I cannot get it out.

Col. I warrant you, try again.

Mar. O lud! ... well.... if one must be teiz'd then ... why he must hope; I think.

Hear. Is't possible? Thus....

Col.

Col. Buz.... [*Stopping his Mouth*] not a syllable, she has done very well, I bar all heroicks; if you press it too far, I'll hold six to four, she's off again in a moment.

Hear. I am silenc'd.

Mar. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd fellow my Father has found out for me.

Hear. I'd give something to know him.

Mar. He's in a terrible fust at your being here I find... I had best go to him.

Col. By all means.

Mar. O Bless us! here he comes piping hot to fetch me! Now we are all in a fine pickle.

Enter Sir John hastily... He takes Maria under his arm, cocks his hat, nods, frowning at Heartly, and carries her off.

Col. So... Well said Doctor! 'tis he, I'm sure has blown this fire. What horrid hands is this poor family fallen into? and how the Traytor seems to triumph in his power? How little is my Father like himself? by Nature, open, just, and generous; but this vile Hypocrite drives his weak Passions like the wind, and I foresee at last, will dash him on his ruin.

Hear. Nothing but your speedily detecting him can prevent it.

Col. I have a thought, and 'tis the only one that can expose him to my Father.... Come *Frank*, be cheerful; in some unguarded hour, we yet, perhaps, this lurking Thief,

*Without his holy Vizor, may surprize,
And lay th' Impostor naked to his eyes.*

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.

A C T.

A C T. I I.

Charles with a Writing in his hand.

Charles. 'TIS so... I have long suspected where his Zeal would end, in the making of his private fortune... But then to found it on the ruin of his Patron's Children, makes me shudder at the Villany: What desperation may a Son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited? Beside his Daughter, fair *Maria* too is wrong'd; wrong'd in the most tender point: For so extravagant is this Settlement, it leaves her not a Shilling, but on her conditionally marrying with the Doctor's consent; which seems, by what I've heard, intended as an expedient, to oblige her to accept the Doctor himself for her Husband: Now 'twere but an honest part to let *Maria* know this snare, that's laid for her: This Deed's not sign'd, and might be yet prevented... It shall be so... 'twere folly not to try... My condition can't be worse... Who knows how far her good nature may think herself oblig'd for the discovery? ... Must he ruin, as he has done mine, all Families he comes into?

Enter Sir John, Lady Woodvil, and Maria.

Sir John. O, *Charles*, your Master wants you to transcribe some Letters.

Charles. Sir, I'll wait on him. [*Exit Charles bowing respectfully to the Ladies.*]

Mar. A pretty well bred Fellow that.

Sir John. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his good breeding; he is honest.

Maria

Mar. He's always clean too.

Sir John. I wonder, Daughter, when thou wilt take notice of a Man's real merit... Humph! well bred, and clean forsooth... Would not one think now, she were describing a Coxcomb?

Mar. But, dear *Papa*, do you make no allowance for one's taste?

Sir John. Taste; hah! and One's taste? That Madam One is to me the most provoking, impertinent jade alive; and taste is the true picture of her senseless, sickly appetite: When do you hear my Wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young, as your fantastical Ladyship.

Lady W. *Maria's* of a cheerful temper, my Dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir John. I shall try that presently, and you, Sweet-heart, shall judge between us: In short, Daughter, your course of life is but one continual round of playing the fool to no purpose; and therefore I am resolv'd to make you think seriously, and marry.

Mar. That I shall do before I marry, Sir, you may depend upon't.

Sir John. Um... That I am not so sure of... but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well: For the Person I intend you, is of all the world the only Man can make you truly happy.

Mar. And of all the world, Sir, that's the only Man, I'll positively marry.

Lady W. [*Aside to Mar.*] Thou hast rare courage, *Maria*; If I had such a game to play, I should be frightened out of my wits.

Mar. Lord, Madam, he'll make nothing on't, depend upon it. (*Aside.*)

Sir John. Mind what I say to you... This wonderful Man, I say... first, as to his principles both in Church and State, is unquestionable.

Mar. Sir, I leave all that to you, for I should never ask him a question about either of them.

Sir

Sir John. You need not , I am fully satisfied of both... He is a true , stanch Member of the *English* Catholick Church.

Mar. Methinks though , I would not have him a *Roman Catholick* , Sir , because you know of double taxes.

Sir John. No , he's no *Roman*.

Mar. Very well , Sir...

Sir John. Then as to the State , he'll shortly be one of the most considerable Men in the Kingdom , and that too in an Office for life ; which , on whatsoever pretence of misbehaviour , no Civil Government can deprive him of.

Mar. That's fine indeed ; I was afraid he had been a Clergyman.

Sir John. I have not yet said what his Function is... As for his private life... he's sober.

Mar. O ! I should hate a Sot.

Sir John. Chaste.

Mar. A hem ! (*stifling a Laugh.*)

Sir John. What is't you sneer at , Madam... You want one of your fine Gentlemen-Rakes , I suppose , that are snapping at every Woman they meet with.

Mar. No , no , Sir , I am very well satisfied .. I... I should not care for such a sort of Man , no more than I should for one that every Woman was ready to snap at.

Sir John. No , you'll be secure from Jealousy ; he has experience , ripeness of years ; he is almost forty nine : Your Sexes Vanities will have no charm for him.

Mar. But all this while , Sir , I don't find that he has any charm for our Sexes vanity : How does he look ? Is he tall , well made ? Does he dress , sing , talk , laugh , and dance well ? Has he a good air , good teeth , fine eyes , a fine fair perriwig.. Does he keep his Chaise , Coach , Chariot , and Berlin with six flouncing *Flanders* ?

ders? Does he wear blew velvet, clean white stockings, and subscribe to the Opera?

Sir John. Was there ever so profligate a Creature! What will this Age come to?

Lady W. Nay, *Maria*, here I must be against you... Now you are blind indeed. A Woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure her Husband takes in his own person.

Sir John. Right.

Lady W. 'Tis not how he looks, but how he loves is the point.

Sir John. Good again!

Lady W. And a Wife is much more secure, that has charms for her Husband, than when the Husband has only charms for her.

Sir John. Admirable! Go on my dear.

Lady W. Do you think, Child, a Woman of five and twenty may not be much happier with an honest Man of fifty, than the finest Woman of fifty with a young Fellow of five and twenty?

Sir John. Mark that.

Mar. Ay, but when two Five and twenties come together... Dear *Papa*, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicksome.

Sir John. Frolicksome! why you sensual Ideot, what have frolicks to do with solid happiness? I am ashamed of you - - Go! you talk worse than a Girl at a boarding school - - Frolicksome! as if Marriage were only a licence for two people to play the fool according to Law? Methinks, Madam, you have a better Example of happiness before your face... Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Mar. Lord, Sir! how you talk? you don't consider people's temper: I don't say my Lady is not in the right; but then you know, *Papa*, she's a Prude, and I am a Coquet; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it, and I hope you see every thing I do is

as consistent with mine: Your wise folks may lay down what rules they please; but 'tis Constitution that governs us all; and you can no more bring me, Sir, to endure a Man of forty nine, than you can persuade my Lady to dance in a Church to the Organ.

Sir John. Why you wicked wretch, could any thing persuade you to that?

Mar. Lord, Sir! I won't answer for any thing I should do when the whim's in my head: You know I always lov'd a little Flirtation.

Sir John. O horrible! My poor Mother has ruin'd her; leaving her a Fortune in her own hands, has turn'd her brain: In short, your sentiments of life are shameful, and I am resolv'd upon your instant reformation; therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall first insist, that you never see young *Heartly* more; for in one word, the good and pious Doctor *Wolf*'s the Man that I have decreed your Husband.

Mar. Ho! ho! ho! [*Laughing aloud.*]

Sir John. 'Tis very well--- this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth--- no more--- give me a serious answer.

Mar. (*Gravely*) I ask your pardon, Sir, I should not have smil'd indeed, could I have suppos'd it possible that you were serious.

Sir John. You'll find me so.

Mar. I am sorry for it; but I have an objection to the Doctor, Sir, that most Fathers think a substantial one.

Sir John. Name it.

Mar. Why, Sir, you know he is not worth a groat.

Sir John. That's more than you know, Madam; I am able to give him a better Estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Mar. How, Sir?

£

Sir

Sir John. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter Charles.

Charles. [*Aside to Sir John.*] Sir, if you are at leisure, the Doctor desires a private Conference with you, upon business of importance.

Sir John. Where is he?

Charles. In his own Chamber, Sir, just taking his leave of the Count and another Gentleman, that came this morning express from *Avignon*: He has sent you too the Note you ask'd him for.

Sir John. 'Tis well; I'll come to him immediately. [*Exit Charles*] Daughter, I am call'd away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last Resolution, that if you expect a Shilling from me, the Doctor is your Husband, or I'm no more your Father. (*Exit Sir John, and drops the Paper.*)

Mar. O Madam! I am at my wits end; not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my Father; but it startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has o'er all his actions.

Lady W. Dear Maria, I am now as much alarm'd as you; for though in compliance to your Father, I have been always inclin'd to think charitably of this Doctor, yet now I am convinc'd 'tis time to be upon our guard--- he's stepping into his Estate too!

Mar. Here's my Brother, Madam, we'll consult with him.

To them the Colonel.

Col. Madam, your most obedient--- Well, Sister, is the secret out? Who is this pretty fellow my Father has pickt up for you?

Mar. Ev'n our agreeable Doctor.

Col. You are not serious.

Lady W. He's the very Man, I can assure you, Sir.

Col.

Col. Confusion! What, would the *Jewish* cormorant devour the whole Family? Your Ladyship knows he is secretly in love with you too.

Lady W. Fy! fy! Colonel.

Col. I ask your Pardon, Madam, if I speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your Ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady W. I am sorry any body else has seen it; but I must own his civilities of late have been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. How then are these opposites to be reconcil'd? Can the Rascal have the assurance to think both these points are to be carried? --- But he does nothing like other people; he's a contradiction ev'n to his own Character: Most of your Non-Jurors now are generally people of a free and open disposition, mighty pretenders to a conscience of Honour indeed: But you seldom see them put on the least shew of Religion: But this formal Hypocrite always has it at his tongue's end, and there it sticks; for it never gets into his heart, I'll answer for him.

Lady W. Ay, but that's the Charm, that first got him into Sir *John's* heart; who, good Man, is himself, I am sure, sincere, however now misguided: 'twas not so much his principles of Government, as his well painted Piety, his seeming self denial, resignation, patience, and humble outside, that gave him first so warm a lodging in his bosom.

Mar. My Lady has judg'd it perfectly right.

Col. I am afraid it's too true: There has been his surest footing! But here we are puzzled again--- What subtle fetch can he have in being really in love with your Ladyship, and at the same time making such a bustle to marry my Sister?

Mar. Truly one would not suspect him to be so termagant: I fancy the Gentleman might have his hands full of one of us.

Col. And yet his zeal pretends to be so shock'd at
C 2 all

all indecent Amours, that in the country he us'd to make the Maids lock up the Turkey cocks every *Saturday* night, for fear they should gallant the Hens on a *Sunday*.

Lady W. O! Ridiculous.

Col. Upon my life, Madam; my Sister told me so.

Mar. I tell you so; You impudent --

Lady W. Fy! *Maria*, he only jests with you.

Mar. How can you be such a monster to be playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be frightened out of your wits? You don't know, perhaps, that my Father declares he'll settle a fortune upon this Fellow too.

Col. What do you mean?

Lady W. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes since he said so.

Col. Nay, then 'tis time indeed his eyes were open'd; and give me leave to say, Madam, 'tis only in your power to save not only me, but ev'n my Father too from ruin.

Lady W. I shall easily come into any thing of that kind, that's practicable-- What is't you propose?

Col. Why, if this Fellow (which I am sure of) is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady W. I apprehend you-- I am loath to do a wrong thing--

Mar. Dear Madam, it's the only way in the world to expose him to my Father.

Lady W. I'll think of it-- (*Musing.*)

Col. When you do, Madam, I am sure you will come into it.

How now! What paper's this? it's the Doctor's hand.

Mar. I believe my Father dropt it.

Col. What's here? (*Reads.*)

Laid out at several times for the secret Service of His
M-----

	l.	s.	d.
May the 28th, For six baskets of Rue and Time, - - - - -	00	18	00
The 29th, ditto, Two Cart-loads of Oaken-boughs, - - - - -	02	00	00
June the 10th, For ten bushels of white Roses, - - - - -	01	10	00
Ditto,--- Given to the Bell ringers of several Parishes, - - - - -	10	15	00
Ditto,--- To Simon Chaunter, Parish- Clerk, for his selecting proper Staves adapted to the day, - - -	05	07	06
Ditto,--- For Lemons and Arrack sent into Newgate, - - - - -	09	05	00

Col. Well, while they drink it in Newgate, much
good may it do them.

Paid to Henry Conscience, Juryman, for his extraordinary trouble in acquit- ting Sir Preston Rebel of his Indict- ment, - - - - -	13	15	00
Allow'd to Patrick Mac-Rogue, of the Foot-Guards, for prevailing with his Comrade to desert, - - - - -	04	06	06
Given as Smart money to Humphrey Stanch, Cobler, lately whipt for speak- ing his mind of the Government, - - -	03	04	06
Paid to Abel Perkin, News-Writer, for divers seasonable paragraphs. - -	05	00	00
Aug. the 1st, Paid to John Shoplift and Thomas Highway, for endeavouring to put out the Enemies Bonfire. - -	02	03	00
Aug. the 2d. Paid the Surgeon for Sear- cloth, for their bruises, - - - - -	01	01	06

Was there ever such a heap of stupid, cold-scented Treason? Now, Madam, I hope you see the necessity of blowing up this Traitor: These are lengths I did not think my Father had gone with him: What vile, what low Sedition, has he made him stoop to?

Lady W. I tremble at the precipice he stands on.

Mar. O bless us! I am in a cold sweat; dear Brother, leave it where you found it--

Lady W. By all means; if Sir John should know it's in your hands, it may make him desperate--

Col. You are in the right, Madam.

[*He lays down the Paper.*

Lady W. Let's steal into the next room, and observe that no body else takes it up; he'll certainly come back to look for't.

Col. But I must leave you, poor *Heartly* stays for me at *White's*; and he'll sit upon thorns, 'till I bring him an account of his new Rival.

Mar. Well, well, get you gone then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John in a Hurry.

Sir John. Undone! Ruin'd! where could I drop this paper?--Hold--let's see--(*He finds it.*) Ah! here it is--What a blessed scape was this? If my hot-brain'd Son had found it, I suppose by to-morrow, he would have been begging my Estate for the discovery--

(*Enter Doctor Wolf.*

O Doctor! all's well: I have found my paper.

Doct. I am sincerely glad of it--It might have ruin'd us.

Sir John. Well, Sir, what say our last Advices from *Avignon*?

Doct. All goes right--The Council has approv'd our Scheme, and press mightily for dispatch among our Friends in *England*.

Sir John. But pray Doctor--

Doct. Hold, Sir,--now we are alone, give me leave

leave to inform you better --- Not that I am vain of any worldly Title; but since it has pleas'd our Court to dignify me, our Churches right obliges me to take it.

Sir *John*. Pray, Sir, explain.

Doct. Our last Express has brought me this--
(*he shews a writing*) which (far unworthy, as I am) promotes me to the vacant See of *Thetford*.

Sir *John*. Is it possible? My Lord, I joy in your advancement.

Doct. It is indeed a spiritual comfort to find my labours in the cause are not forgotten; though I must own some less conspicuous instance of their favour had better suited me: Such high distinctions are invidious; and it would really grieve me, Sir, among my Friends, to meet with envy where I only hope for love; not but I submit in any way to serve them.

Sir *John*. Ah! good Man! this meekness will, I hope, one day be rewarded--but pray Sir--My Lord! ---I beg your Lordship's pardon---pray what other News? how do all our Friends? are they in heart, and chearful?

Doct. To a Man! never in such sanguine hopes -- the Court's extremely throng'd--never was there such a concourse of warlike Exiles? though they talk, this sharp season, of removing father into *Italy*, for the benefit of milder air: Well! The Catholicks are the sincerest Friends.

Sir *John*. Nay, I must do them justice, they are truly zealous in the cause; and it has often griev'd my heart, that our Churches differences are so utterly irreconcilable.

Doct. O nourish still that charitable thought! there's something truly great and humane in it; and really, Sir, if you examine well the Doctrines laid down, by my learned Predecessor, in his *Case of Schism*, you will find those differences are not so terribly

material, as some obstinate Schismaticks would paint them: Ah! could we but be brought to temper, a great many seeming contradictions might be reconcil'd on both sides: But while the Laity will interpret for themselves, there is indeed no doing it. Now could we Sir, like other Nations, but once restrain that monstrous licence. Ah! Sir, a union then might soon be practicable.

Sir John. Ah! 'twill never do here: The *English* are a stubborn headstrong People, and have been so long indulg'd in the use of their own senses, that, while they have eyes in their heads, you will never be able to persuade them they can't see: there's no making them give up their humane evidences: and your *Credo, quia impossibile est*, is an argument they will always make a jest of. No, no, it is not force will do the thing, your press'd Men don't always make the best Soldiers. And truly, my Lord, we seem to be wrong too in another point, to which I have often imputed the ill success of our cause; and that is the taking into our party so many loose Persons of dissolute and abandon'd morals; Fellows, whom in their daily private course of life, the Pillory and Gallows seem to groan for.

Doct. 'Tis true indeed, and I have often wish'd 'twere possible to do without them; but in a multitude all men won't be Saints: and then again they are really useful; nay, and in many things, that sober Men will not stoop to---They serve, poor curs, to bark at the Governement in the open streets, and keep up the wholesome spirit of clamour in the common People; and, Sir you cannot conceive the wonderful use of clamour, 'tis so teizing to a Ministry, it makes them winch and fret, and grow uneasy in their Posts--- Ah! many a comfortable point has been gain'd by Clamour! 'tis in the nature of Mankind to yield more to that, than rea-
son

son--- E'en *Socrates* himself could not resist it; for wise, as he was, yet you see his Wife *Xantippe* carried all her points by Clamour. Come, come, Clamour is a useful Monster, and we must feed the hungry mouths of it; it being of the last importance to us, that hope to change the Government, to let it have no quiet.

Sir *John*. Well, there is indeed no resisting meer necessity.

Doct. Besides, if we suffer our Spirits to cool here at home, our Friends abroad will send us over nothing but excuses.

Sir *John*. 'Tis true; but still I am amaz'd, that *France* so totally should have left us--- *Mardyke*, they say, will certainly be demolish'd.

Doct. No matter, let them go---we have made a good exchange, our new Ally is yet better, as he is less suspected-- But to give them their due, we have no Spirits among us, like the Women; the Ladies have supported our Cause with a surprizing constancy. O! there's no daunting them, ev'n with ill success! they will starve their very Vanities, their Vices, to feed their Loyalty. I am inform'd that my good Lady Countess of *Night-and-day*, has never been seen in a new Gown, or has once thrown a Die at any of the Assemblies. since our last general Contribution.

Sir *John*. O my good Lord, if our Court abroad but knew what obligations they have to your indefatigable endeavours---

Doct. Alas, Sir, I can only boast an honest heart, my power is weak, I only can assist them with my Prayers and zealous wishes; or if I had been serviceable, have not you, Sir, overpaid me? Your Daughter, Sir, the fair *Maria*, is a reward no merit can pretend to.

Sir *John*. Nay, good! My Lord, this tender gratitude confounds me--- O! this insensible Girl - Pray

excuse me--

(Weeps)

Doct. You seem concern'd, pray what's amiss?

Sir John. That I should be the Father of so blind a Child, alas! she flights the blessing I propos'd; she sees you not, my Lord, with my fond eyes; but lay not, I beseech you, at my door, the ungrateful stubbornness of a thoughtless Girl.

Doct. Nay, good Sir, be not thus concern'd for me, we must allow her female modesty a time; your strict commands perhaps too suddenly surpriz'd her; Maids must be slowly, gently dealt with; and might I, Sir, presume to advise--

Sir John. Any thing, your will shall govern me and her.

Doct. Then, Sir, abate of your Authority, and let the matter rest a while. Suppose I first should beg your good Lady, Sir, to be my Friend to her: Women will hear from their own Sex, what sometimes, ev'n from the Man they like, would startle them. May I have your permission, Sir, when Dinner is remov'd, to entertain my Lady on this subject privately?

Sir John. O! by all means: and troth, it is an excellent thought; I'll go this Instant, and prepare her to receive you, and will myself contrive your opportunity.

Doct. You are too good to me, Sir--too bountiful.

Sir John. Nay, now, my Lord, you drive me from you.

Doct. Pray pardon me.

Sir John. No more I beg you, good my Lord--your Servant.

[Exit.]

Doct. Ha! ha! What noble Harvests have been reaped from bigotted Credulity, nor ever was a better Instance of it. Would it not make one smile, that it should ever enter into the brains of this Man (who can in other points distinguish like a Man) that

that a Protestant Church can never be secure, till it has a Popish Prince to defend it.

Enter Charles

So *Charles*, hast thou finish'd those Letters?

Charles. I have brought them, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis very well, let them be seal'd without a Direction, and give them to *Aaron Shaw* the Jew, when he calls for them.-- O! and--here step yourself this afternoon to Mr. *Defeazance* of *Gray's Inn*, and give him this thirty Pound Bill from Sir *Harry Foxbound*: beg him to sit up night and day till the Writings are finish'd: For his Trial certainly comes on this week; he knows we can't always be sure of a Jury, and a moment's delay may make the Commissioners lay hold of his Estate.

Charles. My Lord, I'll take the utmost care.

Doct. Well, *Charles*. [Gravely smiling.]

Charles. Sir *John* has told me of the duty, I ought to pay you when in private.

Doct. But take especial heed, that it be only in private.

Charles. Your Lordship need not caution me--- My Lord, I hear another whisper in the Family; I'm told you'll shortly be allied to it; Sir *John*, they say, has actually consented; I hope, my Lord, you'll find the fair *Maria* too, as yeilding.

Doct. Such a Proposal has indeed been started; but it will end in nothing: *Maria* is a giddy wanton thing, not form'd to make a wise man happy, her life's too vain, too sensual to elevate a heart like mine: No, no, I have views more serious.

Charles. O my fluttering Joy! [Aside.]

Doct. Marriage is a state too turbulent for me.

Charles. But with Sir *John*'s consent, my Lord, her Fortune may be considerable.

Doct.

Doct. Thou know'st, *Charles*, my thoughts of happiness were never form'd on Fortune.

Charles. No! I find that by the Settlement. [*Aside.*

Doct. Or if they were, they would be there impossible; *Maria's* vain distaste of me, I know's as deeply rooted, as my contempt of her: And canst thou think I'd stain my Character to be a Wanton's mockery, to follow through the wilds of folly she would lead me, to cringe and doat upon a senseless toy, that every Feather in a hat can purchase?

Charles. But mayn't *Sir John* take it ill, my Lord, to have her slighted?

Doct. No, no, her ridiculous aversion will secure me from his Reproaches.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Master desires to speak with you.

Doct. I'll wait on him---*Charles*, you'll take care of my directions.

Charles. I'll be sure, Sir. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Kind Heaven, I thank thee! this bar so unexpectedly remov'd gives vigour to my heart, and is, I hope, an Omen of its fortune---But I must lose no time, the Writing may be every moment called for---this is her Chamber.

He knocks softly---and Betty enters to him.

Is your Lady busy?

Bett. I think she's only a reading.

Charles. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she is at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

Maria entering with a Book.

Mar. Who's that?

Bett. She's here.--Mr. *Charles*, Madam, desires to speak with you.

Mar. O! Your servant Mr. *Charles*!--Here take this odious *Homer*, and lay him up again, he tires me.

[*Exit Betty with the Book.*
How could the blind Wretch make such a horrid fuss about a fine Woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her Amours? You have read him I suppose in the Greek, Mr. *Charles*.

Charles. Not lately, Madam.

Mar. But do you so violently admire him now?

Charles. The Criticks say he has his beauties, Madam. But *Ovid* has been always my Favorite,

Mar. *Ovid*! O! he's ravishing--

Charles. And so art thou to madness. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Lord! how could one do to learn Greek, was you a great while about it?

Charles. It has been half the business of my life, Madam.

Mar. That's cruel now! then you think one can't be Mistress of it in a month or two?

Charles. Not easily, Madam.

Mar. They tell me it has the softest tone for Love, of any language in the World; I fancy I could soon learn it---I know two words of it already.

Charles. Pray. Madam, what are they?

Mar. Stay let me see --O--ay-- *Zoe kaispyche.*

Charles. I hope you know the English of 'em, Madam.

Mar. O lud! I hope there's no harm in it; I am sure I heard the Doctor say it to my Lady--
Pr ay what is it?

Char-

Charles. You must first imagine, Madam, a tender Lover gazing on his Mistress, and then indeed they have a softness in 'em, as thus---*Zoe, kai psyche!* my Life; my Soul!

Mar. O the impudent young Rogue! how his eyes spoke too! [Aside.]

What the duce! can he want with me!--

Charles. I have startled her, she muses. [Aside.]

Mar. It always ran in my head this Fellow had something in him above his condition---I'll know presently. [Aside.]

Well, but your business with me *Mr. Charles*, you have something of love in your head now, I'll lay my life on't.

Charles. I never yet durst own it, Madam.

Mar. Why, what's the matter?

Charles. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as yours.

Mar. O! I love melancholy stories of all things---

Charles. But mine, Madam, can't be told, unless I give my life into your power.

Mar. O lud! you have not done any body a mischief, I hope.

Charles. I never did a private injury; if I have done a publick wrong, I'm sure it might, in me, at least, be called an honest error.

Mar. Pray whom did you serve before you liv'd with the Doctor?

Charles. I was not born to serve; and had not an unfortunate education ruin'd me, I might have now appear'd, like what I am by birth, a Gentleman.

Mar. I am surpriz'd! Your education, say you, ruin'd you? Lord! I am concern'd for you. Pray let me know your story; and if any services are in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Charles. Such soft compassion, from so fair a bosom,

bosom, o'erpays the worst that can attend my owning what I am.

Mar. O your Servant---but pray let's hear.

Charles. My Father's elder Brother, Madam; was a Gentleman of an ancient Family in the North, who having then no Child himself begg'd me from my Nurse's arms, to be adopted as his own, with an assurance too of making me his Heir; to which my Father (then alas! in the infancy of his Fortune) easily consented. This Uncle being himself secretly disaffected to the Government, gave me of course, in my education, the same unhappy prejudices, which since have ended in the ruin of us both.

Mar. Then you were bred a *Roman-Catholick*?

Charles. No, Madam; but I own in principles of very little difference, which I imbib'd chiefly from this Doctor; he having been five years my Governor. As I grew up, my Father's merit had rais'd his Fortune under the present Government; and fearing I might be too far fix'd in principles against it, he desired me from my Uncle home again. But I, as I then thought my self bound in gratitude, excus'd my going in terms of duty to my Father; whom since alas! I too justly have provok'd ever to hope a reconciliation. I saw too late my folly, and had no defence against his anger, but by artfully confirming him in a belief, that I had perish'd with my Uncle in the late Rebellion.

Mar. Bless us! what do you mean? you were not actually in it, I hope!

Charles. I can't disown the guilt---but since the Royal Mercy has been refus'd to none that frankly have confess'd with penitence their crime (which from my heart I most sincerely do) in that is all my hope---My Youth and Education's all th'excuse I plead; if they deserve no pity, I am determin'd
to

to throw off my disguise, and bow me to the hand of Justice.

Mar. Poor Creature! Lord! I can't bear it.

(*with concern.*)

Charles. But then unknown, and friendless as I am, to whom, alas! can I apply for succour?

[*Weeps.*]

Mar. O Lord! I'll serve you, depend upon it: My Brother shall have no rest 'till he gets your Pardon.

Charles. Your kind compassion, Madam, has prevented, what, if I durst, I should have mention'd: I hope too, I shall personally deserve his favour; if not, your generous inclination to have sav'd me, even in my last despair of life, will give my heart a Joy.

Mar. Lord! the poor unfortunate Boy loves me too; what shall I do with him? But, Mr. *Charles*, pray once more to your story--what was it that really drew you into the Rebellion?

Charles. This Doctor, Madam, who, as he is now your Father's was then my Uncle's bosom-Counsellor: 'Twas his insidious tongue that painted it to us as an incumbent duty, on which the welfare of our souls depended; he warm'd us too into such a weak belief of vile reports, as Infamy should blush to mention--We were assur'd, that half the Churches here in Town were lying all in sacrilegious ruins; which since, I found, maliciously was meant, even of those that are magnificently rising from their new Foundations!

Mar. But, pray--while you were in Arms how did the Doctor dispose of himself?

Charles. He! --went with us, Madam, none so active in the front of Resolution, till Danger came to face him; then indeed a friendly Fever seiz'd him, which on the first alarm of the King's Forces marching towards *Preston*, gave him a cold pretence

pretence to leave the Town; in the defence of which my Uncle lost his life, and I my only Friend, with all my long fed hopes of Fortune.

Mar. Poor Wretch! but how came you to avoid being Prisoner?

Charles Upon our Surrender of the Place, I brib'd a Townsman to employ me as his Servant, in a backward working house, where, from my youth, and change of habit, I pass'd without suspicion till the whole affair was over--But then, alas! whither to turn I knew not: My life grew now no more my care--perish I saw I must, whether as a Criminal, or a Beggar, was my only choice.

Mar. O Lord! tell me quickly how you came hither.

Charles. In this despair I wander'd up to *London*, where I scarce knew one mortal, but some few Friends in prison. What could I do? I ventur'd even thither for my safety; where 'twas my fortune first to see your Father, Madam, distributing relief to several: He knew my Uncle well; and being inform'd of my condition, he charitably took me home; and here has ever since conceal'd me as a menial servant to the Doctor. The detestation of whose vile, dishonest practices at last have waked me to a sense of all my blinded errors; of which this Writing is his least of sordid Instances.

[Gives it to Maria

Mar. You frighten me; pray what are the purposes of it? 'Tis neither sign'd nor seal'd.

Charles. No, Madam, therefore to prevent it by this timely notice, was my business here with you: Your Father gave it the Doctor first to shew his Council, who having since approv'd it, I understand this evening 'twill be executed.

Mar. But what is it?

Charles. It grants to Doctor *Wolf* in present four
D hun-

hundred Pounds *per annum*, of which this very House is part; and at your Father's death invests him in the whole remainder of his free Estate. For you indeed there is a charge of four thousand Pound upon it; provided you marry only with the Doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my Lady's Jointure. But your Brother, Madam is without conditions utterly disinherited.

Mar. I am confounded -- what will become of us! my Father now I find was serious - O this insinuating Hypocrite -- let me see - ay -- I will go this minute -- Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Charles. Any thing to serve you - my life's already in your hands.

Mar. And I dare secure it with my own -- Hark! they ring to dinner; pray, Sir, step in, say I am oblig'd to dine abroad; and whisper one of the Footmen to get an Hackney Coach immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's Chambers in the Temple; there I shall have time to talk farther with you. You'll excuse my hurry -- Here Betty my scarf, and a mask.
[*Ex. Maria.*

Charles. What does my Fortune mean me? She'll there talk farther with me! Of what! What will she talk of? O my heart! methought she look'd at parting too, as kindly conscious of some obligation to me: And then how soft, how amiably tender was her pity of my Fortune. But O! I rave! keep down my vain aspiring thoughts, and to my lost condition level all my hopes.

*Rather content with pity let me live,
Than hope for more than she resolves to give.* (*Ex.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT.

ACT III.

Maria, and Betty taking off her Scarf, &c.

Mar. **H**AS any one been to speak with me Betty?

Betty. **H**Only Mr. Heartly, Madam, he said he would call again, and bid his Servant stay below to give him notice when you came home.

Mar. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, Madam, he seem'd very uneasy at your being abroad.

Mar. Well---go, and lay up those things---

[Exit Betty.

Ten to one, but his wise head now has found out something to be jealous of; if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy---Here he comes.

Enter Heartly.

Hear. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Mar. Your Servant, Sir.

Hear. You have been abroad, I hear.

Mar. Yes, and now, I am come home, you see.

Hear. You seem to turn upon my words, Madam, is there any thing particular in them?

Mar. As much, as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Hear. Might not I say you had been abroad, without giving offence?

Mar. And might not I as well say, I was come home, without your being so grave upon't?

Hear. Do you know any thing should make me grave?

Mar. I know , if you are so , I am the worst person in the world you could possibly shew it to.

Hear. Nay , I don't suppose you do any thing , you won't justify.

Mar. O ! then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Hear. I don't say that neither , perhaps I am in the wrong in what I have said ; but I have been so often us'd to ask pardon for your being in the wrong , that I am resolv'd henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Mar. You don't know now , perhaps , that I think this pretty smart Speech of yours is very dull ; but since that's a fault you can't help , I will not take it ill. Come now , be as sincere on your side , and tell me seriously ---Is not what real business I had abroad , the very thing you want to be made easy in ?

Hear. If I thought you would make me easy , I would own it.

Mar. Now we come to the point---To morrow morning then , I give you my Word to let you know it all ; till when there is a necessity for its being a Secret , and I insist upon your believing it.

Hear. But pray , Madam , what am I to do with my private Imagination in the mean time ? That is not in my power to confine : And sure you won't be offended , if to avoid the tortures that may give me , I beg you'll trust me with the Secret now.

Mar. Don't press me , for positively I will not.

Hear. Cannot , had been a kinder term---Is my disquiet of so little moment to you ?

Mar. Of none , while your disquiet dares not trust the assurances I have given you ; if you expect I should confide in you for life , don't let me see you dare not take my Word for a day ; and if you are wise , you'll think so fair a trial of your Faith a Favour.

Hear.

Hear. If you intend it such...it is a Favour; if not 'tis something--so --come let's wave the subject.

Mar. With all my heart: Have you seen my Brother lately?

Hear. Yes, Madam, and he tells me, it seems, the Doctor is the Man your Father has resolv'd upon.

Mar. 'Tis so: Nay and what will more surprize you, he leaves me only to the choice of him, or of no Fortune.

Hear. And may I, without offence, beg leave to know, what Resolutions, Madam, you have taken upon it?

Mar. I have not taken any; I do not know what to do; what would you advise me to?

Hear. I advise you to? Nay, you are in the right to make it a Question.

Mar. He says he'll settle all his Estate upon him too.

Hear. O take it, take it, to be sure; it's the fittest match in the world, you can't do a wiser thing certainly.

Mar. 'Twill be as wise at least, as the ways you take to prevent it.

Hear. I find, Madam, I am not to know what you intend to do; and I suppose I am to be easy at that too.

Mar. When I intend to marry him, I shall not care whether you are easy, or no.

Hear. If your Indifference to me, were a proof of your Inclination to him, the Gentleman need not despair.

Mar. Very well, Sir, I'll endeavour to take your advice, I promise you.

Hear. O! that won't cost you much trouble, I dare say, Madam.

Mar. About as much, I suppose, as it cost you to give it me.

Hear. Upon my word, Madam, I gave it purely to oblige you.

Mar. Then to return your civility, the least I can do is to take it.

Hear. Is't possible? How can you torture me with this Indifference?

Mar. Why do you insult me with such a bare-fac'd Jealousy?

Hear. Is it a crime to be concern'd for what becomes of you? Has not your Father openly declar'd against me, in favour of my Rival? How is it possible, at such a time, not to have a thousand fears? What though they all are false and groundless, are they not still the effect of Love alarm'd, and anxious to be satisfied? I have an open, artless heart, that cannot bear disguises; but when 'tis griev'd, in spite of me, 'twill shew it--Pray pardon me--But when I am told you went out in the utmost hurry with some Writings to a Lawyer, and took the Doctor's own Servant with you, ev'n in the very hour your Father had propos'd him, as your Husband! -- Good Heaven! what am I to think? Can I, must I suppose my senses fail me? If I have eyes, have ears, and have a heart, must it be still a crime to think I see, and hear--Yet by my torments feel I love.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Well! I own it looks ill-natur'd now, not to shew him some concern--but then this Jealousy--I must, and will get the better of.

Hear. Speak *Maria*, is still my Jealousy a crime?

Mar. If you still insist on it as a proof of Love, then I must tell you, Sir, 'tis of that kind that only slighted hearts are pleas'd with: when I am so reduc'd, then I perhaps may bear it--The fact you charge me with I grant is true, I have been abroad, as you say: But still let appearances look ne'er so
point

pointing, while there is a possibility in Nature that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a look, that tells me to my face you dare suspect me. If you have doubts, why don't you satisfy them before you see me? Can you suppose, that I'm to stand confounded, as a Criminal before you? How despicable a figure must a Woman make, to bear but such a moment? Come, come, there's nothing shews so low a mind, as these grave and insolent Jealousies. The Man that's capable of ever seeing a Woman, after he believes her false, is capable on her submission, and a little flattery, were she really false, poorly to forgive and bear it.

Hear. You won't find me, Madam, of so low a spirit; but since I see your Tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be my self, and disavow your power: you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my senses, but do it with such an imperious air, as if my honest, manly Reason were your Slave; and this poor groveling frame that follows you, durst shew no signs of life, but what you deign to give it.

Mar. Oh! you are in the right--go on--suspect me still, believe the worst you can--'tis all true--I don't justify my self--Why do you trouble me with your complaints? If you are Master of that manly Reason you have boasted, give me a manly proof of it; at once resume your Liberty, despise me, go, go off in Triumph now; and let me see you scorn the Woman, whose vile, o'er-bearing falsehood, would insult your senses.

Hear. O Heaven! is this the end of all? Are then those tender Protestations you have made me (for such I thought them) when with the softest kind reluctance, your rising blushes gave me some-

thing more, than Hope-- What all - O *Maria* ! All but come to this?

Mar. [*Aside*] O lud ! I am growing silly , If I hear on , I shall tell him every thing ; 'tis but another struggle , and I shall conquer it--So so you are not gone, I see.

Hear. Do you then wish me gone , Madam ?

Mar. Your manly Reason will direct you.

Hear. This is too much--my heart can bear no more. O! --what? am I rooted here ! 'Tis but a pang, and I am free for ever.

Enter Charles, with two Writings.

Mar. At last I am reliev'd : Well, Mr. *Charles* , is it done ?

Charles. I did not stir from his desk, Madam, till it was intirely finish'd.

Mar. Where's the original?

Charles. This is it, Madam.

Mar. Very well, that, you know you must keep; but come, we must lose no time, we will examine this in the next room. Now I feel for him. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Maria, with Charles.*

Hear. O Rage! Rage! this is not to be born--she's gone, she's lost , fordidly has sold her self to Fortune , and I must now forget her--Hold , if possible, let me cool a moment--Interest ! No, that could not tempt her--She knows I'm Master of a larger Fortune, than there her utmost hopes can give her ; & that on her own conditions she may be mine : ---But what's this secret Treaty then within ! what's doing there ! who can resolve that Riddle ? --And yet perhaps , like other Riddles , when 'tis explain'd, nothing may seem so easy : But why again, might she not trust me too with the Secret ! That ! that entangles all afresh , and sets me on the Rack of Jealousy.

En

Enter Colonel.

Col. How now, *Frank*! what in a Rapture?

Hear. Prithee, pardon me, I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. What is *Maria* in her airs again?

Hear. I know not what she is.

Col. Do you know where she is?

Hear. Retir'd this moment to her Chamber, with the Doctor's Servant.

Col. Why thou art not jealous of the Doctor, I hope?

Hear. Perhaps she'll be less reserv'd to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. Poor *Frank*, thou art a perfect *Sir Martin* in thy Amours; every Plot I lay upon my Sister's inclination for thee, thou art sure to ruin by thy own unfortunate conduct.

Hear. I own I have too little temper, and too much real Passion for a modish Lover.

Col. Come, come, prithee be easy once more, I'll undertake for you: if you'll fetch a cool turn in the *Park* upon *Constitution Hill*, in less than half an hour, I'll come to you.

Hear. Dear *Tom*, thou art a Friend indeed! O I have a thousand things---but you shall find me there.
[Exit Heartly.]

Col. Poor *Frank*! now has he been taking some honest pains to make himself miserable.

Enter Maria, and Charles.

How now, Sister, what have you done to *Heartly*? The poor Fellow looks, as if he had kill'd your Parrot.

Mar. Pshah! you know him well enough - I have only been setting him a Love-lesson; it a little puzzles

zles him to get through it at first , but he'll know it all by to-morrow ; you will be sure to be in the way , Mr. *Charles* ?

Charles. Madam, you may depend upon me , I have my full Instructions. [*Exit. Charles*.

Col. O ho ! There's the business then , and it seems *Heartly* was not to be trusted with it ; ha ! ha ! and prithee what is this mighty Secret , that's transacting between *Charles* and you ?

Mar. That's what he would have known indeed ; but you must know , I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither , for all your fly manner of asking.

Col. O ! pray take your own time , dear Madam, I am not in haste to know , I can assure you ; I came about another affair , our design upon the Doctor : Now while my Father takes his nap after dinner , would be the properest time to put it in execution : prithee go to my Lady , and perswade her to it this moment.

Mar. Why won't you go with me ?

Col. No , I'll place my self unknown to her in this passage ; for , should I tell her I design to overhear him , she might be scrupulous.

Mar. That's true-- but hold , on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between *Charles* and me ; nay , I give you leave to tell it *Heartly* too , on some conditions : 'tis true , I did design to have surpriz'd you , but now--my mind's alter'd , that's enough.

Col. Ay , for any mortal's satisfaction-- but here comes my Lady.

Mar. Away then to your post-- but let me see you when this affair is over.

Col. I'll be with you.

[*Ex. Col*.

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Mar. Well, Madam, has your Ladyship consider'd my Brother's proposal about the Doctor?

Lady W. I have Child, and am convinc'd it ought not to be delay'd a moment: I have just sent to speak with him here-- Sir *John* too presses me to give him a hearing upon your account: but must I play a treacherous part now, & instead of persuading you to the Doctor, ev'n persuade the Doctor against you.

Mar. Dear Madam, don't be so nice; if Wives were never to dissemble, what wou'd become of many wilful Husband's happiness?

Lady W. Nay, that's true too.

Mar. I'd give the World now methinks, to see this solemn Interview; sure there can't be a more ridiculous image, than unlawful Love peeping his sly head out from under the cloak of Sanctity! O! that I were in your Ladyship's place, I would lead that dancing blood of his such a profane Courant--your wise Fellows make the rarest Fools too: But your Ladyship will make a Rogue of him, and that will do our business at present.

Lady W. If he makes himself one, 'tis his own fault.

Mar. Dear Madam, one moment's truce with the Prude, I beg you; don't start at his first Declaration, but let him go on till he shews the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady W. I'll warrant you, I'll give a good account of him--here he comes.

Mar. Then I hope, Madam, you will give me leave to be commode, and steal off.

Lady W. Very well [*Ex. Maria, and Enter Doctor.*

Doct. I am told, Madam, you design me the happiness of your commands; I am proud you think me worthy of them in any sort.

Lady W. Please to sit, Sir.

Doct.

Doct. Did not Sir *John* inform you too, that I had desir'd a private Conference with your Ladyship?

Lady W. He did, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis then by his permission we are thus happily alone.

Lady W. True, and 'tis on that account, I wanted to advise with you.

Doct. Well, but dear Lady, ah! (*sighing*) you can't conceive the joyousness I feel, in this so unexpected Interview: ah! ah! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you--Ah! ah! and how stands your precious health? Is your naughty cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights, with my concern for you; and every watchful Interval has sent a Thousand sighs and prayers to Heaven for your recovery.

Lady W. Your Charity was too far concern'd for me.

Doct. Ah! don't say so, don't say so---you merit more, than mortal Man can do for you.

Lady W. Indeed, you over-rate me.

Doct. I speak it from my Soul! indeed! indeed! indeed! I do. [*Presses her Hand.*]

Lady W. O dear! you hurt my hand, Sir.

Doct. Impute it to my Zeal, and want of words to express my heart; ah! I would not harm you for the World, no bright Creature, 'tis the whole business of my Soul to--

Lady W. But to our affair, Sir.

Doct. Ah! thou heavenly Woman!

(*Laying his hand on her knee.*)

Lady W. Your hand need not be there, Sir.

Doct. Ah! I was admiring the softness of this silk, Madam.

Lady W. Ay, but I am ticklish.

Doct. They are indeed come to a prodigious perfection in this Manufacture--How wonderful is humane

mane Art! ---Here it disputes the prize with Nature
---that all this soft, and gaudy lustre, should be
wrought from the poor labours of a Worm!

(*Stroking it.*

Lady W. But our business, Sir, is upon another
subject: Sir *John* informs me, that he thinks him-
self under no obligation to Mr. *Heartly*, and there-
fore resolves to give you *Maria*: Now pray be
sincere, and let me know what your real intentions
are?

Doct. Is it possible! Can you, divine perfec-
tion, be still a Stranger to my real thoughts? Has
no one action of my life inform'd you better? Since
I must plainly speak them then, *Maria's* but a feint,
a blind to screen my real thoughts from shrewd
suspicion's eye, and shield your spotless Fame from
worldly censure. Could you then think 'twas for
Maria's sake, your Balls, Assemblies, and your
Toilet Visits have been restrain'd? Would I have
urged Sir *John* to make that fence to inclose a But-
terfly? No soft, and serious Excellence, your Vir-
tues only where the object of my care: I could not
bear to see the Gay, the Young, and the Incon-
stant daily basking in your diffusive beams of Beau-
ty, without a secret grudge, I might say, Envy ev'n
of such Insects appinefs.

Lady W. Well, Sir, I take all this, as I suppose
you intended it, for my good, my spiritual wel-
fare.

Doct. Indeed I meant you serious, cordial ser-
vice.

Lady W. I dare say you did; you are above the
low and momentary views of this World.

Doct. Ah! I should be so---and yet, alas! I find
this mortal cloathing of my Soul is made like other
mens, of sensual flesh and blood, and has its
frailties.

Lady

Lady W. We all have those; but yours I know are well corrected by your divine, and virtuous Contemplations.

Doct. And yet our knowledge of eternal Beauties, doth not restrain us wholly from the love of all that's mortal---Beauty here, 'tis true must die, but while it lives, 'twas given us to admire, to wake the sluggish heart, and charm the sensible. At the first sight of you, I felt unusual Transports in my Soul, and trembled at the guilt that might ensue; but on reflection found my Flame receiv'd a sanction from your goodness, and might be reconcil'd with Virtue; on this I chaced my slanderous fears, let in the harmless Passion at my eyes, and gave up all my heart to Love.

Col. [*Behind.*] Indeed ! so warm Sir Roger, but I shall cool your Passion with a witness. (*Exit*

Lady W. These gay professions, Sir, shew more the Courtier than the Zealot; nor could I think a mind so fortify'd as yours, could have been open to such vain temptations.

Doct. What bosom can be proof 'gainst such Artillery of Love? I may resist, call all my Prayers, my Fastings, Tears and Penance to my aid, but yet, alas! these have not made an Angel of me: I am still but Man; Virtue may strive, but Nature will be uppermost: Permit me then on this fair Shrine to pay my Vows. and offer up up a heart---

Lady W. Hold, Sir, you've said enough to put you in my power; suppose I now should let my Husband, Sir, your Benefactor, know the favour you design'd him? (*She rises.*

Doct. You cannot be so cruel?

Lady W. Nor will, on one condition.

Doct. Name it.

Lady W. That instantly you renounce all claim and title to *Maria*, and use your utmost interest with Sir *John* to give her, with her full Fortune to
Mr.

Mr. Heartly: If you are wise consider on 't.
(Sir John, and Col. behind.

(The Doctor turning accidentally sees them.

Doct. Ha! the Colonel there! his Father with him too! here may have been some treachery; what's to be done? (Aside.

Col. Now, Sir, let your eyes convince you.

Sir John. They do, that yours, Sir, }
have deceiv'd you; all this I knew of. } Apart.

Col. How, Sir!

Sir John. Observe, and be convinc'd.

Doct. I have it. [Mus'ing.

Lady W. [To the Doctor.] Methinks this business needs not, Sir, so long a pause.

Doct. Madam, I cannot easily give up such honest hopes.

Lady W. Honest!

Doct. Perhaps my years are thought unequal to my flame, but, Lady, those were found no strong objection 'twixt Sir John and you; and can you blame me then for following so sure a Guide in the same youthful path to Happiness?

Lady W. Is this your resolution then?

Col. Will you let him go on, Sir?

Sir John. Yes, Sir, to confound your }
slander. } Apart.

Col. Monstrous!

Doct. Can you suppose my heart less capable of Love than his? Is it for me to push the blessing from me too? For tho' my flame has been of long duration, my conscious want of merit kept it still conceal'd, till his good Nature brought it to this blest occasion; and can you then, so authoriz'd, refuse your friendly pity to my sufferings? One word from you compleats my Joy; in you, Madam, is my only hope, my fear, my ease, my pain, my torment, or my happiness; Maria! O! Maria!

Col.

Col. Confusion.

Sir John. [*Coming forward with the Colonel.*]
Now, vile Detractor of all Virtue, is your outrageous malice yet confounded? Did I not tell you too, he only made an interest here to gain your Sister?

Col. His Devil has outreacht me. (*Aside.*

Sir John. Is this your rank detection of his treachery?

Doct. *Sir John*, I did not see you, Sir, I doubt you are come too soon, I have not yet prevail'd with her. (*Aside to him.*

Sir John. Ah! good Man, be not concern'd; your trouble shall be shorter for't, I'll force her to compliance.

Lady W. What have you done---your }
Impatience has ruin'd all } *Apart*

Col. I see it now too late.

Sir John. Now, Sir! will your base prejudice of party never be at rest? Am I to be still thought partial, blind, and obstinate to favour so much injur'd Virtue? If thou art a Man not lost to Conscience or to Honour, then like a Man repair this wrong, confess the rancour of thy vile suspicion, and throw thee at his feet for pardon.

Doct. What mean you, Sir?

Lady W. (*Aside.*) While he is in this temper, he will not easily be undeceiv'd--I've yet an after game to play, till when, 'tis best to leave him in his error,
(*Ex. Lady Woodvil.*

Sir John. What! mute! defenceless! hardned in thy Malice?

Col. I scorn the Imputation, and with the same repeated honesty avow (howe'er his cunning may have chang'd appearances) that you are still deceiv'd, that all I told you, Sir, was true, these eyes, these ears were witnesses of his audacious love, without the mention of my Sister's name, directly, plainly,

plainly, grossly tending to abuse the honour of your Bed.

Sir John. Audacious Monster! were not your own senses evidence against your frontless Accusation? I see your aim; Wife, Children, Servants, all are bent against him, and think to weary me by groundless clamours to discard him; but all shall not do; your malice on your own vile heads; to me, it but the more endears him. Either submit, and ask his pardon for this wrong.---

Doct. Good Sir!

Sir John. Or this Instant leave my sight, my house, my Family for ever.

Doct. What means this rashness, Sir! on my account it must not be: what would the world report of it? I grant it possible he loves me not; but you must grant it too as possible he might mistake me! it must be so---He is too much your Son to do his Enemy a wilful injury: If he, I say, suppos'd my converse with your Lady criminal, to accuse me then, was but the error of his Virtue, not his baseness; you ought to love him, thank him for such watchful care: Was it for him to see, as he believ'd, your Honour in so foul a danger, and stand concernless by? The Law of Heaven, of Nature, and of filial duty, all oblig'd him to allarm your Vengeance, and detest the Villany.

Sir John. O Miracle of Charity!

Doct. Come, come, such breaches must not be, betwixt so good a Son, and Father; forget, forgive, embrace him, cherish him, and let me bless the hour I was the occasion of so sweet a reconciliation.

Sir John. I cannot bear such goodness! O sink me not into the earth with shame--Hear this, perverse, and Reprobate! O! couldst thou wrong such more than mortal Virtue!

Col. Wrong him! the hardned impudence of this painted Charity--

Sir John. Peace, Monster--

Col. Is of a blacker, deeper dye, than the great Devil himself in all his triumphs over Innocence ever wore.

Sir John. O graceless Infidel!

Col. No, Sir, though I would hazard my life to save you from the ruine he misleads you to; could die to reconcile my duty to your favour; yet on the terms that Villain offers, 'tis merit to refuse it: I glory in the disgrace your Errors give me--But, Sir, I'll trouble you no more: To-day is his--tomorrow may be mine. [Exit. *Col.*

Doct. I did not think he had had so hard a nature.

Sir John. O, my good Lord, your charitable heart discovers not the rancour that's in his: but what better can be hoped for, from a Wretch so swell'd with spleen, and rage of Party?

Doct. No, no, Sir, I am the thorn that galls him; 'tis me, 'tis me he hates; he thinks I stand before him in your favour; and 'tis not fit indeed I should do so; for fallen, as he is, he's still your Son, and I alas! an Alien, an Intruder here, and ought in conscience to retire, and heal these hapless breaches in your Family.

Sir John. What means your Lordship?

Doct. But I'll remove this eye-sore--Here *Charles!* [Enter *Charles.*

Sir John. For goodness sake.

Doct. Bring me that Writing I gave you to lay up this morning.

Charles. Now Fortune favour us. [Aside.]

(Exit *Charles.*

Sir John. Make haste, good *Charles*, it shall be sign'd this moment.

Doct. Not for the World; 'twas not to that end I

I sent for it, but to refuse your kind intentions; for with your Children's curses, Sir, I dare not, must not take it.

Sir John. Nay good, my Lord, you carry it now too far; my Daughter is not wrong'd by it, but if not obstinate, may still be happy; and for my wicked Son, shall he then heir my Lands, to propagate more miserable Schismatics? No, let him depend on you, whom he has wrong'd; perhaps in time, he may reflect upon his Father's justice; be reconcil'd to your rewarded Virtues, and reform his fatal errors.

Re-enter Charles with a Writing.

Doct. That would be indeed a blessing.

Sir John. If Heaven should at last reclaim him, the power to right him still is yours; in you I know he yet would find a fond forgiving Father.

Doct. The Imagination of so blest an hour, softens me to a tenderness I can't support.

Sir John. O the dear, good Man! come, come, let's in to execute this Deed.

Doct. Will you then force me to accept this Trust? For, call it what you will, with me it shall never be more than such.

Sir John. Let that depend upon the conduct of my Son.

Doct. Well, Sir, since it may yet prevent his ruine, I consent.

*So sweet a Hope must all my Fears controul,
I take the Trust, as Guardian to his Soul. [Exeunt.]*

The End of the Third ACT.

A C T. I V.

Maria and Charles.

Mar. **Y**OU were a Witness then?

Charles. **I** saw it sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd;
Madam.

Mar. And all pass'd without the least suspicion?

Charles. Sir John sign'd it with such earnestness, and the Doctor receiv'd it with such a seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Mar. Well, Mr. Charles, whether it succeeds to our ends, or not, we have it all the same obligations to you. You saw with what a friendly warmth my Brother heard your story, and I don't in the least doubt his success in your Affair at Court.

Charles. What I have done, my duty bound me to: But pray, Madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Mar. Freely, Sir.

Charles. Have you never suspected then, that in all this affair I have had some secret, stronger motive to it, than barely duty?

Mar. Yes--but have you been in no apprehensions I should discover that motive? [Gravely.

Charles. Pray, pardon me; I see already, I have gone too far.

Mar. Not at all, it loses you no merit with me; nor is it in my nature to use any one ill, that loves me; unless I lov'd that one again, then indeed, there might be danger--Come, don't look grave, my Inclinations to another, shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit, I shall

shall therefore always think my self oblig'd to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Charles By the dear, soft ease you have given my heart, I never hoped for more.

Mar. Then I'll give you a great deal more, and to shew my particular good opinion of you, I'll do you a favour, Mr. *Charles*, I never did any Man since I was born---I'll be sincere with you.

Charles Is it then possible you can have lov'd another, to whom you never were sincere?

Mar. Alas! you are but a Novice in the Passion---Sincerity is a dangerous Virtue, and often forfeits what it ought to nourish; therefore I take more pains to make the Man I love believe I slight him, than (if possible) I would to convince you of my esteem and Friendship.

Charles Be but sincere in that, Madam, and I can't complain.

Mar. Nay, I'll give you a proof of it, I'll shew you all the good-nature you can desire; you shall make what love to me you please now; but then I'll tell you the consequence, I shall certainly be pleas'd with it, and that will flatter you, till I do you a mischief. Now do you think me sincere?

Charles I scarce consider that, but I'm sure you are agreeable.

Mar. Why look you there now! do you consider, that a Woman had as live be thought agreeable, as handsome? And how can you suppose, from one of your sense, that I am not pleas'd with being told so?

Charles Was ever temper so enchanting?

Mar. Or Vanity more venial! I'm pleas'd with you. [*Smiling.*

Charles Distracting! sure never was despair administered with a hand so gentle.

Mar. So! now you have convinc'd me, I have

a good Understanding too---Why I shall certainly have the better opinion of yours, for finding it out now.

Charles Your good opinion's what I aim at.

Mar. Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again, and then you the better of me upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. *Charles*, your good sense will prevent all this.

Charles I see my folly now, and blush at my presumption: but yet to cure my weaning heart, and reconcile me to my doom, be yet sincere, and satisfy one sickly longing of my Soul.

Mar. To my power, command me.

Charles O! tell me then the requisites I want, and what's the secret Charm that has preferr'd my Rival to your heart?

Mar. Come then, be chearful, and I'll answer like a Friend. The gentleness, and modesty of your temper, would make with mine but an unequal mixture: with you I shou'd be ungovernable, not know my self; your compliance would undo me. I am by nature vain, thoughtless, wild, and wilful; therefore ask a higher Spirit to controul and lead me. For whatever outward airs I give my self, I am within convinc'd, a Woman makes a very wrong figure in happiness, that does not think superiority best becomes her Husband.---But what's yet more, tho' I confess you have qualities uncommon in your Sex, and such, as ought to warm a heart to love; yet here you come too late; Compassion's all within my power; And I know you cannot but have seen, I am under obligations, I need not explain to you.

Charles I am satisfied---You treat me with so kind and gentle a concern, that I must submit to it.

Mar.

Mar. (Apart.) Well ! when all's done , he's a pretty Fellow; and the first sure, that ever heard Reason against himself with so good an Understanding.

Enter a Servant with a Letter to Charles.

Serv. Sir, the Colonel order'd me to give this into your own hands.

Mar. From my Brother? ... Where is he?

Serv. I left him, Madam at the Secretary's Office with one. Sir Charles Trueman, and Mr. Heartly.
[Exit Serv.]

Charles. Ha ! my Father ! O ! Heaven, 'tis his hand too ! Now I tremble !

Mar. Come, Sir, take heart; I dare say there's good News in't, and should be glad to hear it.... But no Ceremony; pray read to your self first.

Charles. Since you command me, Madam. [Reads to himself.]

Maria. (Apart.) Lord ! how one may live, and learn ! I could not have believ'd, that Modesty in a young Fellow could have been so amiable a Virtue : And though, I own, there is I know not what of dear delight in indulging one's Vanity with them; yet, upon serious reflection, we must confess, that Truth and Sincerity have a thousand charms beyond it. And I now find more pleasure in my self-denying endeavours to make this poor Creature easy, than ever I took in humbling the Airs and Assurance of a Man of Quality.. I believe I had as good confess all this to *Heartly*, and ev'n make up the bustle with him too... But then he will so teaze one for instances of real Inclination... O Ged... I can't bear the thought on't... And yet we must come together too... Well ! Nature knows the way to be sure, and so I'll ev'n trust to her for't... Bless me ! What's the matter ? you seem concern'd, Sir, [To Charles wiping his Tears.]

Charles. I am indeed, but 'tis with Joy ! O ! Madam ! my Father's reconcil'd to me : This Letter is from him.

Mar. Pray let's hear.

Charles. (Reading.)

Dear Charles,

This day, by Colonel Woodvil, I receiv'd the joyful News of your being yet alive, and well: Though that's but half my comfort. He has assur'd me too, you have renounc'd those Principles, that made me think your Death my happiness. The services you have intended his Family, and may do the Government, in your just detection of a Traytor that would ruin both, have been so well receiv'd at Court, and so generously represented there by the Colonel and Mr. Heartly, that they have obtain'd an Order for your Parlon; which I now stay the passing of, before I throw my Arms about you, that I may leave no doubt or fear behind to interrupt the fulness of my Joy. I am inform'd, that in revealing your self to a certain fair Lady, you have let fall some words, that shew you have an innocent, tho' hopeless Passion for her. Your Youth excuses what is past; but now consider how far you owe your life to Mr. Heartly: I therefore charge you, on my Blessing, to give up every idle thought of Love, that may interrupt his happiness, or abate the merit of what you've done to deserve the Pardon of your Sovereign, or of your affectionate forgiving Father,
Charles Trueman.

Mar. I am overjoy'd at your good fortune.

Charles. You, Madam, are the source of all...but I am now unfit to thank you. [Weeps.

Mar. You owe me nothing, Sir; Success was all I hoped for.

Charles. Pray excuse me... It would be rudeness to trouble you with the tender thoughts this must give a heart oblig'd like mine. [Exit Charles.

Mar. Poor Creature! how full his honest heart is? What early vicissitudes of Fortune has he run through

through ? Well ! this was handsomely done of *Heartly*, considering what he had felt upon his account, to be so concern'd for his Pardon.

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady W. Dear *Maria*, what will become of us ? The Tyranny of this subtle Priest is insupportable : He has so fortified himself in Sir *John*'s opinion, by this last misconduct of your Brother, that I begin to lose my usual power with him.

Mar. Pray explain, Madam.

Lady W. In spite of all I cou'd urge, he is this minute bringing the Doctor to make his Addressee to you.

Mar. I am glad on't : for the beast must come like a Bear to the Stake, I'm sure : He knows I shall bait him.

Lady W. No, no, he presses it, to keep Sir *John* still blind to his wicked design upon me... Therefore I came to give you notice, that you might be prepar'd to receive him.

Mar. I am oblig'd to your Ladyship : Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady W. You have heard, I suppose, what an extravagant Settlement your Father has sign'd to.

Mar. Yes, Madam; but I am glad your Ladyship's like to be a gainer by it, however : For when I marry, it will be without the Doctor's consent, depend upon't.

Lady W. No, Child, I did not come into Sir *John*'s Family with a design to injure it, or make any one of it my Enemy : Whenever that Four Thousand Pound falls into my hands, you'll find it as firmly yours, as if it had been given you, without that odious condition.

Mar. Madam, I think my self as much oblig'd by this kind intention, as the performance : But if your

Ladyship could yet find a way to prove this Hypocrite a private Villain to my Father, I am not without hopes the Publick will soon have enough against him, to give a turn to the Settlement.

Lady W. But suppose that fails, what will become of your poor Brother?

Mar. But, dear Madam, I cannot suppose this Fellow must not be hang'd at last; and then you know, the same honest hand that ties him up, releases the Settlement.

Lady W. Not absolutely, neither; for this very House is given him in present, which, tho' that were to be the end of him, would then be forfeited.

Mar. Why, then my Brother must ev'n petition the Government. There have been presidents of the same favour, Madam. If not, he must pay for his blundering, and lay his next Plot deeper, I think.

Lady W. I am glad you are so chearful upon it, however; it looks as if you had something *in Petto* to depend upon. But here comes the Doctor.

Enter Sir John, with the Doctor.

Sir John. Daughter, since you have the happiness to be thought amiable in the eye of this good Man, I expect you'll give him an instant opportunity to improve it into an Amity for life.

Mar. I hope, Sir, I shall give him no occasion to alter his opinion of me.

Sir John. Why, that's well said; come, Sweetheart, we'll use no ceremony. [Exit Sir John,

with Lady W. Maria and the Doctor stand some time mutel in forma civilities, and a conscious contempt of each other.

Mar. Please to sit, Sir.... What can the ugly cur say to me? He seems a little puzzled. This puts me in mind of the tender interview between Lady Charlotte,

lotte, and Lord *Hardy* in the Funeral. [*Aside.*

Doct. Look you, fair Lady, not to make many words, I am convinc'd, notwithstanding your good Father's favour, I am not the person you desire to be alone with, upon this occasion.

Mar. Your modesty... is pleas'd to be in the right, Sir.

Doct. Humh! if I don't flatter my self, you have always had a very ill opinion of me.

Mar. A worse, Sir, of no Mortal breathing.

Doct. Humh! and it is likely, it may be immoveable.

Mar. No rock so firm.

Doct. Humh! from these premises then, I may reasonably conclude... you hate me heartily.

Mar. Most sincerely, Sir.

Doct. Well! there is, however, some merit in speaking truth; therefore to be as just on my side, I ought in conscience to let you know, that I have as cordial a contempt for you too.

Mar. O! fy! you flatter me. [*Affecting a blush.*

Doct. Indeed I don't; you wrong your own imperfections to think so.

Mar. These words from any tongue but yours, might shock me; but coming from the only Man I hate... they charm me.

Doct. Admirable! there seems good sense in this: Have you never observ'd Madam, that sometimes the greatest discords raise the most agreeable harmony?

Mar. Yes; but what do you infer from thence?

Doct. That while we still preserve this temper in our hate, a mutual benefit may rise from it.

Mar. O! never fear me, Sir; I shall not fly out; being convinc'd, that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's Aversion, as good breeding; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Doct.

Doct. Most accurately distinguish'd... Well ; Madam , is there no Project you can think of now, to turn this mutual Averſion , as I ſaid , into a mutual Benefit ?

Mar. None , that I know of, unleſs we were to marry for our mutual mortification.

Doct. What would you give then , to avoid marrying me ?

Mar. My Life , with joy , if Death alone cou'd ſhun you.

Doct. When you marry any other Perſon... my conſent is neceſſary.

Mar. So I hear indeed... But pray , *Doct.* , tell me , how could your Modeſty receive ſo insolent a Power , without putting my poor Father out of countenance with your bluſhes ?

Doct. You over-rate my Prudence : I ſought it not , but he would crowd it in among other obligations : He is good natur'd , and I could not ſhock him by a reſuſal. Wou'd you have had me plainly told him , what a deſpicable opinion I had of his Daughter ?

Mar. Or rather , what a favourable one you had of his Wife , Sir ?

Doct. Humh ! you ſeem to loſe your temper.

Mar. Why do you ſuppoſe , the whole Family does not ſee it , except my Father ?

Doct. If you will keep your temper , I have ſomething to propoſe to you.

Mar. Your reproof is juſt ; but I only rais'd my voice , to let you know , I know you.

Doct. You might have ſpar'd your pains , it being of no conſequence to my propoſal , what you think of me.

Mar. Not unlikely. Come , Sir , I am ready to receive it.

Doct. In one word then .. I take it for granted , that you would marry Mr. *Heartly*... Am I right ?

Mar.

Mar. Once in your life, you are.

Doct. Nay, no Compliments; let us be plain--
Would you marry him?

Mar. You are mighty nice, methinks-- Well --I would.

Doct. Then I won't consent to it--Now, if you have any propofal to make me--fo--if not, our Amour's at an end; and we part as civil Enemies, as if we had been married this twelvemonth--Think of it.

Mar. (*Aside.*) O the mercenary Villain, he wants to have a fellow-feeling, I find-- What shall I do with him--bite him---pretend to comply, and make my advantage of it-- Well, Sir, I understand every thing but the Sum-- if we agree upon that, it's a bargain.

Doct. Half.

Mar. What, two thousand Pound for your consent only?

Doct. Why, is not two thousand Pound worth two thousand Pound? Don't you actually get so much by it? Is not the half better than nothing? Come, come, say, I have us'd you like a Friend.

Mar. Nay, I think it's the only civil thing you have done, since you came into the Family.

Doct. Do you then make your advantage of it.

Mar. Why, as you say, *Doctor*, 'tis better than nothing. But how is my Father to be brought into this?

Doct. Leave that to my management.

Mar. What Security tho' do you expect for this money?

Doct. O! when I deliver my consent in writing, *Heartly* shall lay it me down in *Bank* Bills.

Mar. Well! on one proviso, I'll undertake that too.

Doct. Name it.

Mar. Upon your immediately owning to my Father, that you are willing to give up your Interest to Mr. *Heartly*.

Doct.

Doct. Humh ! stay -- I agree to to it--you shall have proof of it this evening -- But in the mean time, let me warn you too ; Don't expect , after I have hinted what you desire to your Father , to make your advantages now by betraying me to him. You know my power there ; if you do , I can easily give it a counter turn : so discover what you please , I shall only pity you.

Mar. O ! I shall not stand in my own light ; I know your power, and your Conscience too well, dear *Doct.*

Doct. Nay , I dare depend upon your being true to your own interest. Here comes your Father , I will break it to him immediately. You'll prepare *Mr. Heartly* in the mean time.

Mar. Without fail.

Doct. I am satisfied.

Enter Sir John,

Sir John. Well , Sir , is my Daughter prudent ? Has she at last a true and virtuous sense of Happiness ?

Doct. She understands me better than I hoped, Sir.

Mar. Well said Equivocation. [*Aside.*]

Doct. If you please , *Sir John* , we'll take a turn in the Garden , I have something there to offer to you.

Sir John. With all my heart, Sir , --- *Maria* --- There's a Toy for thee -- Now thou art again my Daughter. [*Gives her a Ring.*]

Come , Sir , I wait on you.

Exeunt Sir John and Doctor.

Mar. What this Fellow's original was , I know not ; but by his Conscience and cunning , he would make an admirable Jesuite. Here comes my Brother , and I hope with a good account of him--Well ! Brother , What success ?

En-

Enter Colonel.

Col. All that my honest heart could wish for... Substantial Affidavits! that will puzzle him to answer: I have planted a Messenger at the next door, who has a Warrant in his pocket, when I give the Word, to take him.

Mar. Why should not you do it immediately, he's now in the Garden with my Father?

Col. No; our seizing him now for Treason, I am afraid won't convince my Father of his Villany: My design is not only to get my Father out of his hands, but to drive the pernicious Principles he has instill'd, out of my Father too.

Mar. That I doubt will be difficult.

Col. Not at all, if we can first prove him a private Villain to him. My Father's Honesty will soon reflect, and may receive as sudden a turn as his Credulity.

Mar. That's true again; and I hope I am furnish'd with a new occasion to begin the Alarm to him.

Col. Pray what is't?

Mar. Not to trouble you with particulars; but in short, I have agreed with the *Doctor*, that *Heartly* shall give him two thousand Pounds for his Consent; without which, you know, by my Father's late Settlement, *Heartly* and I can never come together.

Col. And does the Monster really insist upon't?

Mar. Not only that, but ev'n defies me to make an advantage of the Discovery.

Col. One would think the Villain suspects his footing in the Family is but short liv'd, he is in such haste to have his pennyworths out on't. But prithee, Sister, What Secret's this, that you have yet

yet behind in those Writings that *Charles* brought to you?

Mar. O! that's what I can't yet tell you.

Col. Why, pray?

Mar. Because, when you have done all you can, I am resolv'd to reserve some merit against him to my self.

Col. But why do you suppose I would not assist in it?

Mar. You can't, it's now too late.

Col. Pshah! this is rash, and ridiculous.

Mar. Ay, may be so; I suppose *Heartly* will be of that opinion too: But if he is, you had better advise him to keep it to himself.

Col. You will have your obstinate way, I find.

Mar. It can't be worse than yours, I'm sure; remember how you came off in your last project; I know you meant well, but you are disinherited for all that.

Col. That's no surprize to me; but I am asham'd however.

Mar. By the way, What have you done with *Heartly*? why is he not here?

Col. He has been here, but you must excuse him; he was obliged to call in haste for *Charles*, whom he took home with him in his own Coach, where his Father waited to receive him.

Mar. The poor Boy by this time then has seen him. Sure their meeting must have been a moving sight; I would give the World methinks for a true account of it.

Col. You'll have it from *Heartly* by and by: 'tis at his house they meet: The Father, Sir *Charles Trueman*, hapned to be *Heartly*'s intimate Acquaintance.

Mar. Well! I own *Heartly* has gained upon me by this.

Col.

Col. I am glad to hear that at least. But I must let my Lady know what progress we have made in the *Doctor's* business, and beg her assistance to finish him. [*Ex. Col.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, Mr. Heartly.

Mar. Desire him to walk in.

Enter Heartly.

Hear. To find you thus alone, Madam, was an happiness I did not expect from the temper of our last parting.

Mar. I should have been as well pleas'd now to have been thank'd, as reproach'd for my good nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Hear. Indeed you took me wrong; I literally meant, that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserv'd this Favour.

Mar. Well, then, one of us has been in the wrong at least.

Hear. 'Twas I, I own it--more is not in my power; all the amends that have been, I have made you: My very joy of seeing you, has waited, till what you had at heart unask'd, was perfected; my own pardon was postpon'd, till I had secur'd one ev'n for a Rival's life, whom you so justly had compassionated.

Mar. Pooh! but why would you say *unask'd* now? Don't you consider your doing it so, is half the merit of the action?--Lord! you have no art; you should have left me to have taken notice of that: only imagine now, how kind, & handsome an acknowledgment you have robb'd me of?

Hear. And yet how artfully you have paid it: With what a wanton, charming ease you play upon my tenderness.

F

Mar.

Mar. Well, but was not you silly now?

Hear. (*Gazing on her*) Come--You shall not be serious--You can't be more agreeable.

Mar. O! but I am serious.

Hear. Then I'll be so---Do you forgive me all?

Mar. What. [*Looking on her Fan, as not hearing him.*]

Hear. Are we Friends, Maria?

Mar. O Lord! but you have told me nothing of poor Charles; Pray how did his Father receive him?

Hear. Must you needs know that, before you answer me?

Mar. Lord! you are never well till you have talk'd one out of countenance.

Hear. Come, I won't be too particular, you shall answer nothing--Give me but your hand only.

Mar. Pshah! I won't pull off my glove, not I.

Hear. I'll take it as it is then.

Mar. Lord! there, there, eat it, eat it.

[*Putting it awkwardly to him.*]

Hear. And so I could by Heav'n.

[*Kisses it eagerly, and pulls off her Glove.*]

Mar. O my glove! my glove! my glove!---Pooh! you are in a perfect storm! Lord! if you make such a rout with ones hand only, What would you do if you had ones Heart!

Hear. That's impossible to tell---But you were asking me of Charles, Madam.

Mar. O! ay, that's true! Well, now you are good again--Come tell me all that affair, and then you shall see--how I will like you. (*Wantonly.*)

Hear. O! that I could thus play with Inclination!

Mar. Pshah! but you don't tell me now.

Hear. There is not much to tell--Where two such tender Passions met, words had but faintly spoke them. The Son conducted to the door with sudden fear stopt short, and bursting into sighs, o'ercharg'd with Shame, and Joy, had almost fainted in

my arms: The Father touch'd with his concern , moved forward with a kindly smile to meet him. At this he took new life , and springing from his hold , fell prostrate at his feet ; where mute , and trembling , for a while he lay : At length with streaming eyes , and faltering tongue , he begg'd his pardon. The tender Father caught him in his Arms , and dropping his fond head upon his cheek , kiss'd him , and sigh'd out *Heaven protect thee !* then gave into his hand the Royal Pardon ; and turning back his face to dry his manly eyes , he cry'd , *Deserve this Royal Mercy and I am still thy Father.* The grateful Youth , raising his heart-swollen voice , reply'd *May Heaven preserve the Royal Life that gave it.* But here , their Passions grew too strong for farther speech : Silent Embraces , alternate sighs , and mingling tears , were all their language now. The moving Scene became too tender for my eyes , and call'd methought , for privacy ; there unperceiv'd I left them , to recover into breathing sense , and utterable Joy.

Mar. Well ! of all the the inmost transports of the Soul , there's none that dance into the heart , like friendly Reconcilements.

Hear. Those transports might be ours , *Maria* , would you but try your power to pardon.

Mar. Which of those two now do you think was happiest at that meeting ?

Hear. O ! the Father , doubtless ; Great Souls feel a kind of honest glory in forgiving , that far exceeds the transport of receiving pardon.

Mar. Now I think to bend the stubborn mind to ask it , is an equal Conquest ; and the Joy superior to receive , where the heart wishes to be under Obligations.

Hear. Put me into the happy Boy's condition , and I may then , perhaps , resolve you better.

Mar. You shall positively bring him into acquaintance.

Hear. Upon my Word I will.

Mar. And shew him to all the Women of Taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty Fellow too.

Hear. I will indeed: But hear me---

Mar. I'm positive, if he had white stockings he would cut down all the Dangers at Court in a fortnight!

Hear. O! no doubt on't; but---

Mar. You can't conceive how prettily he makes love now.

Hear. Not so well, as you make your defence, *Maria.*

Mar. O Lord! I had forgot---he's to teach me Greek too.

Hear. O, the trifling Tyrant! How long, *Maria*, do you think you can find out new evasions for what I say unto you?

Mar. Lord, you are horrid silly! But since 'tis Love that makes you such a dunce--poor *Heartly*, ---I forgive you. [*Enter Colonel, unseen.*

Hear. That's kind, however---But to compleat my Joy, be kinder yet---and---

Mar. O! I can't, I can't---Lord! did you never ride a Horse- Match?

Hear. Was ever so wild a question?

Mar. Because if you have, it runs in my head, you certainly gallop'd a Mile beyond the winning Post to make sure on't.

Hear. Now I understand you: But since you will have me touch every thing so very tenderly, *Maria*, How shall I find proper words to ask you the Lover's last necessary Question?

Mar. O! there's a thousand Points to be adjusted, before that's answer'd.

Col. [*Coming unexpectedly between them.*] Name them this moment then, for positively this is the last time of asking.

Mar. Pshaw! Who sent for you?

Col.

Col. I only came to teach you to speak plain *English*, my dear.

Mar. Lord! mind your own business, can't you?

Col. So I will; for I will make you do more of yours in two minutes, than you would have done without me in a Twelvemonth. Why, how now! What! do you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for ever?

Mar. This is mighty pretty.

Col. You'll say so on *Thursday* sevenight, (for let affairs take what turn they will in the Family) that's positively your wedding-Day---Nay, you sha'n't stir.

Mar. Was ever such assurance?

Hear. Upon my Life, Madam, I am out of countenance: I don't know how to behave my self to him.

Mar. No, no, let him go on, only---This is beyond whatever was known, sure!

Hear. Admirable! I hope it will come to something. [*Aside.*

Col. Ha! ha! If I were to leave you to your selves now, what a couple of pretty out-of countenance Figures you would make; humming and hawing upon the vulgar points of Jointure, & Pin-money---Come, come! I know what's proper o'both sides, you shall leave it to me.

Hear. I had rather *Maria* would name her own terms to me.

Col. Have you a mind to any thing particular?
[*To Maria.*

Mar. Why sure! What! Do you think I'm only to be fill'd out here as you please, and sweetned, and supp'd up like a dish of *Bohea*?

Col. Why, pray Madam, when your Tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it? But you, I suppose, expect a Lover's heart, like your lamp, should be always flaming at your elbow; and when

it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the Spirit of contradiction.

Mar. And so you suppose, that your assurance has made an end of this matter?

Col. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Mar. That then would compleat it?

Col. Perfectly.

Mar. Why then take it, *Heartly*. [*Giving her Hand to Heart.*]

Hear. O soft Surprise! Exstatick Joy!

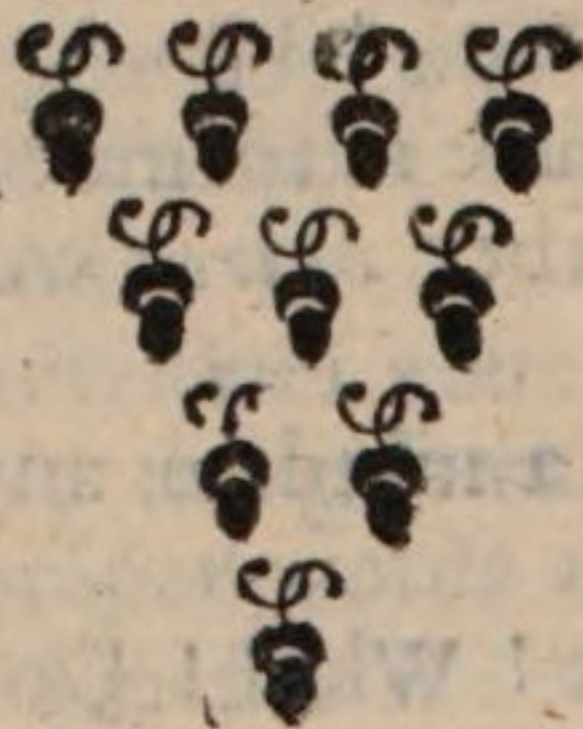
Mar. Now I presume you are, in high Triumph,
Sir. [*To the Col.*]

Col. No, Sister, now you are consistent with that good sense I always thought you Mistress of.

Mar. I'm afraid, Mr. *Heartly*, we are both oblig'd to him.

Hear. If you think so, *Maria*, my heart -- Is under double obligations laid. [*Embracing him.*]

Col. ...If it cements our Friendship, I am over-paid.
[*Exeunt.*]



ACT.

ACT V.]

Heartly, and Maria.

Mar. WELL, now, *Heartly*, you have nothing to do but to look forward and, if possible, to forget what I have been to you: Though 'tis a horrid restraint you lay upon our Sex: You first make it the business of your lives to blow up our Vanity, and then preposterously expect we should be prudent and humble: That is, you invite us to a Feast, where 'tis criminal to taste, or have an appetite: You put a Sword into a Child's hand, and then are angry if it does mischief.

Hear. You give up too much, *Maria*; I never treated you so: What might have been Flattery to most Women, was but honest truth to you.

Mar. Why look you there now! Is not that enough to turn any poor Woman into a Changeling?

Hear. No, because 'tis true; charge me with a Falsehood and I submit.

Mar. Nay then, did you not once tell me, that all my *Airs* and *Follies* were merely put on in compliance to the World, and that good sense was only natural to me; that ev'n my *Affectation* (I have not forgot your words) carried more sincerity, than the serious Vows of other Women?

Hear. By all my happiness I think so still.

Mar. What, seriously?

Hear. Upon my Soul I do.

Mar. Lord! that's delightful! Do you really love me then, *Heartly*? Do, tell me, for now I begin to believe every thing you say to me. But don't

neither---I am vain still---'Twas my Vanity that made me ask you.

Hear. Now I don't take it so.

Mar. There was some in't I am sure , tho' it begins to dwindle, I can tell you.

Hear. No matter , I love you as you are , I would not have you lose your pleasantry , *Maria*.

Maria. Well, do , let me be silly sometimes.

Hear. O ! I can play with you, for that matter.

Mar. Pshah ! you'll laugh at me.

Hear. Not while you are good in essentials.

Mar. Indeed I'll be very good.

Hear. O fy ! that will be the way to make me so.

Mar. Lord ! What signifies sense , where there is so much pleasure in Folly ?

Hear. No perfect passion ever was without it ; the pleasure would subside were we always to be wise in it.

Mar. For my part I think so : But will you really stand to the agreement tho' , that I have made with the Doctor ?

Hear. Why not ? You shall not break your Word upon my account, tho' he might be a Villain you gave it to.

Mar. Well, I take it as a compliment ; not but I have some hopes of getting over it , and justly too ; but don't let me tell you now, I love to surprise---Tho' you shall know all, if you desire it.

Hear. No , *Maria* , I don't want the Secret ; I am satisfied in your inclination to trust me.

Mar. Well then , I'll keep the Secret , only to shew you , that you upon occasion may trust me with one.

Hear. After that, *Maria* , it would be wronging you to ask it : But pray , Madam , has the Doctor yet given you any proof of his having declin'd his interest to your Father ?

Mar

Mar. Yes, he told me just now, he had brought him to pause upon it, and does not question in two days to compleat it; but desires in the mean time you will be ready and punctual with the *Præmium*.

Hear. Suppose I should talk with Sir *John* myself; 'tis true he has slighted me of late, but however, I ought at least to ask his consent, though I have but little hopes of it.

Mar. By all means; do so--Here he comes--This may open another Scene of action too, that we are preparing for.

Enter Sir John, and Lady Woodvil, who walks apart with Maria.

Sir John. Mr. *Heartly*, I am glad I have met with you here.

Hear. I have endeavour'd twice to day, Sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir John. Sir, I'll be plain with you--I went out to avoid you; but where the welfare of a Child is concern'd, you must not take it ill, if we don't stand upon ceremony.--However, since I have reason now to be more in temper, than perhaps I was, at that time, I should be glad to talk with you.

Hear. I take it as a favour, Sir.

Sir John. Sir,--Doctor *Wolf* informs me, that he is well assured you were born the year before the Revolution: Now Sir, I should be glad to be well satisfied in that point; a greater consequence depending on it, perhaps, than you imagine.

Hear. Sir, I have been always told that was my age; but for your farther satisfaction I appeal to the Register.

Sir John. Sir, I dare believe you, and am glad to hear it.

Hear. But pray , Sir , may I beg leave to ask , why you are so concerned to know this ?

Sir John. Because , Sir , if this be true , I am satisfied you may be a *regular Christian* ; the doubt of which , may have , perhaps , done you some disservice in my private opinion.

Hear. Sir , if that can reconcile me to it , I shall be thankful for the benefit , without considering why I that way came to deserve it.

Sir John. That Argument might hold us now too long . -- But , Sir , -- here's the case -- your Principles and mine have the misfortune to differ : Yours being (as I take it) entirely on the Revolution side.

Hear. If I am not misinform'd , Sir , you your self commanded a Regiment in defence of it.

Sir John. I did so , and thought it just . -- 'T would be fruitless , perhaps , to offer you the reasons , that since have alter'd my opinion : But now , Sir , even supposing that I err in Principle , you must still allow , that Conscience is the Rule that every honest Man ought to walk by.

Hear. 'Tis granted , Sir.

Sir John. Then give me leave to tell you Sir , that giving you my Daughter , would be to act against that Conscience I pretend to ; and consequently the same ties oblige me to bestow her , where the same Principles with mine , I think deserve her . --- Now , Sir , consult your own Honour , and tell me , how you can still pursue my Daughter , without doing violence to mine ?

Hear. But , Sir , to shorten this dispute , suppose the Doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his interest ; might not that soften your objections to me ?

Sir John. But why do you suppose , Sir , he would give up his interest ?

Hear.

Hear. I only judge from what your Daughter tells me, Sir.

Sir John. My Daughter!

Hear. I appeal to her.

Mar. And I appeal ev'n to yourself, Sir. Has not the Doctor just now in the Garden spoke in favour of Mr. *Heartly* to you? Nay, pray, Sir, be plain, because more depends on that, than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir John. What senseless insinuation have you got in your head now?

Mar. Be so kind, Sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir John. Well, I own he has declined his interest, in favour of Mr. *Heartly*: But I must tell you, Madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good natur'd, so conscientious a manner, that I now think my self more than ever bound in Honour to espouse him.

Mar. But now, Sir, (only for Arguments sake) suppose I could prove, that all this seeming Virtue was utterly artificial; that his regard to Mr. *Heartly* was neither founded upon modesty, Friendship, Good-Nature, nor Conscience; or in short, that he has basely betray'd and sold the Trust you made him; like a Villain barter'd, bargain'd to give me to Mr. *Heartly*, for half the four thousand Pound you have valued his consent at. I say, suppose this were the case, where would be his Virtue then, Sir?

Sir John. And I say 'tis impious to suppose it.

Hear. Under favour, Sir, how is it possible your Daughter could know the Doctor had spoke to you upon this head, if he himself had not told her so, in consequence of his Agreement?

Sir John. Sir, I don't admit your Consequence: Her knowing it from him is no proof, that he
might

might not still resign her from a principle of Modesty or Good nature.

Mar. Then, Sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

Sir John. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Mar. That's too hard, Sir. What blot has stain'd my Life, that you can think so of me? But, Sir, the worst your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. *Heartly*, without either his Consent or yours.

Sir John. What, do you brave me, Madam?

Mar. [*in Tears*] No Sir, but I scorn a Lye, and will so far vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a Child whom you abandon, I have a right to throw my self into other arms for Protection.

Hear. O *Maria*! how thy Spirit charms me!

[*apart to her.*]

Sir John. I am confounded! those Tears cannot be counterfeit; nor can this be true.

Lady W. Indeed my dear, I fear it is; it would be cruel to her concern to think it wholly false. Can you suppose she'd urge so gross an Accusation only to expose her self to the Justice of your resentment?

Sir John. What are you against him too? then he has no Friend but me, and I cannot, at so short a warning, give him up to Infamy, and Baseness.

Lady W. Good Sir, be compos'd, and ask your heart one farther Question.

Sir John. What would you say to me?

Lady W. In all our mutual course of happiness, have I ever yet deceiv'd you with a falsehood?

Sir John. Never, I grant it, nor has my honest heart yet wrong'd thy goodness with a jealous thought of it.

Lady

Lady W. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him too? even of crimes, that Vertue blushes but to mention?

Sir John. To what extravagance would you drive me?

Lady W. I would before have undeceiv'd you, when his late artifice turn'd the honest duty of your Son, into his own reproach, and ruine: But knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it. But now, in better hope of being believ'd, I here avow the truth of all he was accus'd of then.

Sir John. Will you distract me? my Senses could not be deceiv'd.

Lady W. Indeed, they were; he saw you listning, and at the instant turn'd his impious barefac'd love to me, into equivocal Intercessions pretending to *Maria*.

Sir John. You startle me.

Lady W. Could you otherwise suppose, your Son would have brought you to be witness of his own weak malice in accusing him?

Sir John. I'm all astonishment!

Lady W. Come, Sir suspend your wonder, rel-pite your belief ev'n of this, till grosser evidence convinces you: Suppose I here, before your face, should let you see his Villany; make him repeat his odious love to me; at once throw off his Mask, and shew the barefac'd Traytor.

Sir John. Is it possible? Make me but witness of that fact, & I shall soon accuse my self, and own my folly equal to his baseness: But pardon me, as I in such a case would not believe, ev'n him accusing you, so am I bound in equal Charity to think, you yet may be deceiv'd, in what you charge on him.

Lady W. 'Tis just--let it be so--we'll yet suppose him innocent, till you your self pronounce him guilty:

guilty : and since I have stak'd my Faith upon the truth of what I urge , 'tis fit we bring him to immediate tryal. But then Sir , I must beg you to descend ev'n to the poor shifts we are reduc'd to.

Sir John. All , to any thing to ease me of my doubts, propose them.

Lady W. They that would set toils for Beasts of prey, must lurk in humble Caves to watch their Haunts.

Sir John. Place me where you please.

Lady W. Under this table is your only stand , the Carpet will conceal you.

Sir John. Be it so , I'll take my Post , what more ?

Lady W. Mr. Heartly , shall we beg your leave and you *Maria*, take the least suspected way to send the *Doctor* to me immediately.

Mar. I have a thought will do it , Madam , --
come Sir ,

[Exit *Mar.* and *Hear.*

Lady W. Here Sir , take this cushion , you will be easier , [*Sir John goes under the Table.*] Now Sir , you must consider how desperate a disease I have undertaken to cure , therefore you must not winch nor stir too soon , at any freedom you observe me take with him ; be sure lie close and still , and when the Proof is full , appear at your discretion.

Sir John. Fear not, I'll be patient.

Lady W. Hush! he comes.

Enter Doctor with a Book.

Doct. Your Woman told me, Madam, you were here alone, and desir'd to speak with me.

Lady W. I did Sir ; but that we may be sure we are alone , pray shut the outward door, and see that passage too be clear; another surprize might ruine us - is all safe ?

Doct. I have taken care Madam.

Lady W.

Lady W. I am afraid I interrupt your Meditations.

Doct. Say rather you improve them : You, Madam, were the subject of my solitary thoughts ; I take in all the little aids I can to guard my frailty ; and truly I have receiv'd great consolation from an unfortunate example here before me.

Lady W. Pray of what kind Sir ?

Doct. I had just dipt into poor *Eloisas* Passion for *Abelard* ; It is indeed a piteous conflict ! How terrible ! How penitent a sense she shews of guilty pleasures past, and fruitless plains to shut them from her Memory.

Lady W. I have read her Story Sir.

Doct. Is it not pitiful ?

Lady W. A heart of stone might feel for her.

Doct. O ! think then , what I endure for you ; such are my pains, and such is my sincerity : tho' I fear my being reduc'd to feign a Passion for *Maria*, in my late surprize , has done dishonour to the Vows I then preferr'd to you.

Lady W. 'Twas on that point , I wanted now to talk with you ; not knowing then , how far you might mistake my silence. Now had I clos'd with the Colonel in accusing you , it would have been plain I was your Enemy ; as had I join'd in your defence against him , it had been as grossly evident I was his : but since I have uses for his Friendship, and as I saw your credit with Sir *John* needed no support, I hope you'll think betwixt the two extremes I have acted but a prudent part.

Doct. Let me presume to hope then , what I did, you judge was self-defence , and pure necessity.

Lady W. 'Twas wonderful ! Surprizing to perfection ! The Wit of it--but I won't tell you what effect it had upon me.

Doct. Why, Madam ? let me beseech you.

Lady W.

Lady W. No, 'twas nothing---beside---what need you ask me?

Doct. Why do you thus decoy my foolish heart, and feed it with such *Hybladrops* of Flattery? You cannot sure think kindly of me?

Lady W. O well feign'd fear! You too, I find can flatter in your turn: You know how well the subtle force of Modesty prevails. O Men! Men! Men!

Doct. 'Twere arrogance to think I have deserv'd this goodness: but treat me as you please, I'll be at least sincere to you, and frankly own, I still suspect, that all this softning favour is but artifice.

Lady W. Well! well! I'd have you think so.

Doct. What transport would it give, to be assur'd I wrong you! but O! I fear this shaddow of compliance is only meant to lure me from *Maria*, and then as fond *Ixions* were of old, to fill my arms with Air.

Lady W. Methinks this doubt of me, seems rather founded on your second thoughts of not resigning her; 'tis she, I find is your substantial happiness.

Doct. O that you could but fear I thought so! how easy 'twere to prove my coldness, or my Love.

Lady W. O Sir, you have convinc'd me now of both.

Doct. Can all this pretty anger then be real? take heed, fair Creature, it flatters more, than Kindness.

Lady W. I can assure you Sir, I should have spar'd you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engag'd to her.

Doct. Nay then I must believe you; but indeed you wrong me: to prove my Innocence, tis not an hour since I press'd Sir *John* to give *Maria* to young *Heartly*.

Lady W. O! all artifice! you knew that modest
resigna-

resignation, would make Sir *John* but warmer in your interest.

Doct. Since you will rip the secret from my heart, ---know then, I actually have sold her, like a bawble, to her childish Lover, for two thousand times her value.

Lady W. Are you serious?

Doct. As this is true, or false, may I in you be blest, or miserable.

Lady W. But how can you suppose Sir *John* will ever hear of it?

Doct. Alas! poor Man! he knows not his own weakness; he's molded into any shape, if you but gently stroke his humour: I dare depend on his consent. Beside, I intend to morrow to perswade him 'tis for the Interest of our Cause it should be so, and then I have him sure.

Lady W. Fy! how is that possible? he can't be so implicitly credulous: You don't take him sure for a Roman Catholick?

Doct. Um - not absolutely. But, poor soul! he little thinks how near he is one. 'Tis true, name to him but *Rome*, or *Popery*, he startles, as at a Monster: But gild its grossest Doctrines with the stile of *Catholik English*, he swallows down the poison, like a Cordial.

Lady W. Nay, if he's so far within your power, it cannot fail, he must consent. Well Sir, now I give you leave to guess the reason, why I too, at our last meeting, so warmly prest you to resign *Maria*.

Doct. Is it possible? was I then so early your concern?

Lady W. You cannot blame me sure, for having there oppos'd your Happiness.

Doct. I dye upon the transport. [*taking her hand.*]

Lady W. Be sure you are secret now: your least imprudence makes these, like Fairy favours, vanish in a moment.

Doct. How can you form so vain a fear?

Lady W. Call it not vain, for let our converse end in what it may, you still shall find, my Fame is dear to me, as life.

Doct. Where can it find so sure a guard? the grave Austerity of my life will strike Suspicion dumb, and yours may mock the Malice of Detraction. I am no giddy, loose-liv'd Courtier, whose false professions end only in his boast of Favours: No, fair spotless Miracle, the Mysteries of Love are only fit for hearts recluse, and elevate as mine: my happiness, like yours, depending on my Secrecy.

Lady W. 'Tis you must answer for this folly.

Doct. I take it whole upon my self; the guilt be only mine, but be our Transports mutual--Come lovely Creature, let us withdraw to privacy, where murmuring Love shall hush thy fears, and lose them in the burning joy.

[*Sir John stepping softly behind him seizes him by the throat.*]

Sir John. Traytor!

Doct. Ah! (*Astonisht*)

Sir John. Is this thy Sanctity! this thy Doctrine! these thy Meditations! If stung with my abuses I now should stab thee to the heart, what Devil durst murmur 'twere not an Act of Justice? But since thy vile Hypocrisy unmask'd, must make Mankind abhor thee, be thy own shame, thy living Punishment.

Doct. Do! triumph Sir--your artifice has well succeeded--I see your ends: you needed not so deep a Plot to part with me. [*Trembling*]

Sir John. Suppress thy weak evasions--Ungrateful Wretch! Have I for this redeem'd thee from the jaws of gaping Poverty, fed cloath'd, loved, prefer'd thee to my bosom, to my Family, and Fortune? Wife, Children, Friends, Servants, all that were not Friends to thee, accounted as my Enemies;

mies; nay more to crown my Faith in thee, I have relied on thy integrity ev'n for my future Happiness: And how hast thou, in one short day requited me? Taking the advantage of my blinded Passion, thou hast turn'd the duty of my Son to his undoing; fordidly hast sold the trust I made thee of my Daughter; attempted, like a felonious Traytor, to seduce my Wife, and hast I fear, with poisonous Doctrines too ensnar'd my Soul.

Lady W. Now Heav'n be prais'd, his heart seems conscious of his Error. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. But why do I reproach thee? had I not been the weakest of Mankind, thou never couldst have prov'd so great a Villain-- Whether Heaven intends all this to punish, or to save me, yet I know not; my Senses stagger at the view, and my Reflexion's lost in wild astonishment.

[*He stands musing.*]

Doct. This snare was worthy of you, Madam; 'tis you have made this Villain of me. (*apart to Lady W.*)

Lady W. You would have made me worse, but I have only shewn him what you were before.

Doct. I thank you.

Lady W. Thank your own Ingratitude, and Wickedness: but I must now pursue my Victory.

(*Exit Lady W.*)

Doct. (*Apart.*) No; It ends not here. He was not brought to listen to this proof alone! There's something deeper yet design'd against me-- I must be speedy-- Suppose I talk with *Charles*, allarm him with our common danger, point out his ruine as our only means of safety; and like the Panther in the Toil provok'd, turn short with vengeance on my Hunters!

Sir John What! still within my sight! of all my follies, which is it tells thee, that I now shall keep my temper?

Doct. (*Turning boldly to him*) Whom do you menace?

menace? me Sir. Reflect upon your own condition first, and where you are.

Sir John. What would the Villain drive at? I prithee leave me. I cannot look on thee! thy overbearing Insolence confounds me: But since thy wickedness has turn'd my eyes upon my self, & made me see my own folly; to that and to thy crimes detected, I hope to owe my future Innocence; as the fore Wound the Viper gives, the Viper best can cure. For that one good may Heaven like me forgive thee: But seek thy biding in some other place ---out of my House, this instant, Hence! be gone and see my shameful face no more.

Doct. Nay then, 'tis time to be my self, and let you know, that I am Master here. Turn you out Sir, this House is mine; and now Sir, at your peril dare to insult me.

Sir John. O! Heaven! 'tis true thou hast disarm'd my Justice, and turn'd its Sword into my own weak bosom. I had forgot my folly, 'tis fit it should be so, and Heaven is just, at once to let me see my crime, and punishment. O my poor injur'd Son! Whither shall I fly to hide me from the World?

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady W. Whither are you going Sir?

Sir John. I know not .. but here it seems I am a Trespasser... the Master of this house has warn'd me hence; and since the Right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady W. You shall not stir: he dares not act with such abandon'd insolence. No Sir, Possession still is yours; if he pretends a Right, let him by open course of Law maintain it.

Doct. Are these the shifts you are reduc'd to? no, Madam, I shall not wait so slow a Vengeance, you'll find I have a shorter way to rout you. --- here! Charles!

(Exit Doctor.)

Sir John. Nay then there is an end of all. I have provok'd a Serpent. my life, I see, must pay the forfeit of my Folly.

Lady

Lady W. Come Sir, take heart: your life in spite of him, is free, and I hope your Actions too. However, tell me freely, have you rashly done any thing, for which the Law may question you?

Sir John. I think, not strictly: 'tis true I have lately trusted him with Summs of Money, which he pretended, if accounted for, might endanger both of us.

Lady W. O! the subtle Villain! those Summs are innocent, I dare answer for them: But is there nothing more?

Sir John. Not, that I can call to mind, more criminal.

Lady W. Pray tell the worst, that we may arm against him.

Sir John. Sometimes with my own hand, I have reliev'd the wants of wretched Prisoners to the State.

Lady W. We have no Laws, that frown on Acts of Charity; if that were criminal, the Government it self is guilty.

Sir John. How far our private converse may affect me: that I know not. If *Charles* betrays me not, I think his Malice cannot reach me.

Lady W. Then Sir, be easy, for he has lost his influence there: *Charles* has long since perceiv'd his Villany, and grew from thence a secret Convert to the cause of Truth, and Loyalty: of which he has given such meritorious proof, that Mr. *Heartly*, and your Son, this very day, Sir, have obtain'd his Pardon.

Sir John. You tell me wonders! Pardon'd! and a Convert say you! how strongly are hearts persuaded by example! what darkness have I wander'd in! How aimiable is such Royal Mercy! yet with what hardned malice, has that Slave traduced it!

Enter Maria hastily.

Mar. O Sir! I am frighted out of my senses! for Heavens sake be gone! Fly, this moment; this wicked Fellow has designs upon your Life.

Lady W. How!

Sir John. What dost thou mean? explain.

Mar. As I was passing by the Hall, I heard him earnest in discourse with *Charles*, and upon their naming you, I stopt a while to listen, where I heard the *Doctor* urge to him, that you were false at heart, that from your late frivolous pretence to break with him, he was convinc'd your Malice now would stop at nothing to undo him; that *Charles* himself was equally in danger, and that to save your own life, you certainly design'd to sacrifice theirs to the Government, which there was no possibility of preventing, but by their immediate joining in a Charge of Treason against you.

Lady W. O the Villain! 'tis well we are secure in *Charles*.

Sir John. If we are not, why be it as it may--- I will not stir---I'll stand upon my Innocence; or if that's betray'd will throw me on the mercy of that Royal Breast, whose Vertues my Credulity has injur'd.

Lady W. and Mar. Ah!

[*A Pistol is heard from within.*]

Sir John. What means that pistol?

Lady W. Don't stir, I beg you Sir.

Mar. What terrors has this Monster brought into our Family?

Lady W. What will it end in?

Sir John. How wretched has my Folly mademe?

Lady W. How now! what's the matter?

Enter

Enter Betty.

Bet. O Dear Madam ! I shall faint away, there's murther doing.

Sir John. Who ! where, what is it !

Bet. The *Doctor* Sir, and Mr. *Charles*, were at high words just now in the Hall, and upon a sudden there was a pistol fir'd between them : Oh ! I am afraid poor Mr. *Charles* is kill'd.

Sir John. How !

Bet. Oh ! here he comes himself Sir, he will tell you more.

Enter Heartly, Charles, and the Doctor held by Servants.

Hear. Here bring in this Ruffian, this is Villany beyond example.

Sir John. What means this outrage ?

Lady W. I tremble.

Charles. Don't be alarm'd, Madam, there's no mischief done; what was intended, the *Doctor* here can best inform you.

Doct. [to *Heartly*.] You Sir shall answer for this insult ! What am I held for ? who's here, that dares assume a right to question me ?

Hear. Keep your temper, Sir, we'll release you presently ; but Sir *John* must first know the bottom of his obligations to you.

Sir John. Mr. *Heartly*, I am asham'd to look on you.

Doct. What Sir ! shall my own Servant abuse me, brave me, lift his hand against me, and I not dare to punish him ?

Hear. Your Seryant Sir ! we know him better.

Doct. Then Sir, I demand my liberty, that the Government too may know him.

Charles. Yes, and let it too be known, you first seduc'd me to rebel, and now would have me expiate my offence with perjury.

Doct. How, Sir?

Charles. Yes, Perjury! for such it must have been, should I have charg'd, as you'd have had me, this Gentleman with Treason: What facts have I been privy to, that reach that name? The worst I know of him is that all the factious falsehoods you have rais'd against the best of Princes, he, blinded with your Hypocrisy, believ'd.

Doct. 'Tis well Sir, you are protected now.

Charles. This, Sir, in short has been our cause of quarrel: The *Doctor* finding I receiv'd with coldness his vile designs against your life, began to offer menaces on mine, if I comply'd not; at which I smiling told him, the disappointments of his Love had made him desperate: This stung him into rage, and fastning at my throat, he answer'd, Villain! you'll be humbler, when you groan in Chains for this. Here indeed all temper left me; when disengaging from his hold, with one home blow I fell'd him reeling to the pavement: at this grown desperate, he ran with fury to some pistols that hung above the chimney, to revenge himself: In the instant as he reach'd one, seiz'd upon his wrist; and as we grappled Sir, the pistol firing to the cieling, alarm'd the Family, when Mr. *Heartly*, and your Servants rush'd in to part us.

Sir John. Insatiate Villain! O my shame!

Doct. Well Sir! now you have heard this mighty Charge! what have you more against me?

Hear. More Sir, I hope is needless, but if Sir *John* is yet unsatisfied--

John. O! I have seen too much! every new instance of his wickedness but adds afresh to my confusion.

Lady

Lady W. Now Sir is your time }
Hear. I go this minute, Madam. } *apart.*

Doct. I Value not your whisper'd menaces, for know to your confusion, my Vengeance is not yet defeated: You'll find Sir, that to rebel, or to conceal a Rebel, are in the eye of Law both equal Acts of Treason: That fact I'm sure is evident against you; There! there stands in proof the stripping Traytor you have shelter'd! This Sir, your whole Family can charge you with; and swear it home they shall, or load their Souls with Perjury. But then to dash your few remaining days with bitterness of misery, Remember I, Sir, whom mortally you hate, succeed the instant Heir to your possessions. Now farewell, and let disgrace, and beggary be your Childrens Portion.

As he is going out, the Collonel stops him.

Col. Hold, Sir, not so fast, you cannot pass.

Doct. Who, Sir, shall dare to stop me!

Col. Within there! March!

Enter a Messenger with a file of Musqueteers.

Mess. Is your Name *Wolf* Sir?

Doct. What if it be Sir!

Mess. Then Sir I have a Warrant against you for High Treason.

Doct. Me Sir? [Startled.]

Mess. Do you know one *Collonel Perth* Sir?

Doct. Ha! then I am betray'd indeed.

Hear. This *Perth*, it seems, Sir, has manag'd his Correspondence at *Avignon*, from whence he came last night Express; but the Government having immediate notice of his arrival, he was this morning seiz'd, & examin'd before the Council, where,

among other facts, he has confest he knew the Doctor actually in Arms at the first Rebellious rising in Northumberland, which has been since by other Witnesses confirm'd.

Col. And, Sir, to convince you, that ev'n the Doctrine he has broach'd could never flow from the pure Fountain of our establisht Faith; here are Affidavits in hand, that prove him under his disguise a lurking Emisary of Rome; that he is actually a Priest in Popish Orders, and has several times been seen, as such, to Officiate Publick Mass in the Church of *Nostre Dame* at *Antwerp*.

Mar. Hear. and Lady W. How!

Sir John. I start with horror, ev'n at the danger I am freed from.

Col. And now, Sir, had not your insatiate Villanys to this Family forc'd me to this close inquiry into your private life, perhaps you might have pass'd unquestion'd, among the Rout of Enemies, whom our Government despises.

Doct. Well Sir! now then you know your worst of me. But know, what you call criminal, may yet before your Triumph is secure, not only find its Pardon but Reward: I yet may live, Sir, to retort your insult: at least the days that are allotted me, will want for no supports of life while this Conveyance calls me Master.

Sir John. There! there indeed he stings me to the heart! for that rash act reproach and endless shame will haunt me.

Mar. No Sir-- be comforted! for ev'n there too his abandon'd hope must leave him.

Sir John. Why dost thou torture me! did I not sign that Deed!

Mar. Yes, Sir, but in that Deed you'll find, my Brother, not that Traytor is your Heir: For know the fatal Deed, which you intended, Sir, to sign, is here ev'n yet unseal'd and innocent.

Omnes.

Omnes. Ha! *{ The Doctor hastily opens the Deed to examine it, and all the company seem surpriz'd.*

Sir John. What means she?

Mar. I mean Sir, that this Deed, by accident falling into this Gentlemans hands, his generous concern for our Family discover'd it to me; when I reduc'd to this extremity, instantly procur'd that other to be drawn exactly like it; which in your impatience, Sir, to execute, pass'd unsuspected for the Original: their only difference is, that wherever you read the *Doctors* name, there you'll find my Brothers only, throughout, and wholly, Sir, in every Article investing him in all that Right, and Title, which you intended for your mortal Enemy.

Doct. Distraction! Outwitted by a brainless Girl.

[Throws down the Writing in rage.]

All the Servants having attended to the Discovery, break out into Huzzahs of joy, &c. while Sir John, the Col. Charles and Maria severally embrace: Heartly, and Lady Woodvil silently join in their Congratulations.

Doct. I cannot bear their irksome Joy--come Sir lead me where you please--a Dungeon would relieve me now.

Col. Secure your Prisoner.

Ser. Huzzah! a Traytor! a Traytor!

[Ex. Mess. Soldiers, Doctor, and Servants.]

Mar. Now Heartly, I hope I have made attonement for your Jealousy.

Hear. You have banisht it for ever: This was beyond your self surprizing.

Col. Sister--

Mar. Come, no set Speeches, If I deserve your thanks, return them in a Friendship here.

[Pointing to Charles.]

Col. The business of my life shall be to merit it.
Charles.

Charles. And mine to speak my sense of Obligations.

Sir John. O my Child! for this deliverance, I only can reward thee here. (*gives Maria to Heartly.*) For thee my Son, whose filial Virtues I have injur'd; this honest Deed in every Article shall be ratified. I see your eyes are all upon me, expecting from that vile Traytors practices, some voluntary instance of my hearts Conversion. I must be blind indeed, were I not now convinc'd, he must in all things have alike deceiv'd me; as the Dial that mis-tels one hour, of consequence is false through the whole round of day. Let it suffice, I see my Errors with a conscious shame; but hope, when I am justly weigh'd, you'll find those Errors rose but from a ductile heart, not disinclin'd to Truth, but fatally misled by false appearances.

Col. Whoever knows your private life, must think you, Sir, in this sincere.

Hear. And now Sir, since I am sure, it will no more offend you, give me leave to observe, that of all the Arts our Enemies make use on to embroil us, none seem so audaciously preposterous, as their insisting, that a Nations best security is the Word of a Prince, whose Religion indulges him to give it, and at the same time obliges him to break it. And tho' perhaps in lesser points our politick Disputes won't suddenly be ended, methinks there's one Principle, that all Partys might easily come into, that no change of Government can give us a blessing equal to our Liberty.

*Grant us but this, and then of course you'll own,
To guard that Freedom, GEORGE must fill the Throne.*

The end of the Fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

HOW wild, how frantick is the vain essay,
 That builds on modern Politicks a Play!
 Methinks to write at all, is bold enough,
 But in a Play to stand a Faction buff;
 Not Rome's old Stage presum'd (or Fame's a fibber.)
 And Moderns to attempt it! well said CIBBER!
 Was't not enough the Criticks might pursue him!
 But must he rouse a Party to undo him!
 These blows I told him on his Play would fall,
 But he unmov'd, cry'd-- Blood! we'll stand it all!
 When Priests turn Traytors where's the mighty matter?
 Since when has Treason been exempt from Satyr?
 And should from guilt a Factionous clamour rise,
 Such spite must speak them Englands Enemies.
 But if Old Englands Friends allow'tis right,
 We are sure their power can chase the Jacobite,
 And put their Malice, like their Troops, to flight.
 As for the Criticks, those, he owns, may teize him,
 Because he never took such pains to please them;
 In Time, Place, Action, Rules by which old Wits
 Made Plays, as Dames do Puddings, by Receipts:
 But hopes again ev'n Rebels cannot say,
 Tho' vanquisht, they're insulted in his Play.
 Nay more--To set their Cause in fairest light,
 H'has made a Man of sence--A Jacobite:
 (Tho' by our Bards good leave, (to take it right)
 His sence was shewn, when turn'd from Jacobite)
 Thus too the Fair, that may be wrong inclin'd,
 He hopes to CHARLES's Passion will be kind,
 And own, at worst, on their reflecting pillow,
 The Rebel after all's a pretty fellow.

Then

Then why, You'll say, was I made **HEARTLYS** Wife?
 Consider, Fair ones, **HEARTLY** sav'd his life:
 So that you see, the Boy han't quite miscarried;
 Beside----

Are all those Dears so happy you have married?
 How often, in that state, has Love seen Elves
 So cramm'd with comfort, they could hang themselves?
 The worst you can against his Satyr plead,
 Is that My Lord of **THETFORD's** hang'd indeed.
 If that seems hard, why grant him your Reprieve:
 And by an act of grace, let this **NON-JUROR** live.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

p. 7. l. 24. read *alleys*. p. 21. l. 3. & 4. r. Lover's
 p. 42. l. 6. r. at my door, p. 53. l. 21. r. can't
 p. 61. l. 26. r. happiness. p. 74. l. 32. r. *mute in*
formal. p. 81. l. 19. r. wrong p. 84. l. 35. r. *them*
 p. 87. l. 12. r. too much

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THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
OR,
A JOURNEY TO LONDON.
A
COMEDY,

Written by the late

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH,
and Mr. CIBBER.

Vivit tanquam vicina Mariti. Juv. Sat. VI



L O N D O N
Printed for the Company.

THE
PROVED HUSBAND;

OR,
A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

A

COMEDY,

Written by the late

ST. JOHN VANBRUGH;
and Mr. CIBBER.

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Nov. 24. 1711.



L O N D O N
Printed for the Company.



TO THE QUEEN.

May it please Your Majesty,

THE *English* THEATRE throws it
self, with this Play, at Your MA-
JESTY's feet, for favour and
support.

As their publick diversions are
a strong indication of the genius of a people;
the following Scenes are an attempt to establish
such, as are fit to entertain the minds of a sen-
sible Nation, and to wipe off that aspersions of
barbarity, which the *Virtuosi* among our Neigh-
bours, have sometimes thrown upon our taste.

The *Provok'd Husband* is, at least, an in-
stance, that an *English* Comedy may, to an
unusual number of days, bring many thou-
sands of his Majesty's good Subjects together,
to their emolument & delight, with innocence.
And however little share of that merit my
unequal pen may pretend to, yet I hope the
just admirers of Sir *John Vanbrugh* will allow
I have, at worst, been a careful Guardian of
his Orphan Muse, by leading it into Your Ma-
jesty's Royal protection.

DEDICATION.

The design of this Play being chiefly to expose, and reform the licentious irregularities that, too often, break in upon the peace and happiness of the married state, where could so hazardous and unpopular an undertaking be secure, but in the protection of a PRINCESS, whose exemplary conjugal virtues have given such illustrious proof, of what sublime felicity that holy state is capable?

And though a Crown is no certain title to content, yet to the honour of that institution be it said, the Royal harmony of hearts that now enchants us from the Throne, is a reproach to the frequent disquiet of those many insensible Subjects about it, who (from His Majesty's paternal care of his People) have more leisure to be happy: And 'tis our QUEEN'S peculiar glory, that we often see her as eminently rais'd above her Circle, in private happiness, as in dignity.

Yet Heaven, MADAM, that has placed you on such height, to be the more conspicuous pattern of your Sex, had still left your happiness imperfect, had it not given those inestimable treasures of your mind and person, to the only Prince on earth that could have deserv'd them: A Crown receiv'd from any, but the happy Monarch's hand, who invested you with this, which you now adorn, had only seem'd the work of *Fortune*: But thus bestow'd, the World acknowledges it the due reward of PROVIDENCE, for one you once so gloriously refus'd.

But

DEDICATION.

But as the fame of such elevated virtue has lifted the plain addressees of a whole Nation into eloquence, the best repeated eulogiums on that theme, are but intrusions on your Majesty's greater pleasure of secretly deserving them. I therefore beg leave to subscribe my self,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your Majesty's most devoted,

most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

C. CIBBER.

T O T H E
R E A D E R.



HAVING taken upon me, in the Prologue to this Play, to give the Auditors some short account of that part of it which Sir *John Vanbrugh* left unfinished, and not thinking it adviseable, in that place, to limit their judgment by so high a commendation, as I thought it deserv'd, I have therefore, for the satisfaction of the curious, printed the whole of what he wrote, separately, under the single Title he gave it, of *A Journey to London*, without presuming to alter a line: which the Bookseller will sell, with, or without the *Provok'd Husband*.

Yet when I own, that in my last conversation with him, (which chiefly turn'd upon what he had done towards a Comedy) he excus'd his not shewing it me, till he had review'd it, confessing the Scenes were yet undigested, too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower Characters, I have but one excuse for publishing, what he never design'd should come into the world, as it then was, viz. I had no other way of taking those many faults to my self, which may be justly found in my presuming to finish it.

However a judicious Reader will find in his original papers, that the Characters are strongly drawn, new, spirited, and natural, taken from sensible observations on high and lower life, and from a just indignation of the follies in fashion. All I cou'd gather from him of what he intended in the *Catastrophe*, was, that the conduct of his imaginary Fine Lady, had so provok'd him, that he design'd actually to have made her Husband turn her

To the *R E A D E R.*

her out of his doors. But when his performance came, after his decease, to my hands, I thought such violent measures, however just they might be in real life, were too severe for Comedy, and would want the proper surprize, which is due to the end of a Play. Therefore with much ado (and 'twas as much as I cou'd do, with probability) I preserv'd the Lady's chastity, that the sense of her errors might make a reconciliation not impracticable; and I hope the mitigation of her sentence has been since justified by its success.

My inclination to preserve as much as possible of *Sir John*, I soon saw had drawn the whole into an unusual length; the Reader will therefore find here a Scene or two of the lower humour, that were left out after the first day's presentation.

The favour the Town has shewn to the higher characters in this Play, is a proof, that their taste is not wholly vitiated, by the barbarous entertainments that have been so expensively set off to corrupt it: But, while the repetition of the best old Plays is apt to give satiety, and good new ones are so scarce a commodity, we must not wonder, that the poor Actors are sometimes forced to trade in trash for a livelihood.

I cannot yet take leave of the Reader, without endeavouring to do justice to those principal Actors, who have so evidently contributed to the support of this Comedy: And I wish I could separate the praises due to them, from the secret vanity of an Author: For all I can say will still insinuate, that they cou'd not have so highly excell'd, unless the skill of the Writer had given them proper occasion. However, as I had rather appear vain, than unthankful, I will venture to say of Mr. *Wilks*, that in the last Act, I never saw any passion take so natural a possession of an Actor, or any Actor take

To the *R E A D E R.*

to tender a possession of his Auditors.... Mr. *Mills* too, is confess'd by every body, to have surpriz'd them, by so far excelling himself.... But there is no doing right to Mrs. *Oldfield*, without putting people in mind of what others, of great merit, have wanted to come near her.... 'Tis not enough to say, she *here out-did* her usual *out-doing*. I might therefore justly leave her to the constant admiration of those Spectators, who have the pleasure of living while she is an Actress. But as this is not the only time she has been the life of what I have given the publick, so perhaps my saying a little more of so memorable an Actress, may give this Play a chance to be read, when the people of this age shall be Ancestors..... May it therefore give emulation to a succession of our successors of the stage, to know, that to the ending of the year 1727, a co-temporary Comedian relates, that Mrs. *Oldfield* was then, in her highest excellence of Action, happy in all the rarely-found requisites, that meet in one person to compleat them for the stage.... She was in stature just rising to that height, where the *graceful* can only begin to shew it self; of a lively aspect, and a command in her mein, that like the principal figure in the finest paintings, first seizes, and longest delights the eye of the spectator. Her voice was sweet, strong, piercing, and melodious; her pronounciation voluble, distinct, and musical; and her emphasis always placed where the spirit of the sense in her periods, only demanded it. If she delighted more in the higher Comick, than the Tragick strain, 'twas because the last is too often written in a lofty disregard of Nature. But in characters of modern practis'd life, she found occasions to add the particular air and manner which distinguish'd the different humours she presented. Whereas in Tragedy,
the

To the R E A D E R.

the manner of speaking varies as little, as the blank verse it is written in... She had one peculiar happiness from Nature, she look'd and maintain'd the agreeable, at a time, when other fine Women only raise admirers by their understanding... The spectator was always as much informed by her eyes, as her elocution; for the look is the only proof that an Actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being scarce an instance, where the eyes do their part, that the elocution is known to be faulty. The qualities she had acquired, were the Genteel and the Elegant. The one in her air, and the other in her dress, never had her equal on the stage; and the ornaments she herself provided, (particularly in this play) seem'd in all respects, the Paraphernalia of a Woman of quality. And of that sort were the characters she chiefly excell'd in: but her natural good sense, and lively turn of conversation, made her way so easy to Ladies of the highest rank, that it is a less wonder, if on the stage she sometimes was, what might have become the finest Woman in life to have supported.

Theatre-Royal, Jan. 27.

1728.

C. CIBBER.

A 5

PRO-



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

THis Play took birth from principles of
truth,

To make amends for errors past, of youth.

A Bard, that's now no more, in riper days,

Conscious review'd the license of his Plays:

And though applause his wanton Muse had fir'd

Himself condemn'd what sensual minds ad-
mir'd.

At length he own'd, that Plays should let
you see

Not only what you are, but ought to be.

Though Vice was natural, 'twas never meant,

The stage should shew it, but for punishment!

Warm with that thought, his Muse once more
took flame,

Resolv'd to bring licentious life to shame.

Such was the piece his latest pen design'd,

But left no traces of his plan behind.

Luxuriant Scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd:

Yet through the mass, his native fire surviv'd:

Rough, as rich oar in mines, the treasure lay,

Yet still 'twas rich, and forms at length a Play.

Is

*In which the bold Compiler boasts no merit,
But that his pains have sav'd you Scenes of
spirit.*

*Not Scenes, that would a noisy joy impart,
But such as hush the mind, and warm the
heart.*

*From Praise of hands no sure account he draws,
But fixt attention is sincere applause.*

*If then (for hard you'll own the task) his Art
Can to those embrion-Scenes new life impart,
The living proudly would exclude his lays,
And to the buried Bard resign the praise.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Townly, of a regular life,	Mr. Wilks.
Lady Townly, immoderate in her pursuit of pleasures.	} Mrs. Oldfield:
Lady Grace, Sister to Lord Townly, of exemplary virtue.	{ Mrs. Porter.
Mr. Manly, Her Admirer.	Mr. Mills, sen.
Sir Francis Wronghead, A Country Gentleman.	Mr. Cibber, sen.
Lady Wronghead, his Wife; inclin'd to be a fine Lady.	} Mrs. Thurmond.
Squire Richard, his Son, a meer whelp.	young Wetherelt.
Miss Fenny, his Daughter, pert, and forward.	} Mrs. Cibber.
John Moody, his servant; an honest Clown.	} Mr. Miller.
Count Basset, a Gamester.	Mr. Bridgwater.
Mrs. Motherly, one that lets lodgings.	Mrs. Moore.
Myrtilla, her Neice, seduc'd by the Count.	Mrs. Grace.
Mrs. Trusty, Lady Townly's Woman.	Mrs. Mills.

Masqueraders, Constable, Servants, &c.

The SCENE Lord Townly's House, and sometimes Sir Francis's Lodgings.



THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;

O R,

A JOURNEY to LONDON.



A C T I. S C E N E L

SCENE Lord Townly's Apartment.

Lord TOWNLY solus.



W^HY did I marry? — Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable, with a Woman of so different a way of thinking? — Is there one article of it, that she has not broke in upon? — Yes — let me do her justice — her Reputation — That I have no reason to believe is in question — But then how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it — is a shocking question! and her presumption while she keeps it — in-
sup:

supportable! For on the pride of that single Virtue, she seems to lay it down, as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice, this fertile Town affords, is the birth-right prerogative of a Woman of quality ——— Amazing! that a creature so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness ——— Thus, while she admits no Lover, she thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her Husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor Wretch! is left at large, to take care of his own contentment ——— 'Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be ——— Yet let me not be rash ——— Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and some tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable. ——— Here she comes ——— Let me be calm a while.

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out so soon after dinner, Madam?

La. Town. Lard, my Lord! what can I possibly do at home?

L. Town. What does my Sister, Lady Grace, do at home?

La. Town. Why that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleasure at home?

L. Town. It might be in your power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

La. Town. Comfortable! and so, my good Lord; you would really have a Woman of my rank and spirit, stay at home to comfort her Husband! Lord! what notions of life some men have!

L. Town.

L. Town. Don't you think, Madam, some Ladies motions are full as extravagant?

La. Town. Yes, my Lord, when the tame doves live coop'd within the penn of your precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed!

L. Town. And when they fly wild about this Town, Madam, pray what must the World think of 'em then?

La. Town. Oh! this World is not so ill-bred, as to quarrel with any Woman, for liking it.

L. Town. Nor am I, Madam, a Husband so well bred, as to bear my Wife's being so fond of it; in short, the life you lead, Madam —

La. Town. Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

L. Town. I should not dispute your taste, Madam, if a Woman had a right to please no-body but her self.

La. Town. Why, whom would you have her please?

L. Town. Sometimes, her Husband.

La. Town. And don't you think a Husband under the same obligation?

L. Town. Certainly.

La. Town. Why then we are agreed, my Lord — For if I never go abroad, 'till I am weary of being at home — which you know is the case — is is not equally reasonable, not to come home till one's a weary of being abroad?

L. Town. If this be your rule of life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

La. Town. Don't let it be long a coming then — for I am in haste.

L. Town. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

La. Town. Before I know the question?

L. Town. Pshaw ——— have I power, Madam, to make you serious, by intreaty?

La. Town. You have.

L. Town. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

La. Town. Sincerely.

L. Town. Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously, why you married me?

La. Town. You insist upon truth, you say?

L. Town. I think I have a right to it.

La. Town. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a proof of my obedience, and sincerity ——— I think ——— I married to take off that restraint, that lay upon my pleasures, while I was a single woman.

L. Town. How Madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage, than before it?

La. Town. O my Lord! my Lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

L. Town. Name one.

La. Town. Fifty, if you please ——— to begin then, in the morning ——— A married Woman may have men at her toilet, invite them to dinner, appoint them a party, in a stage-box at the Play; engross the conversation there, call 'em by their Christian names; talk lowder than the Players; ——— From thence jaunt into the City ——— take a frolicksome supper at an *India-house* ——— perhaps, in her *gayeté de cœur* toast a pretty fellow ——— Then clatter again to this end of town, break with the morning into an Assembly, crowd to the hazard table, throw a familiar Levant upon some sharp lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry ——— you'll owe it him, to vex him! ha! ha!

L. Town. Prodigious!

(Aside.

La. Town. These now, my Lord, are some few of the many modish amusements, that distinguish the privilege of a Wife, from that of a single Woman.

L. Town. Death! Madam, what Law has made these liberties less scandalous in any Wife, than an unmarried Woman?

La. Town. Why the strongest Law in the world, Custom — Custom time out of mind, my Lord.

L. Town. Custom, Madam, is the Law of Fools: But it shall never govern me.

La. Town. Nay then, my Lord, it's time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

L. Town. I wish I could see an instance of it.

La. Town. You shall have one this moment, my Lord: For I think, when a Man begins to lose his temper at home, if a Woman has any prudence, why — she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again.

(Going.

L. Town. Hold Madam — I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the life we lead! You don't want sense! and yet seem void of all humanity: For with a blush I say it, I think, I have not wanted love.

La. Town. Oh! don't say that, my Lord, if you suppose I have my senses!

L. Town. What is it I have done to you? What can you complain of?

La. Town. Oh! nothing, in the least: 'tis true, you have heard me say I have owed my Lord *Lurcher* an hundred pound these three weeks — but what then — a Husband is not liable to his Wife's debts of honour, you know, — and if a silly Woman will be uneasy about money she can't be sued for, what's that to him? As long as he

B

loves

ves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

L. Town. By heav'n, if my whole Fortune thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the cheerful duties of a Wife, I should think my self a gainer by the purchase.

La. Town. That is, my Lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

L. Town. No, Madam, were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine; but different, as they are, I'll feed even your follies, to deserve it — Perhaps, you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home — at least it shall not be my fault, if I have not more of your company — There, there's a Bill of five hundred, — and now, Madam —

La. Town. And now, my Lord, down to the ground I thank you — Now am I convinced, were I weak enough to love this Man, I should never get a single Guinea from him.

(*Aside.*

L. Town. If it be no offence, Madam —

La. Town. Say what you please, my Lord; I am in that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

L. Town. How long, in reason then, do you think that sum ought to last you?

La. Town. Oh! my dear, dear Lord! now you have spoil'd all again! How is it possible I should answer for an event, that so utterly depends upon fortune? But to shew you, that I am more inclin'd to get money, than to throw it away — I have a strong possession, that with this five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

L. Town. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no satisfaction to me.

La. Town. O! the Churl! ten thousand! what! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand! --- Ten thousand! O! the charming sum! what infinite pretty things might a Woman of spirit do, with ten thousand Guineas! O' my Conscience, if she were a Woman of true spirit --- she --- she might lose 'em all again!

L. Town. And I had rather it should be so, Madam; provided I could be sure, that were the last you would lose.

La. Town. Well, my Lord, to let you see I design to play all the good house-wife I can; I am now going to a party at *Quadrille*, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two Guineas a Fish, with the Dutchess of *Quiveright*.

(Exit Lady Townly.)

L. Town. Insensible creature! neither reproaches, or indulgence, kindness, or severity, can wake her to the least reflection! Continual licence has lull'd her into such a lethargy of care, that she speaks of her excesses with the same easy confidence, as if they were so many Virtues. What a turn has her head taken! --- But how to cure it --- I am afraid the Physick must be strong, that reaches her --- Lenitives, I see, are to no purpose --- take my Friends opinion --- *Manly* will speak freely --- my Sister with tenderness to both sides. They know my case --- I'll talk with 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. *Manly*, my Lord, has sent to know, if your Lordship was at home.

L. Town. They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my Lord.

L. Town. Very well; step up to my Sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady Grace is here, my Lord. (*Ex. Serv.*)

Enter Lady Grace.

L. Town. So, Lady fair; what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

La. Grace. A huge Folio, that has almost kill'd me ——— I think I have half read my eyes out.

L. Town. O! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

La. Grace. That's true, but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

L. Town. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Leave word at the door, I am at home to nobody but Mr. Manly.

La. Grace. And why is he excepted, pray my Lord?

L. Town. I hope, Madam, you have no objection to his company?

La. Grace. Your particular orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

L. Town. And your Ladyship's inquiry into the reason of those orders, shew at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you!

La. Grace. Lord! you make the oddest constructions, Brother!

L. Town. Look you, my grave Lady Grace ——— in one serious word ——— I wish you had him.

La.

La. Grace. I can't help that.

L. Town. Hah! you can't help it! Ha! Ha!
The flat simplicity of that reply was admirable!

La. Grace. Pooh! you teize one, Brother!

L. Town. Come I beg pardon, child ———
this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle upon;
therefore, I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

La. Grace. If you desire it, Brother; though
upon my word, as to Mr. *Manly's* having any
serious thoughts of me ——— I know nothing
of it.

L. Town. Well ——— there's nothing wrong,
in your making a doubt of it ——— But in short,
I find by his conversation of late, he has been
looking round the world for a Wife; and if you
were to look round the world for a Husband, he's
the first Man I would give to you.

La. Grace. Then, whenever he makes me any
offer, Brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

L. Town. O! that's the last thing he'll do: he'll
never make you an offer, 'till he's pretty sure it
won't be refus'd.

La. Grace. Now you make me curious. Pray!
Did he ever make any offer of that kind to
you?

L. Town. Not directly; but that imports nothing:
he is a Man too well-acquainted with the female
world, to be brought into a high opinion of any
one Woman, without some well-examin'd proof
of her merit; Yet I have reason to believe, that
your good sense, your turn of mind, and your
way of life, have brought him to so favourable a
one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk
plainly to me: which as yet (notwithstanding our

Friendship) I have neither declin'd, nor encourag'd him to.

La. Grace. I am mighty glad we are so near, in our way of thinking: for to tell you the truth he is much upon the same terms, with me: you know he has a satyrical turn; but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite Virtue: and upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his compliments upon me; which I don't receive, with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to my self.

L. Town. You are right, Child: When a Man of merit makes his addreses; good sense may give him an answer, without scorn, or coquetry,

La. Gr. Hush! he's here. —

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My Lord! your most obedient.

L. Town. Dear *Manly*! yours — I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my Lord — *Lady Grace*, I kiss your hands! — What, only you two! How many visits may a Man make, before he falls into such unfashionable company? A Brother and Sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole Town is a gadding! I question if there is so particular a *tete à tete*; again in the whole Parish of St. James's!

La. Grace Fy! fy! Mr. *Manly*, how censorious you are?

Man. I had not made the reflection, Madam, but that I saw you an exception to it — Where's my Lady?

L. Town. That I believe is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my Lord —

L.

L. Town. But, 'tis probable I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

Man. Now, if that were my case, I believe I should ——— But I beg pardon, my Lord.

L. Town. Indeed, Sir, you shall not: You will oblige me, if you speak out; for it was upon this head, I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my Lord, since you oblige me to proceed, ——— If that were my case ——— I believe I should certainly sleep in another house.

La. Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Only a compliment, Madam.

La. Grace. A compliment!

Man. Yes, Madam, in rather turning my self out of doors than her.

La. Grace. Don't you think, that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, Madam; for, in strict justice, I think, she ought rather to go, than I.

La. Grace. This is new doctrine, Mr. Manby.

Man. As old, Madam, as *love, honour, and obey!* When a Woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a Man ballance any thing that's right?

La. Grace. Bless me! but this is fomenting things ———

Man. Fomentations, Madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel tumours: tho' I don't directly advise my Lord to do this ——— This is only what, upon the same provocation, I would do my self.

La. Gra. Ay! ay! you would do! Batchelors' wives, indeed, are finely govern'd.

Man. If the married Men's were as well ——— I am apt to think we should not see so many mutual plagues taking the air in separate coaches!

La. Grace. Well! but suppose it your own case; would you part with a Wife, because she now and then stays out, in the best company?

L. Town. Well said, *Lady Grace!* come stand up for the privilege of your Sex! This is like to be a warm debate! I shall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a Wife, after midnight, has no occasion to be in better company than her Husband's; and that frequent unseasonable hours make the best company ——— the worst company she can fall into

La. Grace. But, if people of condition are to keep company with one another, how is it possible to be done, unless one conforms to their hours?

Man. I can't find, that any Woman's good breeding obliges her to conform to other people's vices.

L. Town. I doubt, Child, here we are got a little on the wrong side of the question.

La. Gra. Why so, my Lord? I can't think the case so bad, as Mr. *Manly* states it ——— people of Quality are not tyed down to the rules of those, who have their fortunes to make.

Man. No people, Madam, are above being tyed down to some rules, that have fortunes to lose.

La. Gra. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

L. Town. Well! what say you to that, *Manly*?

Man. Why 'troth! my Lord, I have something to say.

La. Grace. Ay! that I should be glad to hear now!

L. Town. Out with it!

Man. Then, in one word, this, my Lord: I have often thought, that the mis-conduct of my Lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your Lordship's treatment of her.

La. Grace. Bless me!

L. Town. My treatment!

Man. Ay my Lord, you so idoliz'd her before marriage, that you even indulg'd her, like a Mistress, after it: in short, you continued the Lover, when you should have taken up the Husband.

La. Gra. O frightful! this is worse than t'other! can a Husband love a Wife too well!

Man. As easily, Madam, as a Wife may love a Husband too little.

L. Town. So! you two are never like to agree, I find.

La. Grace. Don't be positive, Brother; — I am afraid we are both of a mind already. (*Aside.*) And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly?

Man. Never, Madam; 'till I can meet with a Woman that likes my doctrine.

La. Grace. 'Tis pity but your Mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when I marry the woman that won't hear it.

La. Gra. I think, at least, he can't say, that's me.

Man. And so, my Lord, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such entire possession of you, she is not mistress of her self! And, mercy on us! how many fine Womens heads have been turn'd upon the same occasion!

L. Town. O *Manly* ! 'tis too true ! there's the source of my disquiet ! she knows, and has abus'd her power ! Nay, I am still so weak (with shame I speak it) 'tis not an hour ago, that in the midst of my impatience ——— I gave her another bill for five hundred, to throw away.

Man. Well ——— my Lord ! to let you see, I am sometimes upon the side of good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you ; for the greater your indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

La. Grace. Ay Mr. *Manly* ! Here now, I begin to come in with you : Who knows, my Lord, you may have a good account of your kindness !

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon : But since you have had so much patience, my Lord, even go on with it a day or two more ! and upon her Ladyship's next fally, be a little rounder in your expostulation ; if that don't work ——— drop her some cool hints of a determin'd reformation, and leave her ——— to breakfast upon 'em :

L. Town. You are perfectly right ! How valuable is a Friend, in our anxiety !

Man. Therefore to divert that, my Lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

La. Grace. Ay ! for goodness sake let's have done with this.

L. Town. With all my heart.

La. Grace. Have you no news abroad, Mr. *Manly* ?

Man. *A propos* ——— I have some, Madam ; and, I believe, my Lord, as extraordinary in its kind ———

L. Town. Pray, let's have it.

Man.

Man. Do you know, that your country Neighbour, and my wife Kinsman, *Sir Francis Wronghead*, is coming to town with his whole Family?

L. Town. The Fool! what can be his business here?

Man. Oh! of the last importance. I'll assure you ——— No less than the business of the Nation.

L. Town. Explain!

Man. He has carried his Election ——— against *Sir John Worthland*.

L. Town. The Duce! what! for ——— for ———

Man. The famous Borough of *Guzzledown*!

L. Town. A proper representative, indeed.

La. Grace. Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

Man. You have din'd with him, Madam, when I was last down with my Lord, at *Bellmont*.

La. Gra. Was not that he, that got a little merry before dinner, and overset the Tea-table, in making his compliments to my Lady?

Man. The same.

La. Gra. Pray what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, Madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pound a year: Though as it was left him, saddled with two joyn-tures, and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is ——— But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse, young Hussy, for love, without ever a penny of money! Thus having, like his brave Ancestors, provided Heirs for the Family (for his dove breeds like a tame pidgeon) he now finds children and interest-money make such a bawling about his ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly advice of
his

his kinsman, the good Lord *Danglecourt*, to run his estate two thousand pound more in debt, to put the whole management of what's left into *Paul Pillage's* hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a Parliament Man.

L. Town. A most admirable scheme, indeed!

Man. And with this politick prospect, he's now upon his journey to *London* ———

L. Town. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a journey into the country again.

L. Town. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his money's gone? or at least, 'till the Session is over?

Man. If my intelligence is right, my Lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

L. Town. How so?

Man. O! a bitter business! he had scarce a vote, in the whole Town, beside the returning Officer: Sir *John* will certainly have it heard at the bar of the House, and send him about his business again.

L. Town. Then he has made a fine business of it, indeed!

Man. Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done, in as few days as possible.

La. Gra. But why would you ruin the poor Gentlemans fortune, Mr. *Manly*?

Man. No, Madam, I wou'd only spoil his project, to save his fortune.

La. Grate. How are you concern'd enough, to do either?

Man. Why ——— I have some obligation to the Family, Madam: I enjoy at this time a pretty estate, which Sir *Francis* was heir at law to: but—— by his being a booby; the last Will of an obstinate old Uncle gave it me.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (to *Manly*) Sir, here's one of your Servants from your house, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my Lord?

L. Town. Sir ——— the ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well, *James*! what's the matter now?

Jam. Sir, here's *John Moody's* just come to Town; he says *Sir Francis*, and all the Family, will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

Jam. At our house, Sir: he has been gaping and stumping about the streets, in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him, where he may have a good Lodging for a Parliament-man, 'till he can hire a handsome whole house, fit for all his Family, for the Winter.

Man. I am afraid, my Lord, I must wait upon Mr. *Moody*.

L. Town. Pr'ythee, let's have him here: he will divert us.

Man. O my Lord! he's such a Cub! Not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a Wit in the Family.

La. Grace. I beg of all things, we may have him: I am in love with Nature, let her dress be never so homely!

Man. Then desire him to come hither, *James*.

(*Exit. James.*)

La. Grace. Pray what may be Mr. *Moody's* post?

Man.

Man. O! his *Maître d'hôtel*, his Butler, his Bailiff, his Hind, his Huntsman; and sometimes — his Companion.

L. Town. It runs in my head, that the moment this Knight has set him down, in the house, he will get up, to give them the earliest proof, of what importance he is to the publick, in his own County.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost importance stands valued at — sometimes being invited to dinner.

La. Grace. And her Ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure, in her sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon: For (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her, than she yet knows of: And she will so improve in this rich soil, in a month, that she will visit all the Ladies, that will let her into their houses, and run in debt to all the Shop keepers, that will let her into their books. In short, before her important spouse has made five pounds, by his eloquence, at *Westminster*; she will have lost five hundred at dice, and *Quadrille*, in the Parish of *St. James's*.

L. Town. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money; and his worship — will be ready for a jayl.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of this hopeful journey to *London* — But see here comes the fore-horse of the team!

Enter John Moody.

Oh! Honest John!

J. Mood. Ad's waunds, and heart! Master Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a bufs!

a buss! Why that's friendly naw! Flesh! I thought we should never ha' got hither! Well! and how d'ye do Master? — Good lack! I beg pardon, for my bawldness — I did not see, 'at his honor was here.

L. Town. Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in *London*. I hope all the good Family is well.

J. Mood. Thanks be prais'd your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of crosses up' oth' road.

La. Grace. I hope my Lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody.

J. Mood. Noa, and please your Ladyship, she was never in better humour: there's money enough stirring now.

Man. What has been the matter, *John*?

J. Mood. Why we came up, in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all — Pray how do they travel?

J. Mood. Why i'th' awld coach, Master; and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to th' four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to *London*, in her coach and fix! And so *Giles Foulter* the Plowman rides postilion!

Man. Very well! the journey sets out as it should do. (*Aside.*) What, do they bring all the children with them too?

J. Mood. Noa, noa, only the young squoire, and Miss *Jenny*. The other foive are all out at board, at half a crown a head, a week, with *Joan Growse*, at *Smoak-dunghil* farm.

Man.

Man. Good again! A right *English* Academy for younger children!

J. Mood. Anon, Sir! (*Not understanding him.*)

La. Grace. Poor Souls! What will become of 'em?

J. Mood. Nay, nay, for that matter, Madam, they are in very good hands: *Joan* loves 'um, an as thof' they were all her own: For she was wet-nurse to every Mother's babe of 'um — Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want for a belly-full there!

La. Grace. What simplicity!

Man. The lud 'a mercy upon all good fōlks! What work will these people make!

(*Holding up his hands.*)

L. Town. And when do you expect them here, *John*?

J. Mood. Why we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th' owld wheaze-belly horse tyr'd: And then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash! down at once, in *Waggon-rut-lane*, and there we lost four hours, 'afore we could set things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all their baggage, with the coach then?

J. Mood. Ay! ay! and good store on't there is ——— Why, my Lady's geer alone were as much as fill'd four portmantle trunks, beside the great deal box, that heavy *Ralph* and the monkey sit upon behind.

Ld. La. and Man. Ha! ha! ha!

La. Grace. Well, Mr. *Moody*, and pray how many are they within the coach?

J. Mood. Why there's my Lady, and his Worship; and the young *Squire*, and miss *Jenny*, and the fat lap-dog, and my Lady's maid, Mrs *Handy*, and *Doll Tripe* the cook, that's all ——— Only *Doll* puked

puked a little with riding backwards, so they hoisted her into the coach-box — And then her stomach was easy.

La. Gra. Oh! I see 'em! I see 'em go by me —
Ah! ha!

(*Laughing.*

J. Mood. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some stowage for th' belly, as well as th' back too: Childer are apt to be famisht upo' th' road; so we had such cargoes of plumb-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boil'd beef — And then, in case of sickness; bottles of cherry-brandy, Plague-water, Sack, Tent and strong beer so plenty as made th' owld coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and send 'em all well to town, I say.

Man. Ay! And well out on't again, *John.*

J. Mood. Ods bud! Measter, you're a wise mon; and, for that matter, so am I — Whoam's, whoam; I say: I'm sure we ha' got but little good, e're fin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! Some devil's trick or other plagued us, awth' dey lung! Crack! goes one thing; bawnce! goes another. Woa! says *Roger* — Then fowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw! cries mis! Scream go the maids! and bawl, just as an' thof' they were stuck! And so mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my Lady was in such murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I tould her, it was *Childermas* day.

Man. These Ladies, these Ladies, *John* —

J. Mood. Ah, Measter! I ha' seen a little of 'em: And I find that the best — when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

L. Town. Well said, *John.* Ha! ha!

Man. I hope at least, you and your good Woman agree still.

34 *The Provok'd Husband, or,*

J. Mood Ay! ay! much of a muchness. *Bridged* sticks to me: Tho' as for goodness ——— why she was willing to come to *London* too ——— But hawld a bit! No, noa, says I, there may be mischief enough done, without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, *John*, and like a Man.

J. Mood Ah, weast heart! were Measter but hawf the Mon that I am ——— Ods wookers! thof he'll speak stawtly too sometimes ——— But then he conno' hawld it ——— no! he conno' hawld it.

L. Town. La. Grace Man. Ha! ha! ha!

J. Mood Ods flesh! But I mun hye me whoam! th' Cooach will be coming every hour naw ——— but Measter charg'd me to find your Worship out; for he has hugey business with you; and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean neckcloth.

Man. O, *John*! I'll wait upon him.

J. Mood. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

J. Mood. Just i'th' street next to where your Worship dwells, the sign of the *Golden Ball* ——— It's Gold all over; where they sell ribands, and flap-pits, and other sort of geer for Gentlewomen.

Man. A Milliner's?

J. Mood. Ay, ay, one Mrs. *Motherly's*: waunds! she has a couple of clever Girls there a stitching i'th' forerroom.

Man. Yes, yes, she is a Woman of good business, no doubt on't ——— Who recommended that house to you, *John*?

J. Mood. The greatest good Fortune in the World, sure! For as I was gaping about streets, who should look out of the Window there, but the fine Gentleman, that was always riding by our Coach side, at *York Races* ——— *Count* ——— *Count Basset*; ay, that's he.

Man.

A Journey to London.

35

Man. *Basset?* Oh, I remember! I know him by sight.

J. Mood. Well! to be sure, as civil a Gentleman, to see to —

Man. As any Sharper in Town. [*Aside.*

J. Mood. At *York*, he us'd to breakfast with my Lady every morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her Ladyship will return his compliment here in Town. [*Aside.*

J. Mood. Well Measter —

L. Town. My Service to Sir *Francis*, and my Lady, *John*.

La Grace. And mine, pray Mr. *Moody*.

J. Mood. Ah, your Honors; they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my compliments my self: So honest *John* —

J. Mood. Dear Measter *Monly*! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you. [*Exit. J. Moody.*

L. Town. What a natural creature 't is?

La Grace. Well! I can't but think *John*, in a wet afternoon in the country, must be very good company.

L. Town. O! the *Tramontane*! If this were known at half the *Quadrille* tables in Town, they wou'd lay down their Cards to laugh at you.

La Grace. And the minute they took them up again, they would do the same at the Losers — But to let you see, that I think good company may sometimes want cards, to keep them together, What think you, if we three sat soberly down, to kill an hour at *Ombre*?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, Madam.

La Grace. No matter! I shall have as much advantage of my Lord, as you have of me.

L. Town. Say you so, Madam? Have at you then! Here! Get the *Ombre* table, and cards.

[*Ex. L. Town.*

36 *The Provok'd Husband, or,*

La. Grace. Come, Mr. Manly ——— I know you don't forgive me now!

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, Madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably?

La. Grace. I am sorry my Lord is not here to take his share of the compliment ——— But he'll wonder what's become of us!

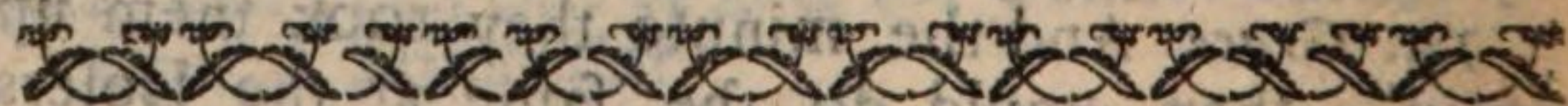
Man. I'll follow, in a moment, Madam ———

[*Ex. La. Gr.*
It must be so ——— She sees, I love her ———

Yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation? How amiable is every hour of her conduct? What a vile opinion have I had of the whole Sex, for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recover'd in less than one? Such a Companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointments, that pride, folly, and falsehood ever gave me!

Could Women regulate, like her, their lives,
What *Halcyon* days were in the gift of Wives.
Vain Rovers, then, might envy what they hate,
And only Fools would mock the married state.

[*Exit.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Mrs. Motherly's House*

Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherly.

C. Basset. **I** TELL you, there is not such a Family in *England*, for you! Do you think

think I would have gone out of your lodgings for any body, that was not sure to make you easy for the winter?

Moth. Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the Gentleman's being a Parliament-Man; and when people may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own.

C. Bas. Pshaw! Pr'ythee never trouble thy head — His pay is as good as the Bank! — Why he has above two thousand pound a year!

Moth. Alas-a-day! that's nothing: Your people of ten thousand a year, have ten thousand things to do with it.

C. Bas. Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your money; what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. As how?

C. Bas. Why I have a game in my hand, in which, if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so? — Why then, I go, Sir — and now pray let's see your game.

C. Bas. Look you, in one word, my cards lie thus — When I was down this summer at York, I hapned to lodge in the same house with this Knight's Lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, Sir?

C. Bas. And sometimes had the honour to breakfast, and pass an idle hour with her —

Moth. Very good; and here I suppose you would have the impudence to sup, and be busy with her.

C. Bas. Pshaw! pr'ythee hear me!

Moth. Is this your game? I would not give sixpence for it! What, you have a passion for her

38 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
pin money — no, no, country Ladies are not
so flush of it!

C. Bas. Nay! if you won't have patience —

Moth. One had need have a good deal, I am
sure, to hear you talk at this rate! Is this your way
of making my poor Neice *Myrtilla* easy?

C. Bas. Death! I shall do it still, if the woman
will but let me speak —

Moth. Had not you a letter from her this morn-
ing?

C. Bas. I have it here in my pocket —
this is it.

(*Shews it, and puts it up again.*)

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any
answer to it.

C. Bas. How the devil can I, if you won't
hear me?

Moth. What! hear you talk of another woman?

C. Bas. O lud! O lud! I tell you, I'll make her
fortune — 'Ounds! I'll marry her.

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it
when she was a maid, your stomach is not so sharp
set now, I presume.

C. Bas. Hey day! why your head begins to turn,
my dear! the devil! you did not think I propos'd
to marry her my self!

Moth. If you don't, who the devil do you think
will marry her?

C. Bas. Why, a fool —

Moth. Humh! there may be sense in that —

C. Bas. Very good — One for t'other
then, if I can help her to a husband, why should
not you come into my scheme of helping me to
a wife?

Moth. Your pardon, Sir! ay! ay! in an ho-
nourable affair, you know, you may command me
— but pray where is this blessed wife and hus-
band to be had?

C. Bas.

C. Bas. Now have a little patience — You must know then, this country Knight, and his Lady, bring up, in the coach with them, their eldest Son, and a Daughter, to teach them to — wash their faces, and turn their toes out.

Moth. Good!

C. Bas. The Son is an unlick'd whelp, about sixteen, just taken from school; and begins to hanker after every wench in the family: the Daughter, much of the same age, a pert, forward hussy, who having eight thousand pound, left her by an old doating Grandmother, seems to have a devilish mind to be doing, in her way too.

Moth. And your design is, to put her into business for life?

C. Bas. Look you, in short, Mrs. Motherly, we Gentlemen, whose occasional chariots roll, only upon the four aces, are liable sometimes, you know, to have a wheel out of order: which, I confess, is so much my case, at present, that my dapple greys are reduced to a pair of ambling Chairmen: Now if, with your assistance, I can whip up this young jade into a Hackney-coach, I may chance, in a day or two after, to carry her in my own chariot, *en famille*, to an Opera. Now what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep — for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the family's smoaking your design?

C. Bas. By renewing my addresses to the Mother.

Moth. And how will the Daughter like that, think you?

C. Bas. Very well — whilst it covers her own affair.

Moth. That's true — it must do — but, as you say, one for t'other Sir — I stick to that — if you don't do my Neice's business with the Son, I'll blow you up with the Daughter, depend upon't.

C. Bas. It's a bett ——— pay as we go; I tell you, and the five hundred shall be stak'd, in a third hand.

Moth. That's honest ——— But here comes my Neice! shall we let her into the secret?

C. Bas. Time enough! may be, I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilla.

Moth. So Neice, are all the rooms done out, and the beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes Madam, but Mr. Moody tells us the Lady always burns wax, in her own chamber, and we have none in the house.

Moth. Odso! then I must beg your pardon, Count; this is a busy time, you know. (*Exit Mrs. Motherly,*

C. Bas. Myrtilla! how dost thou do, child?

Myr. As well as a losing gamester can.

C. Bas. Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and what's worse you that have won it, don't seem to be much the better for't.

C. Bas. Why child, dost thou ever see any body overjoy'd for winning a deep stake, six months after it's over?

Myr. Would I had never play'd for it!

C. Bas. Pshaw! hang these melancholy thoughts! we may be friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

C. Bas. Useful ones, perhaps ——— suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

C. Bas. What do you think of the young country Squire, the heir of the family, that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

C. Bas.

C. Bas. Nay I only give you the hint, Child; it may be worth your while, at least, to look about you — Hark! what bustle's that without?

Enter Mrs. Motherly in haste.

Moth. Sir! Sir! the Gentleman's coach is at the door! they are all come!

C. Bas. What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out — won't you step, and lead in my Lady? Do you be in the way, Neice! I must run and receive them.

(Exit Mrs. Motherly.)

C. Bas. And think of what I told you. *(Exit Count.)*

Myr. Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of, as long as I live — a faithless fellow! I am sure, I have been true to him; and for that only reason, he wants to be rid of me; and yet 'tis not above six months, since, like a merciless Highway man, he made me deliver all I had in the world — I am sure, I beg'd piteously to save but one poor small bawble! could I have kept that, I had still kept him: but while women are weak, men will be rogues! And for a bane to both their joys, and ours; when our vanity indulges them, in such innocent favours, as make them adore us; we can never be well, 'till we grant them the very one, that puts an end to their devotion. — But here comes my Aunt, and the company.

Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wronghead led by Count Basset.

Moth. If your Ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour, Madam, only for the present, 'till your servants have got all your things in.

42 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*

La. Wrong. Well! dear Sir, this is so infinitely obliging — I protest, it gives me pain tho', to turn you out of your lodging thus!

C. Bas. No trouble in the least, Madam; we single fellows are soon mov'd; besides, Mrs. *Motherly's* my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hindrance.

Moth. The Count is so well bred, Madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more, to accommodate your Ladyship.

La. Wrong. O dear Madam! — A good well-bred sort of a Woman. *(Apart to the Count.*

C. Bas. O Madam, she is very much among people of Quality, she is seldom without them, in her house.

La. Wrong. Are there a good many people of Quality in this street, Mrs. *Motherly*?

Moth. Now you Ladyship is here, Madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

La. Wrong. I am mighty glad of that! for really I think people of Quality should always live among one another.

C. Bas. 'Tis what one would chuse, indeed, Madam.

La. Wrong. Bless me! but where are the children all this while?

Moth. Sir Francis, Madam, I believe is taking care of them.

Sir Fran. [within.] John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out — come, children.

Moth. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Sir Francis, Squire Richard, and Miss Jenny.

Sir Fran. Well, Count! I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed!

C. Bas.

C. Bas. Sir *Francis*! give me leave to bid you welcome to *London*.

Sir Fran. Pshaw! How dost do mon — waunds, I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a house this!

C. Bas. Is not that master *Richard*!

Sir Fran. Ey! Ey! that's young hopeful — why dost not baw, *Dick*?

Sq, Rich. So I do, *Feyther*.

C. Bas. Sir, I am glad to see you — I protest Mrs. *Jane* is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir Fran. Come forward, *Jenny*.

Jenny. Sure, Papa, do you think I don't know how to behave my self?

C. Bas. If I have permission to approach her, Sir *Francis* —

Jenny. Lord, Sir! I am in such a frightful pickle —
(*Salute.*)

C. Bas. Every dress that's proper must become you, Madam, — You have been a long journey.

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better, to-morrow, Sir.

(*La. Wrong. Whispers Mrs. Moth. pointing to Myrtilla.*)

Moth. Only a Neice of mine, Madam, that lives with me; she will be proud to give your Ladyship any assistance, in her power.

La. Wrong. A pretty sort of a young Woman — *Jenny*, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. O, Mamma! I am never strange, in a strange place! (Salutes *Myr.*)

Myr. You do me a great deal of honour, Madam — Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to *London*.

Jenny. Mamma! I like her prodigiously! she call'd me, my Ladyship.

Sq.

Squ. Rich. Pray Mother, maun't I be acquainted with her too!

La Wrong. You! you clown! stay 'till you learn a little more breeding first.

Sir Fran. Od's heart! my Lady *Wronghead*! why do you baulk the lad? how should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

Squ. Rich. Why ay Feather, does Mother think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much good humour, Madam, he would soon gain upon any body.

(*He kisses Myr.*)

Squ. Rich. Lo' you theere, Moather: And you would but be quiet she and I should do wel enough.

La Wrong. Why how now, Sirrah! Boys must not be so familiar.

Squ. Rich. Why, 'an I know nobody, haw the murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you, and I, and sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one and thirty bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for you self, Sir! d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

Squ. Rich. Why an you woan't, yo' ma' let it aloane; then she, and I, may hap, will have a bawt at all-fours, without you.

Sir Fran. Noa! noa! *Dick*, that wont do neither; you mun learn to make one at Ombre, here, child.

Myr. If Master pleases, I'll shew it him.

Squ. Rich. What! th' *Humber*! Hoy day! why does our river run to this tawn, Feather?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you silly tony! ombre is a geam at cards, that the better sort of people play three together at.

Squ. Rich. Nay the moare the merrier, I say; but Sister is always so cross-grain'd

Jenny.

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people — and one has really been stufft up in a coach so long, that — Pray Madam — could not I get a little powder for my hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, Madam. (*Ex. Myr. and Jenny.*)

Squ. Rich. What, has Sister ta'en her away naw 'mess, I'll go, and have a little game with 'em. (*Ex. after them.*)

La Wrong. Well Count, I hope you won't so far change your lodging, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes?

Sir Fran. Ay, ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton with us, naw and tan, when thou'st nowght to do.

C. Bas. Well Sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why ay naw. that's hearty!

Moth. Will your Ladyship please to refresh yourself, with a dish of tea, after your fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

La. Wrong. If you please, Mrs. Motherly, but I believe we had best have it above stairs.

Moth. Very well, Madam: it shall be ready immediately. (*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*)

La. Wrong. Won't you walk up, Sir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

C. Bas. Shan't we stay for Sir Francis, Madam?

La. Wrong. Lard! don't mind him! he will come, if he likes it.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, ne'er heed me — I ha' things to look after. (*Ex. Lady Wrong and Count Bas.*)

Enter John Moody.

J. Mood. Did your Worship want muh?

Sir Fran. Ay, is the coach clear'd? And all our things in?

J. Mood.

J. Mood. Aw but a few handboxes, and the nook that's left o'th' goose poy — but a plague on him, th' monkey has gin us the slip, I think — I suppose he's goan to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of 'um in this tawn — but heavy *Ralph* is skawer'd after him

Sir Fran. Why let him go to the devil! no matter, and the hawnds had had him a month agoe --- but I wish the coach and horses were got safe to th' Inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, *John*, therefore I would have you goa along with *Roger*, and see that no body runs away with them before they get to the stable

J. Mood. Alas-a-day, Sir; I believe our awld cattle woant yeasily be run away with to-night — but howsomdever, we'll ta' the best care we can of 'um, poor fawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well! make haste then —

(*Moody goes out, and returns.*)

J. Mood. Ods flesh! here's measter *Monly* come to wait upo' your worship!

Sir Fran. Where is he?

J. Mood. Just coming in, at threshold.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your business.

(*Exit Moody.*)

Enter Manly.

Cousin *Monly*! Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir *Francis* — and —

Sir Fran. Odsheart! this was so kindly done of you, naw!

Man. I wish you may think it so, Cousin! for I confess, I shoud have been better pleas'd to have seen you in any other place.

Sir Fran. How soa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake: I'm not concern'd.

Sir

Sir Fran. Look you, Cousin! thof' I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, Sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

Man. I think it ought to be, Cousin; for I believe, you will find it the most expensive one — your Election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! that — that did lick a little; but if a Man's wife, (and I han't fawn'd yet that I'm a fool) there are ways, Cousin, to lick ones self whole again.

Man. Nay if you have that secret —

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, Cousin — you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what, at *Westminster* — that's one thing!

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have liv'd all my days i'th' country — what then — I'm o'th' *Quorum* — I have been at Sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too --- and may hap they may find here, --- that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

Man. If I take your case right, Cousin; I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any right to make use of it at all.

Sir Fran How d'ye mean?

Man That *Sir John Worthland* has lodg'd a petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why ay! there let it lye — we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you! — why you forget, Cousin, *Sir John's* o'th' wrung side, Mon!

Man. I doubt, *Sir Francis*, that will do you but little service; for in cases very notorious (which I take yours to be) there is such a thing as a short day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again, the better.

Man. And this is the scheme you have laid down, to repair your fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, Cousin, I think it my duty! the *Wrongheads* have been a considerable family, ever since *England* was *England*; and since the world knows I have talents wherewithall, they shan't say it's my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay! this project, as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your Ancestors have done these five hundred years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it! mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither. —

Man You astonish me! what! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me!

Sir Fran. Ay, thof' I say it — every whit, cousin! you'll find that I have more irons i'th' fire than one! I doan't come of a fool's errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a word, my wife has got a friend at Court, as well as my self, and her dowghter *Jenny* is naw pretty well grown up —

Man. (*Aside.*) — And what in the devil's name would he do with the dowdy?

Sir

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap i'this tawn, she may be looking out for her self. —

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be Maid of honour.

Man (*Aside.*) Oh! he has taken my breath away! but I must hear him out. — Pray *Sir Francis*, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a Court?

Sir Fran. Why! the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true! but she has tongue enough: she woan't be daft! then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her haw to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well; but when she is thus accomplisht, you must still wait for a vacancy.

Sir Fran. Why I hope one has a good chance for that every day, Cousin: For if I take it right, that's a post, that folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of — it's like an Orange-tree, upon that accawnt — it will bear blossoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, Sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions! But pray where is my Lady, and my young cousins? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir Fran. She's but just taking a dish of tea with the Count, and my Landlady — I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir Fran. Gds heart! but you mun see her naw, Cousin; what! the best friend I have in the world — Here! sweetheart! (*To a Servant without*) pr'ythee desire my Lady, and the Gentleman, to come
D dawn

50 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
dawn a bit; tell her, here's Cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the Gentleman be?

Sir Fran. You mun know him to be sure; why it's Count Basset.

Man. Oh! is it he? — Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth! I think so too: He's the civilest man that ever I knew in my life — why! here he would go out of his own lodging, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Wasn't that kind, naw?

Man. Extreemly civil — the family is in admirable hands already!

Sir Fran. Then my Lady likes him hugely — all the time of York races, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

Man. Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only naw and tan, he — He stonds a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

Man. O never fear! He'll mend that every day --- Mercy on us! what a head he has! (*Aside.*)

Sir Fran. So! here they come!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Basset, and Mrs. Motherly.

La Wron. Cousin Manly! this is infinitely obliging! I am extreemly glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient servant, Madam; I am glad to see your Ladyship look so well, after your journey.

La.

A Journey to London.

51

La. Wron. Why really, coming to *London* is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here, is very apt to deaden the complexion ——— and give me leave to tell you, as a friend, Madam, you are come to the worst place in the world, for a good woman to grow better in.

La. Wron. Lord Cousin! how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moap'd up in the country?

C. Bas. Your Ladyship certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, Madam: Mr. *Manly*, your humble servant ——— a-hem.

Man. Familiar puppy. (*Aside.*) Sir, your most obedient ——— I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. (*Aside.*)

C. Bas. Was you at *White's* this morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir, I just call'd in.

C. Bas. Pray ——— what ——— was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, Sir, the same daily carcases, and the same crows about them.

C. Bas. The Demoivre Baronet had a bloody tumble, yesterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your share of him?

C. Bas. No faith, I came in when it was all over ——— I think I just made a couple of betts with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the *King's Arms*.

La. Wron. What a genteel, easy manner he has! (*Aside.*)

Man. A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here.

(*Aside.*)

Enter 'Squire Richard, with a wet brown paper on his face.

Sir Fran. How naw, *Dick*! what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

Squ. Rich. I ha gotten a knuck upon't.

La. Wron. And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

Squ. Rich. Why I was but running after Sister, and t'other young Woman, into a little room just naw: And so with that, they slapt the door full in my feace, and gave me such a whurr here ——— I thought they had beaten my brains out: so I gut a dab of wet brown paper here, to swage it a while.

La. Wron. They serv'd you right enough! will you never have done with your horse-play?

Sir Fran. Pooh! never heed it, lad; it will be well by to-morrow ——— the boy has a strong head.

Man. Yes truly, his skull seems to be of a comfortable thickness. *(Aside.)*

Sir Fran. Come, *Dick*, here's Cousin Manly ——— Sir, this is your God-son.

La. Wron. Oh! here's my Daughter too.

Enter miss Jenny.

Squ Rich. Honour'd Gudfeyther! I crave leave to ask your blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, child ——— and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father

La. Wron. Miss *Jenny*! don't you see your Cousin, child?

Man. And for thee, my pretty dear--- *(Salutes her)* may'st thou be, at least, as good a Woman as thy Mother.

Jen.

Jen. I wish I may ever be so handsome, Sir.

Man. Hah! Miss pert! now that's a thought, that seems to have been hatcht in the girl on this side *High gate.* (*Aside,*

Sir Fran. Her tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

La. Wron. That's only from her country education, Sir *Francis.* You know she has been kept too long there ——— so I brought her to *London,* Sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

Man. O, the best place in the world for it ——— every woman she meets will teach her something of it ——— There's the good Gentlewoman of the house, looks like a knowing person; even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little *London* behaviour.

Moth. Alas, Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my instructions.

Man. That I dare say: What thou canst teach her, she will soon be Mistress of. (*Aside.*

Moth. If she does, Sir, they shall always be at her service.

La. Wron. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind, and civil truly ——— I think we are got into a mighty good hawse here.

Man. O yes, and very friendly company.

C. Basf. Humh! I' gad I don't like his looks ——— he seems a little smoaky ——— I believe I had as good brush off ——— If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions. (*Aside.*

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family ———

C. Basf. It's very true, Sir ——— I was just thinking of going ——— He don't care to leave me, I see: but it's no matter, we have time enough. (*Aside.*) And so Ladies, without ceremony, your humble Servant.

(*Ex. Count Bassett, and drops a Letter.*

La. Wrong. Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux

54 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
doux I'll lay my life, but this is no place to examine it. (*Puts it in her Pocket.*)

Sir Fran. Why in such haste, Cousin?

Man. O! my Lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands, after such a journey.

La. Wrong. I believe, Sir; I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why truly, Ladies seldom want employment here, Madam.

Jenny. And Mamma did not come to it to be idle, Sir

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young Mistress.

Jenny. I hope not, Sir.

Man. Hah! Miss mettle! ——— Where are you going, Sir?

Sir Fran. Only to see you to th' door, Sir.

Man. Oh! Sir Francis, I love to come and go, without ceremony.

Sir Fran. Nay, Sir, I must do as you will have me ——— Your humble Servant. (*Exit Man.*)

Miss. This Cousin Manly, Papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour ——— I don't like him half so well as the Count.

Sir Fran. Pooh! that's another thing, child ——— Cousin is a little proud indeed! but however you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and no body knows who he may give it to.

La. Wrong. Pshah! a fig for his money! you have so many projects of late about money, since you are a Parliament man: What! we must make our selves Slaves to his impertinent humours, eight, or ten years perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs; and then he will be just old enough to marry his maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, Madam, the town says he is going to be married already. *Sir*

Sir Fran. Who? Cousin Manly?

La Wrong. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it possible your Ladyship should know nothing of it? ——— to my Lord Townly's Sister, Lady Grace.

La. Wrong. Lady Grace!

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the newspapers!

La. Wrong. I don't like that neither

Sir Fran. Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

La. Wrong. (*Aside.*) If it is not too far gone; at least it may be worth ones while to throw a rub in his way.

Squ Rich. Pray Feyther haw lung will it be to supper?

Sir Fran. Odso! that's true! step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

Moth. If you please, Sir, I'll order one of my maids to shew her where she may have any thing you have a mind to.

Sir Fran. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! what is not it i'th' hawse yet ——— I shall be famisht ——— but howl'd! I'll go and ask Doll, an there's none o'th' Goose-poy left.

Sir Fran. Do so, and doest hear Dick ——— see if there's e'er a bottle o'th' strung beer that came i'th' coach with us ——— if there be, clap a toast in it, and bring it up.

Squ Rich. With a little nutmeg, and sugar, shawn't I, Feyther?

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! as thee and I always drink it for breakfast ——— Go thy ways ——— and I'll fill a pipe i'th' mean while. (*Takes one from a pocket-case, and fills it.*) *Exit Squire Rich.*

La. Wrong. This boy is always thinking of his belly!

Sir Fran. Why my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his journey.

La. Wron. Nay, ev'n breed him your own way--- he has been cramming in or out of the coach all this day, I am sure ——— I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jen. O for that I could eat a great deal more, Mamma; but then mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

La. Wrong. Ay so thou would'st, my dear.

Enter Squire Richard with a full Tankard.

Squ. Rich. Here, Feyther, I ha' browght it ——— it's well I went as I did; for our *Doll* had just bak'd a toast, and was going to drink it her self.

Sir Fran. Why then, here's to thee, *Dick!* (*Drinks.*

Squ. Rich. Thonk yow, Feyther.

La. Wrong. Lord! *Sir Francis!* I wonder you can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor ——— it's enough to make him quite stupid.

Squ. Rich. Why it niver hurts me, Mother; and I sleep like a hawnd after it. (*Drinks.*

Sir Fran. I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty years, and by your leave, Madam, I don't know that I want wit: Ha! ha!

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, Papa, if you would have been govern'd by my Mother.

Sir Fran. Daughter; he that is govern'd by his wife, has no wit at all.

Jenny. Then I hope I shall marry a fool, Sir; for I love to govern dearly.

Sir Fran. You are too pert, child; it don't do well, in a young woman

La. Wrong. Pray *Sir Francis* don't snub her; she

she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her Brother there.

Squ. Rich. (After a long draught.) Indeed Mother, I think my Sister is too forward.

Jenny. You! you think I'm too forward! sure! Brother mud! Your head's too heavy to think of any thing, but your belly.

La. Wrong. Well said, Miss; he's none of your Master, tho' he is your elder Brother.

Squ. Rich. No, nor she shawn't be my Mistress, while she's younger Sister.

Sir Fran. Well said *Dick*: shew 'em that stawt liquor makes a stawt heart, lad

Squ. Rich. So I wull! and I'll drink ageen, for all her. (Drinks.)

Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So *John*! how are the horses?

J. Mood. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this tawn, it's made up o' mischief, I think.

Sir Fran. What's the matter, naw?

J. Mood. Why I'll tell your Worship — before we were gotten to th' street end, with the coach, here, a great lugger-headed cart, with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawl'd on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits; crack! went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang! says the glass, all to shivers! Marcy upon us! and this be *London*, would we were aw weel i'th Country ageen.

Miss. What have you to do, to wish us all in the Country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the Country again these seven years, Mamma; let twenty coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your tongue, *Jenny*! — was *Roger* in no fault, in all this?

J. Mood. Noa, Sir, nor I, noather — Are not you

58 *The Provok'd Husband, or,*
yow asheam'd, says *Roger*, to the *Carter*, to do such
an unkind thing by Strangers? Noa, says he, you
Bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very purpose: and
so the folks said that stood by — Very well, says
Roger, yow shall see what our Meister will say to ye!
Your Meister? says he: your Meister may kiss my —
and so he clapt his hand just there, and like your
Worship. ~~Flesh!~~ I thought they had better breeding
in this tawn.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this rascal some, I warrant him.
Ods-bud! If I take him in hand, I'll play the devil
with him.

Squ. Rich. Ay do, Feyther, have him before the
Parliament.

Sir Fran. Ods-bud! and so I will — I will make
him know who I am! where does he live?

J. Mood. I believe, in *London*, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the rascal's name?

J. Mood. I think I heard somebody call him *Dick*.

Squ. Rich. What, my name!

Sir Fran. Where did he go?

J. Mood. Sir, he went hoame.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

J. Mood. By my troth, Sir, I doant know. I heard
him say he would cross the same street again to-mor-
row; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he
would pool us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he so! Odszooks! get me a Con-
stable.

La. Wron. Pooh! get you a good supper. Come,
Sir Francis, don't put your self in a heat for what
can't be helpt. Accidents will happen to people that
travel abroad to see the world — for my part, I
think it's a mercy it was not over-turn'd before we
were all out on't.

Sir Fran. Why ay, that's true again, my dear.

La. Wron. Therefore see to-morrow if we can buy
one at second-hand, for present use; so bespeak a
new one, and then all's easy. J.

A Journey to London.

59

J. Mood. Why troth, Sir, I doan't think this could have held you above a day longer.

Sir Fran. D'ye think so, *John*?

J. Mood. Why you ha' had it, ever sen' your Worship were High-Sheriff.

Sir Fran. Why then go and see what *Doll* has got us for supper ——— and come and get off my boots. *(Exit Sir Fran.)*

La. Wrong. In the mean time, Miss, do you step to *Handy*, and bid her get me some fresh night-cloaths.

(Exit La. Wrong.)

Jenny. Yes, Mamma, and some for myself too. *(Exit Jenny.)*

Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! and what mun I do all alone?

I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty Miss is,
And she and I'll go play at cards for kisses.

(Exit.)



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.

L. Town. **W**HO's there?

Serv. My Lord!

L. Town. Bid them get dinner ——— Lady Grace, your Servant.

Enter Lady Grace.

La Grace. What, is the house up already? My Lady is not drest yet!

L. Town. No matter ——— it's three a clock ——— she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours

La. Grace. Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

L. Town. That, I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

La. Grace. No, upon my word, she is engaged to company.

La. Town. Where pray?

La. Grace. At my Lady Rezel's; and you know they never dine 'till supper-time.

L. Town. No truly ——— she is one of those orderly Ladies, who never let the Sun shine upon any of their

their vices! ——— But pr'ythee, Sister, what humour is she in to-day?

La Grace. O! in tip-top spirits, I can assure you ——— she won a good deal, last night.

L. Town. I know no difference between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

La Grace. However she is better in good humour, than bad.

L. Town. Much alike: When she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it: when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my share of her.

La Grace. Well, we won't talk of that now ——— does any body dine here?

L. Town. Manly promis'd me ——— by the way, Madam, what do you think of his last conversation?

La Grace. ——— I am a little at a stand about it.

L. Town. How so?

La Grace. Why ——— I don't know how he can ever have any thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe rules upon wives, in my hearing.

L. Town. Did you think his rules unreasonable?

La Grace. I can't say I did: but he might have had a little more complaisance before me, at least.

L. Town. Complaisance is only a proof of good breeding: But his plainness was a certain proof of his honesty; nay, of his good opinion of you: For he would never have open'd himself so freely, but in confidence that your good sense could not be disoblig'd at it.

La Grace. My good opinion of him, Brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: But I have receiv'd a letter this morning, that shews him a very different man from what I thought him.

L. Town. A letter! from whom?

La. Grace. That I don't know, but there it is.

(*Gives a letter.*)

L. Town. Pray let's see.

(*Reads.*)

The inclos'd, Madam, fell accidentally into my hands; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend and humble Servant, unknown, &c.

La. Grace. And this was the inclos'd.

(*Giving another.*)

L. Town. (*Reads.*) To Charles Manly, Esq;

Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me, that I now grow as painful to you, as to my self: but however, though you can love me no longer, I hope, you will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest income, for the vain hopes of being ever yours.

Myrtylla Dupe.

PS. 'Tis above four months since I receiv'd a shilling from you.

La. Grace. What think you now?

L. Town. I am considering —

La. Grace. You see it's directed to him —

L. Town. That's true! but the Postscript seems to be a reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

La. Grace. But who could have concern enough, to send it to me?

L. Town. I have observ'd, that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

La. Grace. What would you have me do in it?

L. Town. What I think you ought to do — fairly shew it him, and say I advis'd you to it.

La. Grace. Will not that have a very odd look, from me?

L. Town. Not at all, if you use my name in it: If he is innocent, his impatience to appear so, will discover his regard to you: If he is guilty;

guilty; it will be your best way of preventing his addresses.

La. Grace. But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance!

L. Town. I can't think there's any fear of that.

La. Grace. Pray what is't you do think then?

L. Town. Why certainly, that it's much more probable, this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concern'd in it. —

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr Manly, my Lord.

L. Town. Do you receive him; while I step a minute, in to my Lady. (*Exit T. Town.*)

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your most obedient; they told me, my Lord was here.

La. Grace. He will be here presently: He is but just gone in to my Sister.

Man. So! then my Lady dines with us.

La. Grace. No; she is engag'd.

Man. I hope you are not of her party, Madam?

La. Grace. Not 'till after dinner.

Man. And pray how may she have dispos'd of the rest of the day?

La. Grace. Much as usual! she has visits 'till about eight; after that, 'till court time, she is to be at Quadrille, at Mrs Idle's: After the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my Lady Moon-light. And from thence, they go together to my Lord Noble's Assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, Madam?

La. Grace. Only a few of the visits: I would indeed have drawn her to the Play; but I doubt
we

64 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
we have so much upon our hands, that will not
be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

La. Grace. There's no great merit in forbearing,
what one is not charm'd with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult,
in my time.

La. Gra. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have pass'd a great deal of my
life, in the hurry of the Ladies, though I was
generally better pleas'd, when I was at quiet
without 'em.

La. Grace. What induc'd you then, to be with
them?

Man. Idleness, and the fashion.

La. Grace. No Mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly ——— Yes ———
being often in the Toyshop, there was no for-
bearing the bawbles.

La. Grace. And of course, I suppose, sometimes
you were tempted to pay for them, twice as much
as they were worth.

Man. Why really, where fancy only makes the
choice, Madam, no wonder if we are generally
bubbled, in those sort of bargains, which I con-
fess has been often my case: For I had constantly
some Coquet, or other, upon my hands, whom I
could love perhaps just enough, to put it in her
power to plague me.

La. Grace. And that's a power, I doubt, com-
monly made use of.

Man. The amours of a Coquet, Madam, seldom
have any other view! I look upon them, & Prudes
to be nufances, just alike; tho' they seem
very different: The first are always plaguing the
Men; and the other are always abusing the Wo-
men.

La.

La. Grace. And yet both of them do it for the same vain ends; to establish a false character of being virtuous.

Man. Of being chaste, they mean; for they know no other virtue: and, upon the credit of that, they traffick in every thing else, that's vicious: They (even against nature) keep their chastity, only because they find, they have more power to do mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

La. Grace. Hold! Mr. *Manly*: I am afraid this severe opinion of the Sex, is owing to the ill choice you have made of your Mistresses.

Man. In a great measure, it may be so: But, Madam, if both these characters are so odious; how vastly valuable is that woman, who has attain'd all they aim at, without the aid of the folly, or vice of either?

La. Grace. I believe those sort of women, to be as scarce, Sir, as the men, that believe there are any such; or that allowing such, have virtue enough to deserve them.

Man. That *could* deserve them then — had been a more favourable reflection.

La. Grace. Nay, I speak only from my little experience: For (I'll be free with you, Mr. *Manly*) I don't know a man, in the world, that, in appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the first merit, than your self: And yet I have a reason, in my hand here, to think you have your failings.

Man. I have infinite, Madam; but I am sure, the want of an implicit respect for you, is not among the number — pray what is in your hand, Madam?

La. Grace. Nay, Sir, I have no title to it; for the direction is to you.

(Gives him a letter.

E

Manly

Man. To me! I don't remember the hand ———
(*Reads to himself.*)

La. Grace. I can't perceive any change of guilt in him; and his surprize seems natural. (*Aside*) ———
Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. Manly; That I should never have shewn you this, but that my Brother enjoin'd me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good opinion of me, Madam.

La. Grace. I hope, at least, it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, Madam, that wanted an excuse; and, I hope, you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

La. Grace. I don't believe I shall refuse any, that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, Madam, to indulge me so far, as to let me know, how this letter came into your hands?

La. Grace. Inclosed to me, in this, without a name.

Man. If there be no secret in the contents, Madam ———

La. Grace. Why ——— there is an impertinent insinuation in it; but as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You oblige me, Madam.

(*He takes the other letter, and reads.*)

La. Grace. (*Aside.*) Now am I in the oddest situation! methinks our conversation grows terribly critical. This must produce something: ——— O lud! would it were over!

Man. Now, Madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project, that is at the bottom of all this.

La. Grace. I have no notion of what could be propos'd by it.

Man.

Man. A little patience, Madam — First, as to the insinuation you mention —

La. Grace. O! what is he going to say now!
(*Aside.*)

Man. Tho' my intimacy with my Lord may have allow'd my visits to have been very frequent here, of late: Yet, in such a talking town, as this, you must not wonder, if a great many of those visits are plac'd to your account: And this taken for granted, I suppose has been told to my Lady *Wronghead*, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably without many more imaginary circumstances.

La. Grace. My Lady *Wronghead*!

Man. Ay, Madam, for I am positive this is her hand.

La. Grace. What view could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any treaty of Marriage, she may have heard I am engag'd in: Because if I dye without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But, I hope, she is so far mistaken, that if this letter has given you the least uneasiness, — I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

La. Grace. That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. *Manly*

Man. Yes, Madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

La. Grace. I am sure, I have no right to enquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, Madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

La. Grace. With what an artful gentleness he steals into my opinion? (*Aside.*) Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman, in me, as to want curiosity — but pray, do you suppose then, this *Myrtilla* is a real, or a fictitious name?

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Man. Now I recollect, Madam, there is a young woman, in the house, where my Lady *Wronghead* lodges, that I heard somebody call *Mirtilla*: This letter may be written by her ——— But how it came directed to me, I confess is a mystery, that before I ever presume to see your Ladyship again, I think my self oblig'd, in honour, to find out.
(*Going.*)

La. Grace. Mr. *Manly* ——— you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next street, Madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

La. Grace. Nay, but dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat, nor rest, 'till I see an end of this affair.

La. Grace. But this is so odd: why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, Madam, then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity ———
(*Exit Manly.*)

La. Grace. Well ——— and now, what am I to think of all this? Or, suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclin'd to pass the rest of his life with me? — I hope not ——— for I am sure, the case is terribly clear on my side: and why may not I, without vanity, suppose my ——— unaccountable somewhat ——— has done as much execution upon him? ——— why ——— because he never told me so ——— nay, he has not so much as mention'd the word love, or ever said one civil thing to my person ——— well ——— but he has said a thousand to my good opinion; and has certainly got it ——— had he spoke first to my person, he had paid a very ill compliment to my understanding ——— I should have thought him impertinent, and never have troubled my head about him; but
as

as he has manag'd the matter, at least I am sure of one thing, that let his thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my head about any other man, as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Well, Mrs *Trusty*, is my Sister dress'd yet?

Trusty. Yes, Madam; but my Lord has been courting her so, I think, 'till they are both out of humour.

La. Grace. How so?

Trusty. Why, it begun, Madam, with his Lordship's desiring her Ladyship to dine at home to-day — upon which my Lady said she could not be ready; upon that, my Lord order'd them to stay the dinner; and then my Lady order'd the Coach; then my Lord took her short, and said, he had order'd the Coachman to set up: then my Lady made him a great curt'sy, and said, she would wait 'till his Lordship's horses had din'd, and was mighty pleasant: But for fear of the worst, Madam, she whisper'd me — to get her Chair ready. *(Exit Trusty.)*

La. Grace. Oh! here they come; and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company.

(Exit La. Grace.)

Enter La. Townly, L. Townly following.

La. Town. Well! look you, my Lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing still but about my faults, my faults! an agreeable subject truly!

L. Town. Why, Madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

La. Town. Why, I don't intend to mend them — I can't mend them — you know I have try'd to do it an hundred times, and — it hurts me so — I can't bear it!

L. Town. And I, Madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

La. Town. Abuse! Astonishing! when the universe knows, I am never better company, than when I am doing what I have a mind to! But to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction — why but last *Thursday* now — there you wisely mended one of my faults, as you call them — you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade — and pray, what was the consequence? Was not I as cross as the devil, all the night after? Was not I forc'd to get company at home? And was not it almost three a-clock in the morning, before I was able to come to my self again? And then the fault is not mended neither — for next time, I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but dearning an old ruffle, to make it worse than it was before.

L. Town. Well, the manner of women's living, of late, is insupportable; and one way or other —

La. Town. It's to be mended, I suppose! why so it may; but then, my dear Lord, you must give one time — And when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves! ha! ha!

L. Town. Madam, I am not in a humour, now, to trifle.

La. Town. Why then, my Lord, one word of fair argument — to talk with you, your own way now — You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones — so far are we even, you'll allow — But pray which gives us the best figure, in the eye of the polite world? my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at night? Now, I think, one has the air of a Woman of Quality, and t'other of a plodding Mechanick, that goes to-bed betimes, that he may rise early, to open his shop —
Faugh!

L. Town.

L. Town. Fy, fy, Madam ! is this your way of reasoning ? 'Tis time to wake you then ———
'Tis not your ill hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill company, that occasion those ill hours.

La Town. Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord; what ill company do I keep?

L. Town. Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it! Or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a Lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known Rakes, conceal'd Thieves, and Sharpers in embroidery ——— or what, to me, is still more shocking, that herd of familiar chattering crop-ear'd coxcombs, who are so often like monkeys, there would be no knowing them asunder, but that their tails hang from their head, and the monkey's grows where it should do.

La. Town. And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their powder-puffs dangerous.

L. Town. Their being Fools, Madam; is not always the husband's security : Or if it were, fortune, sometimes, gives them advantages might make a thinking woman tremble.

La. Town. What do you mean?

L. Town. That women, sometimes, lose more than they are able to pay; and if a creditor be a little pressing, the Lady may be reduc'd, to try if instead of gold, the Gentleman will accept of a trinket.

La. Town. My Lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

L. Town. So are the Churches ——— now and then.

La. Town. My friends frequent them too, as well as the assemblies.

L. Town. Yes, and would do it oftener, if a Groom of the chambers there were allow'd to furnish cards to the compauy.

La. Town. I see what you drive at all this while; you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice. I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

L. Town. Have a care, Madam; don't let me think you only value your chastity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else, that's vicious — I, Madam, have a reputation too, to guard, that's as dear to me, as yours — The follies of an ungovern'd wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but 'tis his own fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

La. Town. My Lord — you would make a woman mad!

L. Town. You'd make a man a fool.

La. Town. If heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

L. Town. Whatever may be in your inclination, Madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar, at least.

La. Town. A Beggar! *Cræsus*! I'm out of patience! I won't come home, 'till four to-morrow morning.

L. Town. That may be, Madam; but I'll order the doors to be lock'd at twelve.

La. Town. Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow night.

L. Town. Then, Madam — you shall never come home again. *(Exit L. Town.)*

La. Town. What does he mean! I never heard such a word from him in my life before! the man always us'd to have manners, in his worst humours! there's something, that I don't see, at the bottom of

of all this ——— but his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other, so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. Manly, your Servant.

Enter Manly.

Man. I ask pardon for my intrusion, Madam; but I hope my business with my Lord will excuse it.

La. Town. I believe you'll find him in the next room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me leave, Madam?

La. Town. Sir—— you have my leave, tho' you were a Lady,

Man. (*Aside.*) What a well-bred age do we live in? (*Exit Manly.*)

Enter Lady Grace.

La. Town. O! my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone, all this while?

La. Grace. I thought my Lord had been with you.

La. Town. Why yes ——— and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here ———

La. Grace. Bless me! for what?

La. Town. Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort, this morning: we have been charming company!

La. Grace. I am mighty glad of it. Sure it must be a vast happiness, when a man and a wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation.

La. Town. O! the prettiest thing in the world.

La. Grace. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

La. Town. O my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world. Married people have things to talk of, Child, that never enter into the imagination of others ——— Why, here's my Lord and I now.

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we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter: Nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertain'd us.

La. Grace. Certainly, that must be vastly pretty.

La. Town. O! there's no life like it! why t'other day, for example, when you din'd abroad; my Lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête à tête* meal, sat us down by the fire side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of one another's being in the room ——— at last, stretching himself, and yawning ——— my dear, says he ——— aw—— You came home very late, last night ——— 'Twas but just turn'd of two, says I ——— I was a-bed ——— aw ——— by eleven, says he; so you are every night, says I ——— well, says he, I am amaz'd you can sit up so late ——— How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a thing that happens so often? ——— upon which we enter'd into a conversation ——— and tho' this is a point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe, in my Soul, it will last as long as we live.

La. Grace. But pray, in such sort of family dialogues (tho' extreamly well, for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

La. Town. O yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay! if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that
nothing

nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

La. Grace. Well — certainly you have the most elegant taste —

La. Town. Tho' to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeez'd a little too much lemon into it, this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that — I think — I almost told him, he was a fool — and — he again — talk'd something odly of — turning me out of doors.

La. Grace. O! have a care of that!

La. Town. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise father for that —

La. Grace. How so?

La. Town. Why — when my good Lord first open'd his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable Papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

La. Grace. How do you mean?

La. Town. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire ev'n his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of an husband's odd humours.

La. Grace. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

La. Town. Nay, but to be serious, my dear; what would you, really, have a woman do in my case?

La. Grace. Why — if I had as sober a husband as you have, I would make my self the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

La. Town. O! you wicked thing! how can you teize one, at this rate? when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly,

partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he hates. I doat upon Assemblies! my heart bounds at a Ball; and at an Opera — I expire! then I love play, to distraction! Cards enchant me! and dice — put me out of my little wits. Dear! dear Hazard! oh! what a flow of spirits it gives one! do you never play at hazard, child?

La. Grace. Oh! never: I don't think it sits well, upon women: there's something so masculine, so much the air of a Rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and curse; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion — why —

La. Town. That's very true, one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

La. Grace. Well — and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forc'd to make use of?

La. Town. Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end. I give a great gulp — and swallow it.

La. Grace. Well — and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

La. Town. O yes! I have forsworn it.

La. Grace. Seriously?

La. Town. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

La. Grace. And how can you answer that?

La. Town. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding, than a Lover's oath, or a great Man's promise. But I beg pardon, child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

La. Grace. Why, I confess my nature, and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

La.

La. Grace Well! how a woman of spirit, (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable: for you will marry, I suppose?

La. Grace. I can't tell but I may.

La Town. And won't you live in town?

La. Grace. Half the year, I should like it very well.

La. Town My Stars! and you would really live in *London* half the year, to be sober in it?

La. Grace. Why not?

La. Town. Why can't you as well go, and be sober, in the Country?

La. Grace. So I would ——— t'other half year.

La Town. And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

La. Grace. A scheme, that I think might very well content us.

La. Town O! of all things let's hear it.

La. Grace. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, soberly! in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree, soberly! In dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend, perhaps hearing a little Musick, taking a dish of tea, or a game at cards, soberly! Managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children (if I had any,) or in a thousand other innocent amusements ——— soberly! And possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as my self. ———

La Town. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature; for sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years. ——— Under a great tree! o' my soul! ——— But I beg we may have the sober town scheme too ——— for I am charm'd with the country one! ———

La.

La. Grace. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

La. Town. Well, tho' I am sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it however.

La. Grace. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dress'd out of it — but still it should be soberly. For I can't think it any disgrace, to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first Dutchess. Tho' there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to:

La. Town. Ay now for it —

La. Grace. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

La. Town. Why, the men say, that's a great step to be made one — well now you are dress'd — pray let's see to what purpose?

La. Grace. I would visit — — — soberly — — — that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible. — — — I would go to Court; sometimes to an Assembly, nay play at *Quadrille* — — — soberly: I would see all the good Plays; and, (because 'tis the fashion) now and then an Opera; — — — but still soberly; I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again: and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade. And this, I think, is as far as any woman can go — — — soberly.

La. Town. Well! if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

La. Grace. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four and twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

La.

A Journey to London.

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La. Town. Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, child, all you propose, is but to endure life; now I want to enjoy it. —

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Trus. Madam, your Ladyship's Chair is ready.

La. Town. Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? for last night I was poyson'd.

Trus. Yes, Madam; there were some came in this morning. (Ex. Trusty.)

La. Town. My dear, you will excuse me; but you know my time is so precious —

La. Grace. That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

La. Town. You will call me at Lady *Revel's*?

La. Grace. Certainly.

La. Town. But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear.

La. Grace. When it does, I will — soberly break from you.

La. Town. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear Sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness.

(Ex. *La. Town.*)

La. Grace. There she goes — Dash! into her stream of pleasures. Poor Woman! she is really a fine creature; and sometimes infinitely agreeable. Nay take her out of the madness of this town, rational in her notions, and easy to live with; but she is so born down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, she thinks every hour of her life is lost that she does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine! — Ha! my brother, and *Manly* with him! I guess what they have been talking of — I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive.

(Exit *La. Grace.*)

Enter Lord Townly, and Manly.

L. Town. I did not think my Lady *Wronghead* had such a notable brain: tho' I can't say she was so very wife!

The Provok'd Husband; or,
 wife, in trusting this silly girl you call *Myrtilla*, with
 the secret.

Man. No my Lord, you mistake me; had she
 been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it
 my self.

L. Town. Why I thought you said the girl writ this
 letter to you, and that my Lady *Wronghead* send it
 inclos'd to my Sister?

Man. If you please to give me leave, my Lord —
 the fact is thus — This inclos'd letter to Lady *Grace*
 was a real original one, written by this girl, to the
 Count we have been talking of: the Count drops it,
 and my Lady *Wronghead* finds it: then only changing
 the cover, she seals it up as a letter of business, just
 written by her self, to me: and pretending to be in
 a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the Direc-
 ction, for her.

L. Town. Oh! then the girl did not know she was
 superscribing a billet-doux of her own, to you?

Man. No, my Lord; for when I first question'd
 her about the direction, she own'd it immediately:
 But when I shew'd her, that her letter to the Count
 was within it, and told her how it came into my
 hands, the poor creature was amaz'd, and thought
 herself betray'd both by the Count and my Lady ---
 in short, upon this discovery, the girl and I grew
 so gracious, that she has let me into some transac-
 tions, in my Lady *Wronghead*'s family, which with
 my having a careful eye over them, may prevent
 the ruin of it.

L. Town. You are very generous to be so sol-
 licitous for a Lady, that has given you so much
 uneasiness

Man. But I will be most unmercifully reveng'd of
 her: for I will do her the greatest friendship in the
 world ——— against her will.

L. Town. What an uncommon Philosophy art thou
 master of? to make even thy malice a virtue!

Man.

Man. Yet, my Lord, I assure you, there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure, than your approbation of it.

L. Town. Dear *Charles*! my heart's impatient, 'till thou art nearer to me: And as a proof that I have long wish'd thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve, than ask my Sister's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit: And since on this occasion you have open'd your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure I assure you, we have both succeeded — she is as firmly yours —

Man. Impossible! You flatter me.

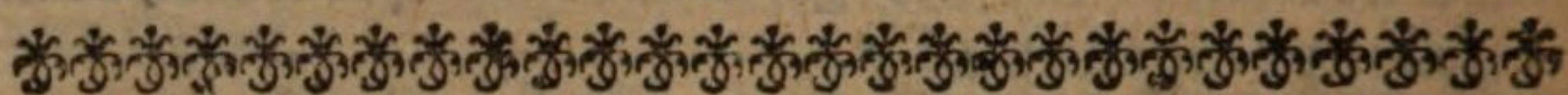
L. Town. I'm glad you think it flattery: but she herself shall prove it none. She dines with us alone: when the Servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together — O! *Charles*! had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided!

Man. No more of that, I beg, my Lord —

L. Town. But 'twill, at least, be some relief to my anxiety (however barren of content the state has been to me) to see so near a friend and Sister happy in it: Your harmony of life will be an instance how much the choice of temper's preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in mutual kindness move,
You'll reach, by virtue, what I lost by love.

(*Exeunt.*)



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Mrs. Motherly's House.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtilla.

Moth. SO, Neice! where is it possible you can have been these six hours?

Myr. O Madam! I have such a terrible story to tell you.

Moth. A story! Ods my life! What have you done with the Count's Note of five hundred pound, I sent you about? Is it safe? Is it good? Is it security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe: But for its goodness --- mercy on us! I have been in a fair way to be hang'd about it.

Moth. The dickens! Has this rogue of a Count play'd us another trick then?

Myr. You shall hear, Madam. When I came to Mr. Cash the Banker's, and shew'd him his Note for five hundred pounds, payable to the Count, or order, in two months, — he look'd earnestly upon it, and desir'd me to step into the inner room, while he examin'd his books — after I had staid about ten minutes, he came in to me — claps too the door, and charges me with a Constable for forgery.

Moth. Ah! poor soul! And how didst thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this condition, I beg'd him to have a little patience, 'till I could send for Mr. Manly, whom he knew to be a gentleman

man of worth and honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever fraud might be in the Note, that I was my self an innocent, abus'd woman ——— and as good luck would have it, in less than half an hour Mr. *Manly* came ——— so, without mincing the matter, I fairly told him upon what design the Count had lodg'd that Note in your hands; and in short, laid open the whole scheme he had drawn us into, to make our fortune.

Moth. The devil you did!

Myr. Why how do you think it was possible, I could any otherways make Mr. *Manly* my friend, to help me out of the scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. *Cash* easy, and sent away the Constable: nay farther promis'd me, if I would trust the Note in his hands, he would take care it should be fully payd before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample revenge upon the Count. So that all you have to consider now, Madam, is, whether you think your self safer in the Count's hands; or Mr. *Manly's*?

Moth. Nay, nay, child; there is no choice in the matter. Mr. *Manly* may be a friend indeed, if any thing in our power can make him so.

Myr. Well, Madam, and now pray, how stand matters at home here? What has the Count done with the Ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high favour with Miss, as he is with my Lady.

Myr. Pray, where are the Ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own coach; and the well-bred Count along with them. They have been scouring all the shops in town over, buying fine things and new Cloaths, from morning to night: They have made one voyage already; and have brought home such a cargo of bawbles

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and trumpery ——— Mercy on the poor Man that's
to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young Squire go with them?

Moth. No, no. Miss said, truly he would but
disgrace their party; so they even left him asleep by
the Kitchen fire.

Myr. Has not he ask'd after me all this while? for
I had a sort of an assignation with him.

Moth. O yes; he has been in a bitter taking about
it. At last his disappointment grew so uneasy, that
he fairly fell a crying; so to quiet him, I sent one
of the maids and *John Moody* abroad with him, to
shew him ——— the Lions, and the Monument.
Ods me! here he is, just come home again ———
you may have business with him ——— so I'll even
leave you together.

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Soah, soah! Mrs. *Myrtilla*, where han
yow been aw this day, forsooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go to that, Squire; where have
you been, pray?

Squ. Rich. Why, when I fun' 'at you were no
loikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong my
fel ——— So *John Moody*, and I, and one o' your
lassies have been ——— Lord knows where ———
a seeing o' foights.

Myr. Well, and pray what have you seen, Sir?

Squ. Rich. Fleh! I cawnt tell, not I ——— seen
every thing, I think. First there we went o' top
o' the what d'ye call it? There, the great huge
stone post, up the rawnd and rawnd stairs, that
twine and twine about, just an as thof it were a
cork-scrue.

Myr. O, the Monument! well, and was not it a
fine sight, from the top of it?

Squ. Rich. Sight, Miss! I know no' ——— I saw
nowght but smoak and brick housen, and steeple
tops ——— then there was such a mortal ting-
tang

rang of bells, and rumbling of carts and coaches; and then the folks under one look'd so small, and made such a hum, and a buz, it put me in mind of my Mother's great glass bee-hive, in our garden in the country.

Myr. I think, Master, you give a very good account of it.

Squ Rich. Ay! but I did no' like it: For my head ——— my head ——— begun to turn ——— so I trundled me dahn flairs agen, like a round trencher

Myr. Well! but this was not all you saw, I suppose?

Squ Rich. Noa! noa! we went after that, and saw the Lions; and I lik'd them better by hawlf, they are pure grim devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a stick, and gave one of them such a poke o' the noase ——— I believe he would ha' snapt my head off, an he could ha' got me. Hoh! Hoh! Hoh!

Myr. Well, Master, when you and I go abroad, I'll shew you prettier fights than these ——— there's a Masquerade to-morrow.

Squ Rich. O Laud! ay! they say that's a pure thing for *Merry Andrews*, and those sort of comical Mummers ——— and the Count tells me, that there Lads and lasses may jig their tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging, all night lung.

Myr. What would you say now, if I should get you a ticket, and go along with you?

Squ. Rich. Ah dear!

Myr. But have a care, Squire, the fine Ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your heart, of Ads me! They'll whip it up, in the trip of a minute.

Squ. Rich. Ay, but they cawnt thoa ——— soa let 'um look to themselves, an' ony of 'um falls

86 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
in love with me ——— mayhap they had as good
be quiet.

Myr. Why sure you would not refuse a fine Lady,
would you?

Squ. Rich. Ay, but I would tho', unles it were ———
one 'at I know of.

Myr. Oh! ho! Then you have left your heart in
the country, I find?

Squ. Rich. Noa, noa, my heart ——— eh ———
my heart e'ent awt o'this room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, how-
ever.

Squ. Rich. Nay, mayhap not soa noather, some-
body else may have it, 'at you little think of.

Myr. I can't imagine what you mean.

Squ. Rich. Noa, why doan't yow know how many
folks there is in this room, naw?

Myr. Very fine, Master, I see you have learnt
the town gallantry already.

Squ. Rich. Why doan't you believe 'at I have a
kindness for you, then?

Myr. Fy! fy! Master, how you talk! beside you
are too young to think of a wife.

Squ. Rich. Ay! but I caunt help thinking o' yow,
for all that.

Myr. How! why sure, Sir, you don't pretend to
think of me in a dishonourable way?

Squ. Rich. Nay, that's as yow see good ——— I did
no' think 'at yow would ha' thought of me for a
husband, mayhap; unless I had means, in my own
hands; and Feither allows me but hawlf a Crown a
week, as yet a while.

Myr. Oh! when I like any body, 'tis not want of
money will make me refuse them.

Squ. Rich. Well, that's just my mind now; for
'an I like a girl, Miss, I would take her in her
smuck.

Myr.

Myr. Ay, Master, now you speak like a man of honour: This shews something of a true heart in you.

Squ. Rich. Ay, and a true heart you'll find me; try when you will.

Myr. Hush! Hush! Here's your Papa come home, and my Aunt with him.

Squ. Rich. A devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for?

Myr. When you and I get to the Masquerade, you shall see what I'll say to you.

Squ. Rich. Well, hands upon't then ———

Myr. There ———

Squ. Rich. One buss, and a bargain. (*Kisses her.*)
Ads wauntlikins! as soft and plump as a marrow-pudding. (*Exeunt severally.*)

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead, and Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my wife and daughter abroad, say you?

Moth. O dear Sir, they have been mighty busy all the day long; they just came home to snap up a short dinner, and so went out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I shan't stay supper for 'em, I can tell 'em that: For Ods-heart! I have had nothing in me, but a toast and tankard, since morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, these late Parliament-hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Why, truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us country Gentlemen; to lose one meal out of three, is a hard tax upon a good stomach.

Moth. It is so indeed, Sir.

Sir Fran. But, hawsomever, Mrs. Motherly, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the good of our country ———

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh! there's a great deal to be said for't ———

88 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
the good of ones country is above all things ———
A true-hearted *Englishman* thinks nothing too much
for it ——— I have heard of some honest Gentle-
men, so very zealous, that for the good of their
Country ——— they would sometimes go to dinner
at midnight.

Moth. O! the goodness of 'em! sure their coun-
try must have a vast esteem for them.

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. Motherly; they are
so respected when they come home to their Boroughs,
after a Session, and so belov'd ——— that their
country will come and dine with them every day
in the week.

Moth. Dear me! what a fine thing 'tis to be so
populous.

Sir Fran. It is a great comfort, indeed. And I
can assure you, you are a good sensible woman,
Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. O dear Sir, your Honour's pleas'd to com-
pliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value
people of consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's company, Sir; will you
give me leave to get you a broil'd bone, or so, 'till
the Ladies come home, Sir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I don't think it would be
amiss.

Moth. It shall be done in a moment, Sir. (*Exit.*
Enter Manly.

Man. Sir Francis, your Servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin Manly!

Man. I am come to see how the family goes on
here.

Sir Fran. Troth, all as busy as bees; I have been
upon the wing ever since eight a-clock this
morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I suppose you
have been making your court to some of the great
men.

Sir

Sir Fran. Why, faith! you have hit it, Sir — I was advis'd to lose no time: So I e'en went strait forward, to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing business: But who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, no body — I remember'd I had heard a wise man say — my Son, be bold — so troth, I introduc'd my self.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, thus — Look ye — Please your Lordship, says I, I am *Sir Francis Wronghead of Bumper-hall*, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Guzzledown* — Sir, your humble Servant, says my Lord; thof I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest Gentleman, and I am glad your Borough has made choice of so worthy a Representative, and so, says he, *Sir Francis*, have you any service to command me? Naw, Cousin! those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And thof I know, Sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet, I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

Sir Fran. So when I found him so courteous — My Lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordship with business upon my first visit; but since your Lordship is pleas'd not to stand upon ceremony — why truly, says I, I think naw is as good as another time.

Man. Right! there you pusht him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd ones.

Man. Very good!

Sir Fran. So, in short, my Lord: says I, I have a good estate — but — a — it's a leetle awt at elbows; and as I desire to serve my

90 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
King, as well as my Country, I shall be very willing
to accept of a place at Court.

Man. So, this was making short work on't.

Sir Fran. I' cod! I shot him flying, Cousin:
Some of your hawlf-witted ones naw, would ha'
hummd and haw'd, and dangled a month or two
after him, before they dūrst open their mouths
about a place, and mayhap, not ha' got it at last
neither ———

Man. Oh! I'm glad you're so sure on't ———

Sir Fran. You shall hear, Cousin ——— *Sir*
Francis, says my Lord, pray what sort of place may
you ha' turn'd your thoughts upon? My Lord,
says I, Beggars must not be chusers; but ony place,
says I, about a thousand a year, will be wel enough
to be doing with 'till something better falls in ———
for I thought it would not look well to stond hagg-
ling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your business was to get footing
any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ah Cousin, I see you
know the world.

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every
day ——— well! but what said my Lord to all
this?

Sir Fran. *Sir Francis*, says he, I shall be glad to
serve you any way, that lies in my power; so he
gave me a squeeze by the hond, as much as to say,
give your self no trouble ——— I'll do your bu-
siness; with that he turn'd him abawt to somebody,
with a colour'd ribon a-cross here, that look'd in
my thoughts, as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! so, upon these hopes, you are to
make your fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's ony doubt
of it, Sir?

Man. Oh no, I have not the least doubt about it ---
for

for just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a place, Cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, Cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune: for I suppose my Lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day — You have been since down at the House, I presume!

Sir Fran. O, yes! I would not neglect the House, for ever so much.

Man. Well! and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why, troth, I can't well tell you, what they have done; but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happen'd to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there, into a sort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation — and I were always for that, you know — but in short, the Arguments were so long-winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did not well understand 'um: However, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote right, according to my conscience — so, when they came to put the question, as they call it, — I don't know how 'twas — but I doubt I cry'd ay! when I should ha' cry'd no!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by a mistake, as I tell you — for there was a good-humour'd sort of a Gentleman, one Mr. *Totherside* I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cry'd No, gives me a hearty shake by the hand; Sir, says he, you are a man of honour, and a true *Englishman*! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you — and so with that, he takes me by the sleeve,

92 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
sleeve, along with the crowd, into the Lobby ———
so, I knew nowght ——— but Ods flesh! I was got
o'th' wrung side the post ——— for I were told,
afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your
fortune before, you have clinched it now! ———
Ah! thou head of the *Wrongheads!* (*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Odsfo! here's my Lady come home at
last ——— I hope, Cousin, you will be so kind,
as to take a family supper with us?

Man. Another time, *Sir Francis*; but to-night,
I am engag'd.

*Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count
Basset.*

La. Wrong. Cousin, your Servant; I hope you
will pardon my rudeness: But we have really been
in such a continual hurry here, that we have not
had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

Man. O Madam! I am a man of no ceremony;
you see that has not hinder'd my coming again.

La. Wrong. You are infinitely obliging: but I'll
redeem my credit with you.

Man. At your own time, Madam.

C. Baf. I must say that for Mr *Manly*, Madam;
if making people easy is the rule of good-breeding,
he is certainly the best-bred man in the world.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I
find ——— (*Aside.*) I am afraid, Sir, I shall grow
vain upon your good opinion.

C. Baf. I don't know that, Sir; but I am sure, what
you are pleas'd to say, makes me so.

Man. The most impudent modesty that ever I
met with. (*Aside.*

La. Wrong. Lard! how ready his wit is? (*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Don't you think, Sir, the Count's a very fine gentleman?

Man. O! among the Ladies, certainly.

Sir Fran. And yet he's as stout as a Lion: waund, he'll storm any thing. *Apart.*

Man. Will he so? why then, Sir, take care of your Cittadel.

Sir Fran. Ah! you are a wag, Cousin.

Man. I hope, Ladies, the town air continues to agree with you?

Jenny. O! perfectly well, Sir. We have been abroad in our new coach all day long ——— and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade! and on *Friday* to the Play! and on *Saturday* to the Opera! and on *Sunday*, we are to be at the what-d'ye-call it ——— Assembly, and see the Ladies play at Quadrille, and Picquet, and Ombre, and Hazard, and Basset! and on *Monday*, we are to see the King! and so on *Tuesday* ———

La. Wrong. Hold, hold, Miss! You must not let your tongue run so fast, child ——— You forget: You know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

Man. Yes, yes! and she is improv'd with a vengeance. *(Aside.)*

Jenny. Lawrd! Mama, I am sure I did not say any harm! and, if one must not speak in one turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for ought I see.

La. Wrong. O' my conscience, this girl grows so head-strong ———

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you! Now tack it down, an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, Papa, was only to entertain my Cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty dear, I am mightily oblig'd to you. *Jenny*

94 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*

Jenny. Look you there now, Madam.

La. Wrong. Hold your tongue, I say.

Jenny. (*Turning away and glowing*) I declare it, I won't bear it: she is always a snubbing me before you, Sir! — I know why she does it, well enough —

(*Aside to the Count*)

C. Bas. Hush! hush, my dear! don't be uneasy at that! she'll suspect us. (*Aside.*)

Jenny. Let her suspect, what do I care — I don't know, but I have as much reason to suspect, as she; tho' perhaps I'm not so afraid of her.

C. Bas. (*Aside.*) I' gad, if I don't keep a tight hand on my Tit, here, she'll run away with my project before I can bring it to bear.

La. Wron. (*Aside*) Perpetually hanging upon him! The young harlot is certainly in love with him: but I must not let them see I think so — and yet I can't bear it. Upon my life, Count, you'll spoil that forward girl — You should not encourage her so.

C. Bas. Pardon me, Madam, I was only advising her to observe what your Ladyship said to her.

Man. Yes, truly her observations have been something particular. (*Aside.*)

C. Bas. In one word, Madam, she has a jealousy of your Ladyship, and I am forc'd to encourage her, to blind it: 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me.

La. Wrong. You are right, I will be more cautious.

Apart.

C. Bas. To-morrow at the Masquerade, we may lose her.

La. Wrong. We shall be observ'd. I'll send you a note, and settle that affair — go on with the girl, and don't mind me.

C. Bas.

A Journey to London.

95

C. Bas. I have been taking your part, my little Angel.

La. Wrong. Jenny! come hither child ——— You must not be so hasty, my dear ——— I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, Mama; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fairsex; Miss, and her Mama, have only quarrell'd, because they are both of a mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel step into the family. *(Aside.)*

Enter Myrtilla. Manly talks apart with her.

La. Wrong. Well, Sir Francis, and what news have you brought us, from *Westmunster*, to-day?

Sir Fran. News, Madam? I'cod! I have some ——— and such as does not come every day, I can tell you ——— a word in your ear ——— I have got a promise of a place at Court of a thousand pawnd a year, already.

La. Wrong. Have you so Sir? And pray who may you thank for it? Now! who's in the right? Is not this better, than throwing so much away, after a stinking pack of fox-hounds, in the country? Now your family may be the better for it.

Sir Fran. Nay! that's what persuaded me to come up, my dove.

La. Wrong. Mighty well ——— come ——— let me have another hundred pound then.

Sir Fran. Another, child? Waunds! You have had one hundred this morning, pray what's become of that, my dear?

La. Wrong. What's become of it? why I'll shew you, my love! *Jenny!* Have you the bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, Mama.

La. Wrong. What's become of it? why laid out,
my

my dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forc'd to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, Papa, and that would hardly do neither ——— There's th' account.

Sir Fran. (*Turning over the bills.*) Let's see! let's see! what the devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have sounded your Aunt you say, and she readily comes in to all I propos'd to you?

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article: she mightily desires to see you, Sir.

Apart.

Man. I am going home, directly: bring her to my house in half an hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Ods-life! Madam, here's nothing but toys, and trinkets, and fauns, and clock-stockings, by wholesale!

La. Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, Sir Francis ——— Nay you see, I am so good so housewife, that in necessaries for my self, I have scarce laid out a shilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o' one thing's here, that I can see you have any occasion for!

La Wrong. My dear! do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion? why the greatest distinction of a fine Lady in this town, is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

Jenny. Sure Papa, could you imagine, that women of Quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

La Wrong. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So! the family comes on finely. (*Aside.*

La Wrong. Lard! if men were always to govern, what dowdys would they reduce their wives to?

Sir

Sir Fran. An hundred pound in the morning, and want another afore night! waunds and fire! The Lord Mayor of *London* could not hold it, at this rate!

Man. O! do you feel it, Sir? (*Aside.*

La Wrong. My dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred pound, and compose your self.

Sir Fran. Compose the Devil, Madam! why do you consider what a hundred pound a day comes to in a year?

La Wrong. My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all that my head is able to bear at a time ——— But I'll tell you what I consider ——— I consider, that my advice has got you a thousand pound a year this morning ——— that, now, methinks you might consider, Sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a year! waunds, Madam, but I have not touch'd a penny of it yet!

Man. Nor never will, I'll answer for him. (*Aside.*

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coal'd; an I'd fain pick a bit with you.

La. Wrong. Bless me, Sir Francis! You are not going to sup by your self?

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by my self, and that's pretty near the matter, Madam.

La. Wron. Had not you as good stay a little, my dear? we shall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my Cousin *Manly* to take a family morsel, with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my Cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey, without baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir Francis. I am going upon a little business.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir, I know you don't love compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, Madam —

La. Wrong. Since you have business, Sir —
(*Exit Manly.*)

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

O, Mrs. Motherly! You were saying this morning, you had some very fine Lace to show me — can't I see it now? (Sir Francis stares.)

Moth. Why really, Madam, I had made a sort of a promise, to let the Countess of Nicely have the first sight of it, for the birth-day: But your Ladyship —

La. Wrong. O! I die, if I don't see it before her.

Squ. Rich. Woan't you goa, Feyther?

Sir Fran. Waunds! Lad, I shall ha' noa } *Apart.*
stomach, at this rate.

Moth. Well, Madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest pattern, that ever came over — and for fineness — no cobweb comes up to it!

Sir Fran. Ods gutts, and gizzard, Madam! lace as fine as a cobweb! why what the devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, if Sir Francis does not like of it, Madam —

La. Wrong. He like it! dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Flesh, Madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it!

La. Wrong. No doubt on't! think of your thousand a year, and who got it you, go! eat your dinner, and be thankful, go (*driving him to the door*) Come Mrs. Motherly. (*Exit La. Wronghead with Mrs. Motherly.*)

Sir Fran. Very fine! so here I mun fast, 'till I am almost famish'd for the good of my country; while Madam is laying me out an hundred pound a-day in lace, as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family! Ods flesh! things had need go well, at this rate!

Squ.

Squ. Rich. Nay, nay ——— come Feyther.

(*Ex. Sir Fran.*)

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my Lady desires you and the Count will please to come, and assist her fancy, in some of the new laces.

C. Bas. We'll wait upon her ——— (*Ex. Mrs. Moth.*)

Jenny. So! I told you how it was: You see she can't bear to leave us together.

C. Bas. No matter, my dear; You know she has ask'd me to stay supper: So, when your Papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. *Myrtilla* will let me into the house again; then may you steal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty little sneaker of punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, Madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well! that will be pure!

C. Bas. But you had best go to her alone, my life: it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: and to-morrow, you know at the masquerade. And then! ——— hey! O! I'll have a Husband and marry. (*Ex. singing.*)

Myr. So Sir! am not I very commode to you?

C. Bas. Well, child, and don't you find your account in it? Did not I tell you we might still be of use to one another?

Myr. Well, but how stands your affair with Mrs. ——— in the main?

C. Bas. O she's mad for the Masquerade! it drives like a nail, we want nothing now but a Parson, to clinch it. Did not your Aunt say she could get one at a short warning?

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord *Townly's* Chaplain is her Cousin you know; he'll do your business and mine, at the same time.

C. Bas. O! it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Why you know my Lady Townly's house is always open to the masques upon a ball-night, before they go to the *Hay-market*.

C. Bas. Good.

Myr. Now the Doctor proposes, we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his Chamber, he says, and there — crack — he'll give us all a canonical commission to go to-bed together.

C. Bas. Admirable! Well, the Devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

Myr. And may the black Gentleman tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think my self oblig'd to you, as long as I live.

C. Bas. One kiss, for old acquaintance sake — I' gad I shall want to be busy again.

Myr. O you'll have one shortly that will find you employment: But I must run to my Squire.

C. Bas. And I to the Ladies — so your humble servant, sweet Mrs. *Wronghead*.

Myr. Yours, as in duty bound, most noble Count *Basset*. (Exit *Myr.*)

C. Bas. Why ay! Count! that title has been of some use to me indeed: not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue riband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it: I have loll'd in my own chariot, dealt at Assemblies, din'd with Ambassadors, and made one at Quadrille with the first women of Quality — But — *Tempora mutantur* — since that damn'd Squadron at *White's* have left me out of their last secret, I am reduc'd to trade upon my own stock of industry, and make my last push upon a wife: If my card comes up right (which I think can't

can't fail) I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them. For since our modern men of Quality are grown wise enough to be Sharpers; I think Sharpers are fools, that don't take up the airs of men of Quality.

(*Exit.*)



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Lord Townly's House*

Enter Manly, and Lady Grace.

Man. **T**HERE's something, Madam, hangs upon your mind, to-day.

La. Grace. Since you will know it — my Sister then — unhappy woman!

Man. What of her?

La. Grace. I fear, is on the brink of ruin.

Man. I am sorry for it — what has happen'd?

La. Grace. Nothing so very new! but the continual repetition of it, at last has rous'd my Brother to an intemperance, that I tremble at.

Man. Have they had any words upon it?

La. Grace. He has not seen her since yesterday.

Man. What! not at home all night!

La. Grace. About five this morning, in she came: but with such looks, and such an equipage of misfortunes, at her heels — what can become of her?

Man. Has not my Lord seen her, say you?

La. Grace. No! he chang'd his bed last night — I sat with him alone 'till twelve, in expectation of her:

her: But, when the clock struck, he started from his chair, and grew incens'd to that degree, that had I not, almost on my knees, dissuaded him, he had order'd the doors, that instant, to have been locked against her.

Man. How terrible is his situation! when the most justifiable severities he can use against her, are liable to be the mirth of all the dissolute card-tables in town.

La. Grace. 'Tis that, I know, has made him bear so long: But you, that feel for him, Mr. Manly, will assist him to support his honour, and if possible, preserve his quiet: therefore, I beg you don't leave the house, 'till one, or both of them can be wrought to better temper.

Man. How amiable is this concern, in you?

La. Grace. For heaven's sake don't mind me, but think on something to preserve us all.

Man. I shall not take the merit of obeying your commands, Madam, to serve my Lord — but pray Madam, let me into all that has past, since yester-night.

La. Grace. When my intreaties had prevail'd upon my Lord, not to make a story for the town, by so publick a violence, as shutting her at once out of his doors; he order'd the next apartment to my Lady's, to be made ready for him — while that was doing — I try'd, by all the little arts that I was Mistress of, to amuse him into temper; in short, a silent grief was all I could reduce him to — on this, we took our leaves, and parted to our repose; what his was, I imagine by my own: For I ne'er clos'd my eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my Lady at the door; so I flipt on a gown, and sat almost an hour with her, in her own chamber.

Man. What said she, when she did not find my Lord there?

La.

La. Grace. O! so far from being shock'd, or alarm'd at it; that she blest the occasion! and said, that in her condition, the chat of a female friend was far preferable to the best Husband's company in the world.

Man. Where has she spirits to support so much insensibility?

La. Grace. Nay, 'tis incredible! for though she has lost every shilling she had in the world, and stretch'd her credit ev'n to breaking, she rallied her own follies with such vivacity, and painted the penance, she knows she must undergo for them, in such ridiculous lights, that had not my concern for a Brother been too strong for her wit, she had almost disarm'd my anger.

Man. Her mind may have another cast by this time: The most flagrant dispositions have their hours of anguish, which their pride conceals from company: but pray, Madam, how could she avoid coming down to dine?

La. Grace. O! she took care of that, before she went to bed; by ordering her woman, whenever she was ask'd for, to say, she was not well.

Man. You have seen her since she was up, I presume?

La. Grace. Up! I question whether she be awake yet.

Man. Terrible! what a figure does she make now! That Nature should throw away so much beauty upon a creature, to make such a flatteringly use of it!

La. Grace. O fy! there is not a more elegant beauty in town, when she's drest.

Man. In my eye, Madam, she that's early drest, has ten times her elegance.

La. Grace. But she won't be long now, I believe: for I think I see her chocolate going up—— Mrs. Trusty—— a hem!

Mrs. Trusty comes to the door.

Man. (Aside.) Five a clock in the afternoon, for a Lady of Quality's breakfast, is an elegant hour, indeed! which to shew her more polite way of living too, I presume she eats in her bed.

La. Grace. (to Mrs. Trusty.) And when she is up, I would be glad she would let me come to her toilet-- That's all, *Mrs. Trusty.*

Trusty. I will be sure to let her Ladyship know, Madam, *(Ex. Mrs. Trusty.)*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir, desires to speak with you.

Man. He comes unseasonably ——— what shall I do with him?

La. Grace. O see him by all means, we shall have time enough; in the mean while I'll step in, and have an eye upon my Brother. Nay, nay, don't mind me ——— You have business. ———

Man. You must be obey'd ———

(Retreating while Lady Grace goes out.)

Desire Sir Francis to walk in. ——— *(Ex. Servant.)*
I suppose by this time his wife worship begins to find that the ballance of his journey to London is on the wrong side.

Enter Sir Francis.

Sir Francis, your Servant; how came I by the favour of this extraordinary visit?

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin!

Man. Why that sorrowful face, Man?

Sir Fran. I have no friend alive but you ———

Man. I am sorry for that ——— but what's the matter?

Sir Fran. I have plaid the fool by this journey. I see now ——— for my bitter wife ———

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the devil!

Man. Why truly, that's a part that most of your
fine

fine Ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

Sir Fran. If I am a living Man, Cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pound, since yesterday morning!

Man. Hah! I see a good house-wife will do a great deal of work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work do they call it? Fine work indeed!

Man. Well! but how do you mean, made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be — but I suppose you have an account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the account, indeed; but I mun needs say, it's a verry sorry one.

Man. Pray let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, first, I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsome about her, to let the world see that I was some-body. And I thought that sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and, in the Country, might have serv'd her a twelvemonth.

Sir Fran. Why so it might — but here in this fine tawn, forsooth! it could not get through four and twenty hours — for, in half that time, it was all squandered away in bawbles, and new fashion'd trumpery.

Man. O! for Ladies in London, Sir Francis, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa! there's the plague on't! the devil o'one usefull thing do I see for it, but two pair of lac'd shoes, and those stond me in three paund three shillings a pair too.

Man. Dear Sir! this is nothing! why we have city wives here, that, while their good Man is selling three penny-worth of sugar, will give you twenty pound for a short apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! what a mortal poor devil is a Husband!

Man. Well, but I hope, you have nothing else to complain of?

Sir Fran. Ah! would I could say so too ——— but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my heart, than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be disposed of?

Sir Fran. Troth, I am almost ashamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why she has been at an Assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all sup't at home last night?

Sir Fran. Why so we did ——— and all as merry as grigs ——— I' kod! my heart was so open, that I toss'd another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with ——— but the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady *Townly* here (——— who between you and I —— mum! Has had the devil to pay yonder ——) with another rantipol dame of Quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady *Noble's* Assembly forsooth —— a few words, you may be sure, made the bargain —— so, bawnce! and away they drive as if the Devil had got into the coach-box —— so about for or five in the morning —— home again comes Madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head —— and my poor hundred pound left behind her at the Hazard-table.

Man. All lost at dice!

Sir Fran. Every shilling —— among a parcel of pigtail Puppies, and pale-fac'd Women of Quality.

Man. But pray, Sir *Francis*, how came you, after you found her so ill an house-wife of one sum, so soon to trust her with another?

Sir Fran. Why truly, I mun say that was partly my own fault; for if I had not been a blab of
my

my tongue; I believe that last hundred might have been sav'd.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an Owl, as I was, out of goodwill, forsooth, partly to keep her in humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand pound a year, I had just got the promise of — I' cod! she lays her claws upon it that moment — said it was all owing to her advice, and truly she would have her share on't.

Man. What, before you had it your self?

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's what I told her — my dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year.

Man. *Sir Francis*, I have heard you, with a great deal of patience, and I really feel compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, Cousin, for I don't see that my wife's goodness is a bit the better, for bringing to *London*.

Man. If you remember, I gave you a hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why ay, it's true you did so: But the Devil himself could not have believ'd she would have rid post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop, as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah! this *London* is a base place indeed — waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at *Westmunster*, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a jayl?

Man. Why truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah! would you could tell me that, Cousin.

Man. The way lies plain before you, Sir; the same road that brought you hither will carry you safe home again.

Sir

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Sir Fran. Ods-flesh! Cousin, what! and leave a thousand pound a year behind me?

Man. Pooh! pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your family, and you are a faver by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, Cousin, what a scurvy figure shall I make in the country, if I come dawn withawt it!

Man. You will make a much more lamentable figure in a jayl, without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great opinion of it then, Cousin?

Man. *Sir Francis*, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: You don't yet see half the ruin that's before you!

Sir Fran. Good-lack! How may you mean, Cousin?

Man. In one word, your whole affairs stand thus ——— In a week, you will lose your seat, at *Westmunster*: In a fortnight, my Lady will run you into a jayl, by keeping the best company ——— In four and twenty hours, your Daughter will run away with a Sharper, because she has not been used to better company: And your Son will steal into marriage with a cast Mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

Sir Fran. I'th' name o' goodness why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it, to-morrow morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! You frighten me ——— well, Sir, I will be govern'd by yow: But what am I to do in this case?

Man. I have not time here to give you proper instructions: but about eight this ev'ning, I'll call at your lodgings: and there you shall have full conviction, how much I have it at heart to serve you.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir Fran. Well then, I'll go strait home, naw.

Man. At eight depend upon me.

Sir Fran. Ah dear Cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us! what a terrible journey have I made on't! (*Ex. severally.*)

The SCENE opens to a Dressing-room.

Lady Townly, as just up, walks to her Toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Dear Madam, what should make your Ladyship so out of order?

La. Town. How is it possible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of sleep?

Trusty. Dear me! it was so long before you rung; Madam, I was in hopes your Ladyship had been finely compos'd.

La. Town. Compos'd! why I have layn in an Inn here! this house is worse than an Inn with ten stage-coaches! What between my Lords impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intollerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

Trusty. Indeed, Madam, it's a great pity, my Lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of Quality — though I must say that, Madam, your Ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial menager, in town.

La. Town. Oh! You are quite mistaken, *Trusty!* I menage very ill! for notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over-fond of my Lord — Yet I want money infinitely oftner than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty.

Trusty. Ah! if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, Madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

La. Town. Oh! don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, Madam!

La. Town. Broke! ruin'd! plunder'd! — stripp'd, even to a confiscation of my last Guinea.

Trusty. You don't tell me so, Madam.

La. Town. And where to raise ten pound in the world — what is to be done, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam: but maybe your Ladyship may have a run of better fortune, upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

La. Town. But I have not a single guinea, to try my fortune.

Trusty. Hah! that's a bad business indeed, Madam — a dad! I have a thought in my head Madam, if it is not too late —

La. Town. Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee.

Trusty. Has not the Steward something of fifty pound Madam, that you left in his hands, to pay somebody about this time?

La. Town. O! ay! I had forgot — 't was to — a — what's his filthy name?

Trusty. Now I remember, Madam, 't was to Mr. *Lutestring* your old mercer, that your Ladyship turn'd off, about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

La. Town. The very wretch! if he has not paid it, run quickly, dear *Trusty*, and bid him bring it hither immediately — (*Exit Trusty.*) Well! sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five! five, and nine, against poor seven for ever! — No! after that horrid bar of my chance, that *Lady Wronghead's* fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was im-

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III

impossible, ever, to win another stake ——— Sit up all night! lose all ones money! dream of winning thousands! wake without a shilling! and then ——— how like a hag I look! in short ——— the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder! If it were not for shame now, I could almost think, *Lady Grace's* sober scheme not quite so ridiculous ——— If my wise Lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 't is odds, but I should hate the town in a fortnight ——— but I will not be driven out of it, that's positive! (Trusty returns.)

Trusty. O Madam! there is no bearing it! Mr. *Lute-string* was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair foot; and the Seward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

La. Town. Run to the stair-case head, again ——— and scream to him, that I must speak with him this instant. (Trusty runs out, and speaks.)

Trusty. Mr. *Poundage* ——— a hem! Mr. *Poundage*, a word with you quickly!

Pound. (within.) I'll come to you presently.

Trusty. Presently won't do, man, you must come this minute.

Pound. I am but just paying a little money, here. > without,

Trusty. Cods my life! paying money? is the man distracted? Come here I tell you, to my Lady, this moment, quick!

(Trusty returns.)

La. Town. Will the monster come, or no? ———

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, Madam, he is hobbling up, as fast as he can.

La. Town. Don't let him come in — for he will keep such a babbling about his accounts, — my brain is not able to bear him.

(Pound-

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(Poundage comes to the door with a money-bag
in his hand.)

Trusty. O! it's well you are come, Sir! where's the fifty pound?

Pound. Why here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time — the man's now writing a receipt, below, for it.

Trusty. No matter! my Lady says, you must not pay him with that money, there is not enough, it seems; there's a Pistole, and a Guinea, that is not good, in it — besides there is a mistake in the account too — (*Twitching the Bag from him.*) But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. what-d'ye-call-um call another time.

La. Town. What is all that noise there?

Pound. Why an it please your Ladyship —

La. Town. Pr'ythee! don't plague me now, but do as you were order'd.

Pound. Nay what your Ladyship pleases, Madam — — —
(*Exit Poundage.*)

Trusty. There they are Madam — — — (*Pours the money out of the bag.*) The pretty things — were so near falling into a nasty Tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them — I fancy your Ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake — thank you Madam.
(*Takes a Guinea.*)

La. Town. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No, but your Ladyship look'd as if you were just going to bid me, and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, Madam.

La. Town. Well! thou hast deserv'd it; and so, for once — but hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder? Though I think now we may compound for a little of his ill humour —

Trusty. I'll listen.

La. Town. Pr'ythee do.

(*Trusty goes to the door.*
Trusty.)

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Trust. Ay! they are at it Madam ——— he is in a bitter passion, with poor *Poundage* ——— bless me! I believe he'll beat him ——— mercy on us, how the wretch swears!

La. Town. And a sober Citizen too! that's a shame.

Trust. Hah! I think all's silent, of a sudden ——— may be the Porter has knock'd him down ——— I'll step and see ——— (*Exit Trusty.*)

La. Town. Those trades-people are the troublesomest creatures: no words will satisfy them.

(*Trusty returns.*)

Trust. O Madam! undone! undone! My Lord has just bolted out upon the Man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over ——— if your Ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

La. Town. No matter; it will come round presently: I shall have it all from my Lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

Trusty. O lud! Madam! Here's my Lord just coming in.

La. Town. Do you get out of the way then. (*Exit Trusty.*) I am afraid I want spirits; but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

La. Town. How comes it, Madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous, in my house, for money due to him, from you?

La. Town. You don't expect, my Lord, that I should answer for other peoples impertinence?

La. Town. I expect, Madam, you should answer for your own extravagances, that are the occasion of it ——— I thought I had given you money three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

La. Town. Yes; but you see they never are to be satisfied.

L. Town. Nor am I, Madam, longer to be abus'd thus! what's become of the last five hundred, I gave you?

La. Town. Gone.

L. Town. Gone! what way, Madam?

La. Town. Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

L. Town. 'Tis well! I see ruin will make no impression, 'till it falls upon you.

La. Town. In short; my Lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

L. Town. Madam, Madam! I will be heard, and make you answer.

La. Town. Make me! then I must tell you, my Lord, this is a language I have not been us'd to, and I won't bear it.

L. Town. Come, come, Madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

La. Town. My Lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear; on your side, I can assure you.

L. Town. Pooh! Your spirit grows ridiculous — You have neither honour, worth, or innocence, to support it.

La. Town. You'll find, at least, I have resentment! and do you look well to the provocation.

L. Town. After those you have given me, Madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

La. Town. I scorn your imputation, and your menaces. The narrowness of your heart's your monitor: 'tis there! there my Lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many husbands of an equal rank to you.

L. Town. Death, Madam! do you presume upon your corporal merit, that your person's less tainted,

ted, than your mind ! is it there ! there alone an honest husband can be injur'd ? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the heart of woman ? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family disclam'd, for nights consum'd in riot and extravagance ? The wanton does no more ; if she conceals her shame, does less : and sure the dissolute avow'd, as sorely wrongs my honour, and my quiet.

La. Town. I see, my Lord, what sort of wife might please you.

L. Town. Ungrateful woman ! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her ——— I am amaz'd our Legislature has left no precedent of a divorce for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person : when a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is't to me, whether a black ace, or a powder'd Coxcomb has possession of it ?

La. Town. If you have not found it yet, my Lord ; this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

L. Town. That, Madam, I have long despair'd of ; and since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit, that with our hearts, our persons too should separate ——— This house you sleep no more in. Tho your content might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband, yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

La. Town. Your style, my Lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour.

L. Town. Madam, Madam ! this is no time for compliments ——— I have done with you.

La. Town. If we had never met, my Lord, I had not broke my heart for it : But have a care ! I may not, perhaps, be so easily recall'd as you imagine.

L. Town. Recall'd! ——— Who's there!
(Enter a Servant.) Desire my Sister and Mr. Manly
to walk up.

La. Town. My Lord, you may proceed as you
please, but pray what indiscretions have I commit-
ted, that are not daily practis'd by a hundred other
women of Quality?

L. Town. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, Ma-
dam, that makes the patience of a husband less
contemptible: And tho' a bad one may be the
best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in
the world, that keeps his misfortune out of doors,
than he that tamely keeps her within.

La. Town. I don't know what figure you may
make, my Lord! but I shall have no reason to
be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may
meet you.

L. Town. Be sparing of your spirit, Madam, you'll
need it to support you.

Enter Lady Grace, and Manly.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of
you, which wants more apologies, than words can
make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my Lord, that I
may have the greater merit in obliging you.

L. Town. Sister, I have the same excuse to intreat
of you too.

La. Grace. To your request, I beg, my Lord.

L. Town. Thus then ——— as you both were
present at my ill-consider'd marriage, I now desire
you each will be a witness of my determin'd sepa-
ration ——— I know, Sir, your good-nature, and
my Sister's, must be shock'd at the office I impose
on you: But, as I don't ask your justification of my
cause, so I hope you are conscious ——— that ill
woman can't reproach you, if you are silent, upon
her side.

Manly

Man. My Lord, I never thought, 'till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

La. Grace. (*Aside.*) Heavens! how I tremble!

L. Town. For you, my Lady *Townly*, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you — the world, I fear, is too well inform'd of them — For the good Lord, your dead Father's sake, I will still support you, as his Daughter — As the Lord *Townly's* wife, you have had every thing a fond Husband could bestow, and (to our mutual shame I speak it) more than happy wives desire — but those indulgencies must end. State, equipage, and splendor but ill become the vices that misuse 'em — the decent necessaries of life shall be supply'd — but not one article to luxury! Not even the coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again! Your tender Aunt, my Lady *Lovemore*, with tears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where if time, and your condition brings you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increas'd — But, if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less: nor will I call that soul my friend, that names you in my hearing.

La Grace. My heart bleeds for her. (*Aside.*)

L. Town. O *Manly*! look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love! there was a time when I believ'd that form incapable of vice, or of decay! there! I, for ever, hop'd to find a cheerful companion, an agreeable intimate, a faithful friend, a useful help-mate, and a tender mother — But oh! how bitter now the disappointment!

Man. The world is different in its sense of happiness: Offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

L. Town. Fear me not.

Man. 'This last reproach, I see, has struck her.
(*Aside.*

L. Town. No, let me not (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever) let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes — I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of Scandal: and as I am conscious, severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion rais'd against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be question'd, do her Fame that justice.

La. Town. O Sister! (*turns to La. Grace weeping.*

L. Town. When I am spoken of, where without favour this action may be convuls'd, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure.
(*Going.*

La. Town. Support me! save me! hide me from the world!
(*Falls on La. Grace's neck.*

L. Town. (*Returning.*) — I had forgot me — You have no share in my resentment, therefore, as you have liv'd in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms, than suit the honour of an injur'd Husband. (*Offers to go out.*

Man. (*Interposing*) My Lord, you must not, shall not leave her, thus: One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong. If looks can speak the anguish of the heart, I'll answer with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

L. Town. Consider, since we no more can meet; press not my staying, to insult her.

La. Town. Yet stay, my Lord — the little I would say, will not deserve an insult; and undeserv'd, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've call'd in friends, to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

L. Town.

L. Town. I shan't refuse you that, Madam —
be it so.

La. Town. My Lord, you ever have complain'd,
I wanted love; but as you kindly have allow'd I
never gave it to another; so when you hear the
story of my heart, though you may still complain,
you will not wonder at my coldness.

La. Grace. This promises a reverse of temper.
(*Apart.*

Man. This, my Lord, you are concern'd to
hear!

L. Town. Proceed, I am attentive.

La. Town. Before I was your bride, my Lord,
the flattering world had talk'd me into beauty;
which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirm'd:
wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves,
I triumph'd over hearts, while all my pleasure was
their pain: Yet was my own so equally insensible
to all, that when a Father's firm commands en-
joyn'd me to make choice of one; I even there
declin'd the liberty he gave, and to his own ele-
ction yielded up my youth — His tender care,
my Lord, directed him to you — our hands
were join'd; but still my heart was wedded to its
folly: My only joy was power, command, society,
profuseness, and to lead in pleasures: The hus-
band's right to rule, I thought a vulgar law, which
only the deform'd, or meanly-spirited obey'd. I
knew no directors, but my passions, no master but
my will. Even you, my Lord, some time o'er-
come by love, were pleas'd with my delights; nor
then foresaw this mad misuse of your indulgence
— And, though I call my self ungrate-
ful, while I own it, yet, as a truth, it cannot
be deny'd — That kind indulgence has un-
done me: it added strength to my habitual fail-
ings, and in a heart thus warm, in wild un-
thinking

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thinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love
was lost.

L. Town. O Manly! where has this crea-
ture's heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable ——— How } *Apart,*
vast a treasure?

La. Town. What I have said, my Lord, is not
my excuse, but my confession! My errors (give
'em, if you please, a harder name) cannot be de-
fended. No! what's in its nature wrong, no words
can palliate, no plea can alter. What then remains
in my condition, but resignation to your pleasure?
Time only can convince you of my future conduct:
Therefore, 'till I have liv'd an object of forgive-
ness, I dare not hope for pardon ——— The
penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the
innocent; but to have deserv'd this separation, will
strow perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

La. Grace. O happy, heavenly hearing!

La. Town. Sister, farewell! (*Kissing her.*) Your
virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls
on me: But when you think I have atton'd my fol-
lies past, ——— persuade your injur'd brother to
forgive them.

L. Town. No Madam! Your errors thus renounc'd,
this instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a sense
of them, has made you, what my utmost wishes
form'd, and all my heart has sigh'd for.

La. Town. (*turning to Lady Grace.*) How odious
does this goodness make me!

La. Grace. How amiable your thinking so?

L. Town. Long parted friends, that pass through
easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness
in their meeting: but from a shipwreck sav'd, we
mingle tears with our embraces! — (*Embracing Lady*

Townly.

La.

La. Town. What words! what love! what duty can repay such obligations?

L. Town. Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless!

La. Town. Oh! ——— 'Till this moment; never did I know, my Lord, I had a heart to give you.

L. Town. By heav'n, this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable! O *Manly*! Sister! as you have often shar'd in my disquiet, partake of my felicity! my new-born joy! see here the bride of my desires! This may be call'd my wedding-day!

La. Grace. Sister! (for now methinks that name is dearer to my heart than ever) let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow —

L. Town. To make our happiness compleat, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

La. Town. Sister! a day like this —

La. Grace. Admits of no excuse against the general joy. *(Gives her hand to Manly.)*

Man. A joy like mine ——— despairs of words to speak it.

L. Town. O *Manly*! how the name of Friend endears the Brother! *(Embracing him.)*

Man. Your words, my Lord, will warm me, to deserve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the apartments are full of Masqueraders ——— And some people of Quality there desire to see your Lordship, and my Lady.

La. Town. I thought, my Lord, your orders had forbid this revelling?

L. Town. No, my dear, *Manly* has desir'd their admittance to-night, it seems upon a particular occasion ——— Say we will wait upon them instantly. (Exit Serv.)

La. Town. I shall be but ill company to them.

L. Town. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. Lady *Grace* will assist you to entertain them.

La. Town. With her, my Lord, I shall be always easy ——— Sister, to your unerring virtue, I now commit the guidance of my future days ———

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded innocence shall lead.

For in the married state, the world must own,
Divided happiness was never known.

To make it mutual, nature points the way;

Let Husbands govern, gentle wives obey. (Exeunt.)

The SCENE opening to another apartment, discovers a great number of people in Masquerade, talking all together, and playing upon one another: Lady Wronghead as a Shepherdess; Jenny, as a Nun; the Squire, as a running Footman; and the Count in a Domino. After some time, Lord and Lady Townly, with Lady Grace, enter to them unmask'd.

L. Town. So, here's a great deal of company.

La. Grace. A great many people, my Lord, but no company ——— As you'll find ——— for here's one now, that seems to have a mind to entertain us.

(*A Mask, after some affected gesture, makes up to Lady Townly.*

Mask. Well, dear Lady Townly, shan't we see you by-and-by?

La. Town. I don't know you, Madam.

Mask. Don't you, seriously? (*In a squeaking tone.*

La. Town. Not I, indeed.

Mask. Well, that's charming! But can't you guess?

La. Town. Yes, I could guess wrong, I believe.

Mask. That's what I'd have you do.

La. Town. But, Madam, if I don't know you at all, is not that as well?

Mask. Ay, but you do know me.

La. Town. Dear Sister, take her off o' my hands; there's no bearing this. (*Apart.*

La. Grace. I fancy I know you, Madam.

Mask. I fancy you don't: what makes you think you do?

La. Grace. Because I have heard you talk.

Mask. Ay, but you don't know my voice, I'm sure.

La. Grace. There is something in your wit and humour, Madam, so very much your own, it is impossible you can be any body but my Lady Trifle.

Mask. (*Unmasking*) Dear Lady Grace! thou art a charming creature.

La. Grace. Is there no body else we know here?

Mask. O dear, yes! I have found out fifty already.

La. Grace. Pray, who are they?

Mask. O charming company! There's Lady
Ramble ——— Lady Riot ——— Lady Kill-
Care ——— Lady Squander ——— Lady Strip
—— Lady Pawn ——— and the Dutchess of
Single-Guinea.

L. Town.

L. Town. Is not it hard, my dear! that people of sense and probity, are sometimes forc'd to seem fond of such company?

Apart.

La. Town. My Lord, it will always give me pain to remember their acquaintance, but none to drop it immediately.

La. Grace. But you have given us no account of the men, Madam. Are they good for any thing?

Mask. O yes! You must know, I always find out them, by their endeavours to find out me.

La. Grace. Pray, who are they?

Mask. Why, for your men of tip-top wit and pleasure, about town, there's — my Lord *Bite* — Lord *Arch-wag* — Young *Brazen-Wit* — Lord *Timberdown* — Lord *Joint-Life* — and — Lord *Mortgage*.

Then, for your pretty fellows only — There's Sir *Powder Peacock* — Lord *Lapwing* — Billy *Magpye* — Beau *Frightful* — Sir *Paul Plaister crown*, and the Marquis of *Monkey-man*.

La. Grace. Right! and these are the fine Gentlemen that never want elbow-room at an Assembly.

Mask. The rest, I suppose, by their tawdry, hired habits, are Tradesmen's wives, Inns-of-Court Beaux, Jews, and kept Mistresses.

L. Town. An admirable collection!

La. Grace. Well, of all our publick diversions, I am amaz'd how this that is so very expensive, and has so little to shew for it, can draw so much company together.

L. Town. O! if it were not expensive, the better fort would not come into it: And because money can purchase a ticket, the common people scorn to be kept out of it.

Mask

Mask. Right, my Lord. Poor Lady Grace! I suppose you are under the same astonishment, that an Opera should draw so much good company.

La. Grace. Not at all; Madam: it's an easier matter sure to gratify the ear, than the understanding. But have you no notion, Madam, of receiving pleasure and profit at the same time?

Mask. Oh! quite none; unless it be sometimes winning a great stake; laying down a *Vole sans prendre*, may come up to the profitable pleasure you were speaking of.

L. Town. You seem attentive, my dear?

La. Town. I am, my Lord; and amaz'd } *Apart.*
at my own follies, so strongly painted }
in another woman.

La. Grace. But see, my Lord, we had best adjourn our debate, I believe, for here are some Masks that seem to have a mind to divert other people as well as themselves.

L. Town. The least we can do is to give them a clear stage then.

(*A dance of Masks here, in various characters.*)
This was a favour extraordinary.

Enter Manly.

O *Manly*! I thought we had lost you.

Man. I ask pardon, my Lord; but I have been oblig'd to look a little after my Country family.

L. Town. Well, pray, what have you done with them?

Man. They are all in the house here; among the Masks, my Lord; if your Lordship has curiosity enough, to step into a lower apartment, in three minutes I'll give you an ample account of them.

L. Town. O! by all means: we will wait upon you.

(*The Scene shifts upon the Masks to a smaller Apartment.*)

Manly

Manly re-enters, with Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Fran. Well, Cousin, you have made my very hair stand an end! waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the Country again on *Monday* morning.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all: In the mean time, place your self behind this screen, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: But be sure you keep close 'till I give you the signal.

Sir Fran. Sir, I'll warrant you — Ah! my Lady! my *Lady Wronghead!* what a bitter business have you drawn me into?

Man. Hush! to your post; here comes one couple already. (*Sir Fran. retires behind the screen.*
Ex. Man.

Enter Myrtilla, with Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. What! is this the Doctor's chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes, speak softly.

Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently; but he says he can't do us the good turn, without witnesses: So, when the Count and your Sister come, you know, he and you may be Fathers for one another.

Squ. Rich. Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see! here they come.

Enter Count Basset, and Miss Jenny.

C. Bas. So, so, here's your Brother, and his bride, before us, my dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow, my heart's at my mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of Mama! but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

C. Bas.

C. Bas. O the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation!

Jenny. Ah! You say so ——— but let's see now ——— O Lud! I vow it thumps purely ——— Well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the Parson?

C. Bas. Mrs. *Myrtilla*, will you be so good as to see if the Doctor's ready for us?

Myr. He only staid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately. (*Ex. Myr.*)

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take place of *Mamma*, when I'm a Countess?

C. Bas. No doubt on't, my dear.

Jenny. O Lud! How her back will be up then, when she meets me at an Assembly; or you and I in our coach and fix, at *Hyde-Park* together.

C. Bas. Ay! or when she hears the Box-keepers, at an Opera call out ——— *The Countess of Basset's Servants!*

Jenny. Well, I say it; that will be delicious. And then, mayhap, to have a fine Gentleman with a star and a what-d'ye-callum ribbon, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way. Hold up, says the chairman, and so, says I, my Lord, your humble servant. I suppose, Madam, says he, we shall see you at my *Lady Quadrille's*? Ay, ay, to be sure, my Lord, says I ——— So in troops I, with my hoops stuff'd up to my forehead! And away they trot; swing! swang! with my tassils dangling, and my flambeaux blazing, and ——— Oh! it's a charming thing to be a woman of Quality!

C. Bas. Well, I see that plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a Dutchess of 'em all will become an equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you.

Squ. Rich. Troth, I think this masquerading's the
more

merriest game that ever I saw in my life: thof, in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely! But what a rope makes the Parson stay so?

C. Bas. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrtilla, with a Constable.

Const. Well, Madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here?

Myr. That's the Gentleman. (*Pointing to the Count.*)

C. Bas. Hey-day! what, in Masquerade, Doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your man: But if you are called Count *Basset*, I have a *Billet-doux* in my hand for you, that will set you right presently.

C. Bas. What the Devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my Lord Chief-Justice's warrant against you for forgery, Sir.

C. Bas. Blood and thunder!

Const. And so, Sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next Justice of peace immediately.

Jenny. O dear me! what's the matter? (*Trembling.*)

C. Bas. O! nothing, only a Masquerading frolick, my dear.

Squ. Rich. Oh ho! is that all?

Sir Fran. No Sirrah! that is not all.

(*Sir Fran. coming softly behind the Squire, knocks him down with his cane.*)

Enter Manly.

Squ. Rich. O Lawd! O Lawd! He has beaten my brains out!

Man. Hold, hold, Sir Francis, have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray Sir.

Sir Fran. Waunds, Cozen, I han't patience.

C. Bas. Manly! nay, then I am blown to the Devil. (*Aside.*)

Squ.

Squ. Rich. O my head! my head!

Enter Lady Wronghead.

La. Wrong. What's the matter, here, Gentlemen, for heavens sake? What, are you murdering my children?

Const. No, no, Madam, no murther; only a little suspicion of felony, that's all.

Sir Fran. (to Jenny.) And for you, Mrs. *Hot-upon't*, I could find in my heart to make you wear that habit, as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, hussey, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pick-pocket?

C. Bas. So, so, all's out, I find. (*Aside.*)

Jenny. O the mercy! why, pray, Papa, is not the Count a Man of Quality then?

Sir Fran. O yes; one of the unhang'd ones, it seems.

La. Wrong. (Aside.) Married! O the confident thing! There was his urgent business then ——— fled for her! I han't patience ——— and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highway-man.

Man. Mr. Constable, secure that door there.

Sir Fran. Ah my Lady! my Lady! this comes of your journey to *London!* But now I'll have a frolick of my own, Madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night, for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.

La. Wrong. Indeed, you are mistaken, Sir Francis ——— I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

Sir Fran. Not stir! waunds Madam ———

Man. Hold, Sir ——— if you'll give me leave a little ——— I fancy I shall prevail with my Lady to think better on't.

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin, you are a friend indeed.

Man. (*Apart to my Lady.*) Look you, Madam, as to the favour you design'd me, in sending this spurious letter inclosed to my *Lady Grace*, all the revenge I have taken, is to have sav'd your Son and Daughter from ruin ——— Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your Ladyship from ruin.

La Wrong. What do you mean, Sir?

Man. Why, Sir *Francis* ——— shall never know what is in this letter; look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure.

La Wrong. Ha! my *Billet-doux*, to the Count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion.

Man. What shall I say to Sir *Francis*, Madam?

La Wrong. Dear Sir! I am in such a trembling. Preserve my honour, and I am all obedience.

(*Apart to Manly*)

Man. Sir *Francis* ——— my Lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah Cousin! I doubt I am oblig'd to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir *Francis*; take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful ——— And now, Sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this Gentleman.

C. Bas. Mr. *Manly*! Sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this note for five hundred pound, Sir?

C. Bas. Sir ——— I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate ——— But it has hurt no body yet, Sir: I beg you will not stigmatize me. Since you have spoil'd my fortune

in one family, I hope you won't be so cruell to a young fellow, as to put it out of my power, Sir, to make it in another, Sir.

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much time to waste with you: But if you expect mercy your self, you must shew it to one, you have been cruel too.

Co. Bas. Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have not you ruin'd this young woman?

Co. Bas. I Sir?

Man. I know you have — therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charg'd with, she is a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and one only chance to get off with. Marry her this instant ——— and you take off her evidence.

Co. Bas. Dear Sir!

Man. No words, Sir; a wife, or a *Mittimus*.

Co. Bas. Lord, Sir! this is the most unmerciful mercy——

Man. A private pennance, or a publick one——
Constable!

Co. Bas. Hold, Sir, since you are pleas'd to give me my choice, I will not make so ill a compliment to the Lady, as not to give her the preference.

Man. It must be done this minute, Sir: the Chaplain you expected is still within call.

Co. Bas. Well, Sir, — since it must be so — come spouse — I am not the first of the fraternity, that has run his head into one noose, to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, Sir, don't repine: Marriage is, at worst, but playing upon the square.

Co. Bas. Ay, but the worst of the match too, is the Devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a reward for her honesty, in dete-

132 *The Provok'd Husband; or,*
eting your practices, instead of the forg'd bill, you
would have put upon her, there's a real one of five
hundred pound, to begin a new honey-moon with.
(*Gives it to Myrtilla.*)

Co. Bas. Sir, this is so generous an act ———

Man. No compliments, dear Sir ——— I am
not at leisure now to receive them: *Mr. Constable*,
will you be so good as to wait upon this Gentleman
into the next room, and give this Lady in mar-
riage to him?

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count. Well! five hundred will serve to make a
handsome push with, however. (*Ex. Count. Myr.*
Constable.)

Sir Fran. And that I may be sure my family's rid
of him for ever ——— come my Lady, let's even
take our children along with us, and be all witness
of the ceremony. (*Ex. Sir Fran. Lady Wrong Miss*
and Squire.)

Man. Now, my Lord, you may enter.

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.

L. Town. So, Sir, I give you joy of your nego-
ciation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

La. Grace. From first to last, Sir.

L. Town. Never were knaves and fools better dis-
pos'd of.

Man. A sort of poetical justice, my Lord, not
much above the judgment of a modern Comedy.

L. Town. To heighten that resemblance, I think,
Sister, there only wants your rewarding the hero of
the fable, by naming the day of his happiness.

La. Grace. This day, to-morrow, every hour, I
hope, of life to come, will shew I want not incli-
nation to compleat it.

Man.

Man. Whatever I may want, Madam, you will always find endeavours to deserve you.

L. Town. Then all are happy.

La. Town. Sister! I give you joy, consummate as the happiest pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a glass, I see
The happiness, that once advanc'd to me.
So visible the bliss, so plain the way,
How was it possible my sense could stray?
But now, a convert to this truth, I come,
That married happiness is never found from home.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

METHINKS I hear some powder'd Criticks
say,
„ Damn it! this Wife reform'd has spoil'd the play.
„ The Coxcomb should have drawn her more in
fashion,
„ Have gratify'd her softer inclination,
„ Have tip't her a Gallant, and clinch'd the provo-
cation.

But there our Bard stopt short: for 'twere uncivil
I' have made a modern Belle, all o'er a Devil!
He hop'd, in honour of the Sex, the Age
Would bear one mended Woman — on the Stage.

From whence, you see, by common sense's rules,
Wives might be govern'd, were not Husbands fools.
What-e'er by nature Dames are prone to do,
They seldom stray, but when they govern you.
When the wild Wife perceives her Deary tame,
No wonder then she plays him all the game.
But men of sense meet rarely that disaster;
Women take pride, where merit is their master:
Nay, she that with a weak man wisely lives,
Will seem t'obey the due commands she gives.
Happy obedience is no more a wonder,
When men are men, and keep them kindly under.
But modern consorts are such high-bred creatures
They think a Husband's power degrades their fea-
tures:
That

EPILOGUE.

*That nothing more proclaims a reigning Beauty;
Than that she never was reproach'd with duty:
And that the greatest blessing Heav'n e'er sent,
Is in a spouse incurious, and content.*

*To give such Dames a different cast of thought,
By calling home the mind, these Scenes were wrought
If with a hand too rude the task is done,
We hope the scheme, by Lady Grace laid down,
Will all such freedom with the Sex atone.
That Virtue there unsoil'd by modish Art,
Throws out attractions for a Manly's heart.*

*You, you then, Ladies, whose unquestion'd lives,
Give you the foremost fame of happy wives,
Protect, for its attempt, this helpless play;
Nor leave it to the vulgar taste, a prey:
Appear the frequent champions of its cause,
Direct the crowd, and give your selves applause.*

FINIS.



LONDON.

Printed for the Company of Book-Sellers.

REPLUGUE

Direct the crowd, and give your fellow
 Agents the frequent champions of its cause,
 Not leave it to the vulgar rabble, a prey;
 Protect, for its attempt, this noble play;
 Give you the foremost name of happy rivier,
 You, you then, Ladies, whose magnanimous heart

From whence **S I M I L I T U D E** is drawn,
 If ever might be power, or harden'd fools,
 What if it be in nature, Dantes are prone to do,
 They follow it, and when they govern you,
 When the will of the power is hard, and they come,
 No wonder it is, that they are so hard,
 But man of sense, and of a goodly mind,
 Whom none can see, but who can see the mind,
 Nay, the heart, and the soul, and the liver,
 Will find, that they are the same, the gives,
 Happy obedience is no more a wonder,
 When men are men, and keep them kindly under,
 But modern comforts are such high-bred creatures,
 They think a Husband's power degrades their free-
 dom.

Æ S O P.

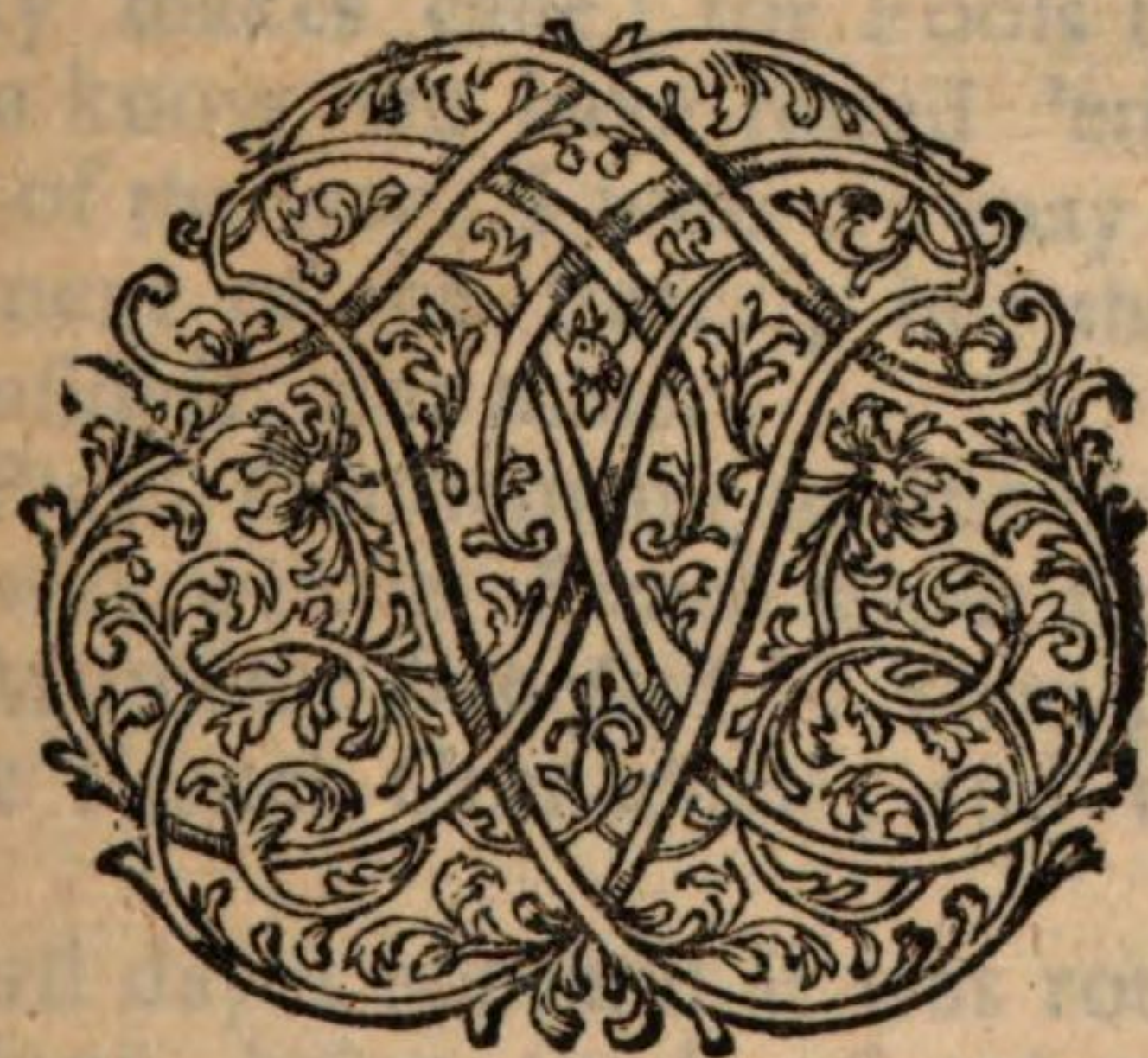
A

C O M E D Y.

With the Addition of

A S E C O N D P A R T.

Written by Mr. VANBRUG.



L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company of Booksellers;

OF

A

COMEDY.

With the Addition of

A SECOND PART.

Written by Mr. VANBRUG.



LONDON.

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P R E F A C E.

TO speak for a Play, if it can't speak for it self, is vain; and if it can, 'tis needless. For one of these reasons (I can't yet tell which, for 'tis now but the second day of acting) I resolve to say nothing for *Æsop*, though I know he'd be glad of help; for let the best happen than can, his journey's up-hill, with a dead English weight at the tail of him.

At *Paris* indeed, he scrambled up something faster (for 'twas up-hill there too) than I'm afraid he will do here. The *French* having more *mercury* in their heads, and less beef and pudding in their bellies. Our solidity may set hard, what their folly makes easie; for Fools I own they are: you know we have found 'em so in the conduct of the war; I wish we may do so in the management of the Peace; but that's neither *Æsops* business, nor mine.

This Play, Gentlemen (or one not much unlike it) was writ in *French* about six years since, by one Monsieur *Boursault* *: 'twas play'd at *Paris* by the French Comedians, and this was its fate.

The first day it appear'd it was routed; People seldom being fond of what they don't understand, their own sweet persons excepted. The second, by the help of some bold Knight errants it rally'd. The third it advanc'd. The

A 2

fourth

* This was writ in 1697.

P R E F A C E.

fourth it gave a vigorous attack; and the fifth put all the Feathers in Town to the scamper; pursuing 'em on to the fourteenth, and then they cry'd out quarter.

'Tis not reasonable to expect *Æsop* should gain so great a victory here, since 'tis possible by fooling with his sword, I may have turn'd the edge on't. For I confess in the Translation I have not at all stuck to the original; nay, I have gone farther, I have wholly added the fifth Act, and crowded a Country Gentleman into the fourth, for which I ask Monsieur *Boursauts* pardon with all my heart, but doubt I never shall obtain it, for bringing him into such company. Though after all, had I been so complaisant to have waited on his Play word for word, 'tis possible even that might not have ensur'd the success of it. For though it swam in *France*, it might have sunk in *England*. Their Country abounds in cork, ours in lead.





PROLOGUE.

G Allants, we never yet produc'd a Play
With greater fears, than this we act to-day.
Barren of all the graces of the stage,
Barren of all that entertains this age.
No Heroe, no Romance, no Plot, no show,
No rape, no bawdy, no intrigue, no Beau.
There's nothing in't with which we use to please ye:
With downright dull instruction w're to tease ye:
The stage turns pulpit, and the world's so fickle,
The Play-House in a whim turns Conventicle.
But preaching here must prove a hungry trade,
The patentees will find so, I'm afraid;
For though with Heavenly zeal you all abound,
As by your lives and morals may be found;
Though every female here o'erflows with Grace,
And chaste Diana's written in her face;
Though maids renounce the sweets of fornication,
And one lewd Wife's not left in all the Nation;
Though men grow true, and the foul Fiend desie;
Though Tradesmen cheat no more, nor Lawyers lie,
Though not one spot be found on Levys tribe,
Nor one soft Courtier that will touch a bribe;
Yet in the midst of such religious days,
Sermons have never borne the price of Plays.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

ÆSOP.

LEARCUS, Governour of Syzicus.

ORONCES, in love with *Euphronia*.

W O M E N.

EUPHRONIA, Daughter to *Learcus*, in love
with *Oronces*.

DORIS, her Nurse.

People who come to *Æsop*, upon several occasions
independent one of another.

Two Country Tradesmen.

ROGER, a Country Bumkin.

QUAINT, a Herald.

FRUITFUL, an Inn-keeper.

A Country Gentleman.

A Priest, Musicians, &c.

HORTENTIA, an affected Learned Lady.

AMINTA, a Lewd Mother.

FORGEWILL, Scriveners Widow.

FRUITFUL, Wife to the Inn-keeper.

ÆSOP.



Æ S O P.

A C T. I

S C E N E I.

Learcus's House.

Enter Learcus, Euphronia and Doris.

LEARCUS.

AT length I am blest with the sight of the worlds wonder, the delight of mankind, the incomparable *Æsop*. You had time to observe him last night, Daughter, as he sat at supper with me. Tell me how you like him, child, is he not a charming person?

Euph. Charming?

Lear. What say'st thee to him, *Doris*? Thou art a good judge, a wench of a nice palate.

Dor. You wou'd not have me flatter, Sir?

Lear. No, speak thy thoughts boldly.

A 4

Dor.

Dor. Boldly you say?

Lear. Boldly I say.

Dor. Why then, Sir, my opinion of the Gentleman is. That he's uglier than an old Beau.

Lear. How, Impudence?

Dor. Nay if you are angry, Sir, second thoughts are best; he's as proper as a pike-man: Holds up his head like a dancing master: has the shape of a Barb, the face of an Angel, the voice of a Cherubin, the smell of a civet-cat...

Lear. In short, thou art fool enough not to be pleas'd with him.

Dor. Excuse me for that, Sir, I have wit enough to make my self merry with him...

Lear. If his body's deform'd, his Soul is beautiful: wou'd to kind Heaven as he is, my Daughter cou'd but find the means to please him.

Euph. To what end, dear Father?

Lear. That he might be your Husband, dear Daughter.

Euph. My Husband! Shield me kind Heaven...

Dor. Psha! He has a mind to make us laugh, that's all.

Lear. *Æsop* then is not worth her care, in thy opinion?

Dor. Why truly, Sir, I'm always for making suitable matches, and don't much approve of breeding monsters. I wou'd have nothing marry a baboon, but what has been got by a monkey.

Lear. How dar'st thou liken so incomparable a man, to so contemptible a beast?

Dor. Ah, the inconstancy of this world, out of sight, out of mind. Your little monkey is scarce cold in his grave, and you have already forgot what you us'd so much to admire: do but call him to remembrance, Sir, in his red coat, new gloves, little hat, and clean linnen; then discharge your consciences.

conscience, utter the truth from your heart, and tell us whether he was not the prettier Gentleman of the two . . . By my virginity, Sir, (tho' that's but a slippery oath you'll say) had they made love to me together, *Æsop* should have worn the willow.

Lear. Since nothing but an animal will please thee, 'tis pity my monkey had not that virginity thou hast sworn by. But I, whom wisdom charms, even in the homeliest dress, can never think the much deserving *Æsop* unworthy of my daughter.

Dor. Now in the name of wonder what is't you so admire in him?

Lear. Hark, and thou shalt know; but you *Euphronia*, Be you more especially attentive.

'Tis true he's plain but that, my girl's a trifle.

All manly beauty's seated in the soul:

And that of *Æsop*, envy's self must own,

Out-shines whate'er the world has yet produc'd.

Cræsus, the prosperous favourite of Heaven;

Cræsus, the happiest Potentate on earth;

Whose treasure, though immense, is the least part

Of what he holds from providences care,

Leans on his shoulder, as his grand support,

Admires his wisdom, doats upon his truth,

And makes him Pilot to Imperial sway.

But in this elevated post of power,

What's his employ? Where does he point his thoughts?

To live in splendour, luxury and ease,

Do endless mischiefs, by neglecting good,

And build his family on others ruins?

No:

He serves the Prince, and serves the people too;

Is useful to the rich, and helps the poor;

There's nothing stands neglected, but himself.

With constant pain, and yet with constant joy,

From place to place, throughout the realm he goes,
 With useful lessons, form'd to every rank;
 The people learn obedience from his tongue;
 The Magistrate is guided in command;
 The Prince is minded of a fathers care:
 The subject's taught the duty of a child.
 And as 'tis dangerous to be bold with truth,
 He often calls for Fable to his aid,
 Where under abject names of beasts and birds,
 Virtue shines out, and vice is cloath'd in shame:
 And thus by inoffensive wisdoms force
 He conquers folly wheresoe'er he moves:
 This is his portrait.

Dor. A very good picture of a very ill face.

Lear. Well, Daughter; what, not a word? Is it possible any thing that I am Father of can be untouch'd with so much merit?

Euph. My duty may make all things possible: but *Æsop* is so ugly, Sir.

Lear. His soul has so much beauty in't, your Reason ought to blind your eyes: besides, my interest is concern'd: his power alarms me. I know throughout the Kingdom he's the scourge of evil Magistrates. Turns out Governours when they turn tyrants; breaks Officers for false musters; excludes Judges from giving Sentence, when they have been absent during the trial: hangs Lawyers when they take fees on both sides; forbids Physicians to take money of those they don't cure... 'Tis true, my innocence ought to banish my fears: But my Government, child, is too delicious a morsel, not to set many a frail mouth a watering. Who knows what accusations envy may produce? But all wou'd be secure if thou cou'dst touch the heart of *Æsop*. Let me blow up thy ambition, girl; the fire of that will make thy eyes sparkle at him. [*She Sighs.*

...What's that sigh for now? Ha?

A young Husband, by my conscience: Ah, Daughter, had'st thou a young husband, he'd make thee sigh indeed. I'll tell thee what he's compos'd of. He has a wigg full of pulvilio; a pocket full of dice; a heart full of treason; a mouth full of lies; a belly full of drink; a carcass full of plaisters; a tail full of pox; and a head full of... nothing. There's his picture; wear it at thy heart if thou can'st. But here comes one of greater worth.

Enter Æsop.

Lear. Good morning to my noble Lord; your Excellency ...

Æsop. Softly, good Governour: I'm a poor wanderer from place to place; too weak to train the weight of grandeur with me: The name of Excellency's not for me.

Lear. My noble Lord, 'tis due to your employ; your predecessors all...

Æsop. My predecessors all deserv'd it, Sir, They were great men, in wisdom, birth and service, Whil'st I, a poor, unknown, decrepit wretch Mounted aloft only for Fortunes pastime, Expect each moment to conclude the farce, By sinking to the mud from whence I sprung.

Lear. Great Cræsus gratitude will still support you; His coffers all are open to your will, Your future fortune's wholly in your power.

Æsop. But 'tis a power that I shall ne'er employ.

Lear. Why so, My Lord?

Æsop. I'll tell you, Sir.

*A hungry Goat, who had not eat
Some nights and days... (for want of meat)
Was kindly brought at last
By providences care*

To better chear ,
After a more than penitential fast.

He found a barn well stor'd with grain ,
To enter in requir'd some pain ,
But a delicious bait
Makes the way easie , though the pass is strait.

Our Guest observing various meats ,
He put on a good modish face ,
He takes his place ,
He ne'er says grace ,
But where he likes , he there falls to and eats.

At length with jaded teeth and jaws ,
He made a pause ;
And finding still some room ,
Fell to as he had done before ,
For time to come laid in his store ;
And when his guts cou'd hold no more ,
He thought of going home.

But here he met the gluttons curse ;
He found his belly grown so great ,
'Twas vain to think of a retreat ,
'Till he had render'd all h'ad eat ,
And well he far d no worse.

To the application , Governour.

Lear. 'Tis ealie to be made , My Lord.

Æsop. I'm glad on't. Truth can never be too
clear. [Seeing Euph.

Is this young damfel your fair Daughter , Sir ?

Lear. 'Tis my Daughter , my good Lord : Fair
too , if she appears such in the eyes of the unnering
Æsop.

Æsop going up to salute her.] I never saw so beauti-
ful a creature.

Lear.

Lear. *Aside.*] Now's the time; kiss soft girl, and fire him.

Æsop *gazing at her.*] How partial's Nature 'twixt her form and mine?

Lear. *Aside*] Look, look, look, how he gazes at her... *Cupid's* hard at work, I see that already. Slap; there he hits him... If the wench would but do her part: But see, see, how the perverse young baggage stands biting her thumbs, and won't give him one kind glance... Ah the fullen jade: Had it been a handsome strong dog of five and twenty, she'd a fall'n a coquetting on't, with every inch about her. But may be it's I that spoil sport, I'll make a pretence to leave 'em together. Will your Lordship please to drink any coffee this morning?

Æsop. With all my heart, Governour.

Lear. Your Lordship will give me leave to go and order it my self; for unless I am by, 'tis never perfect.

Æsop. Provided you leave me this fair maid in hostage for your return, I consent.

Lear. My good Lord do's my Daughter too much honour. *[Aside. going off.]*

Ah that the wench wou'd but do her part...

Hark you, hussy... *[Turning back to Euphronia, Aside.]* ... You can give your self airs sometimes, you know you can: Do you remember what work you made with your self at Church t'other day? Play your tricks over again once more for my pleasure, and let me have a good account of this Statesman, or, dy'e hear? ... You shall die a maid, go chew upon that; go. *[Exit Lear.]*

Æsop. Here I am left, fair damsel, too much expos'd to your charms, not to fall your victim.

Euph. Your fall will then be due to your own weakness, Sir; for Heaven's my witness, I neither endeavour, nor wish to wound you.

Æsop.

Æsop. I understand you, Lady; your heart's already dispos'd of; 'tis seldom otherways at your age.

Euph. My heart dispos'd of?

Dor. Nay, never mince the matter, Madam, The Gentleman looks like a civil Gentleman, e'en confess the truth to him: He has a good interest with your Father; and no doubt will employ it to break the heathenish match he proposes to you.

To Æsop.] Yes, Sir, My young Lady has been in love these two years, and that with as pretty a fellow as ever enter'd a virgins heart. Tall, straight, young, vigorous, good cloaths, long perriwig, clean linnen; in brief, he has every thing that's necessary to set a young Lady a longing, and to stay it when he has done: But her Father, whose ambition makes him turn Fool in his old age, comes with a back stroak upon us, and spoils all our sport. Wou'd you believe it, Sir? He has propos'd to her to-day the most confounded ugly fellow: Look, if the very thoughts of him don't set the poor thing a crying? And you, Sir, have so much power with the old Gentleman, that one word from you wou'd set us all right again. If he will have her a wife, in the name of *Venus* let him provide her a handsome husband, and not throw her into the paws of a thing that Nature in a merry humour has made half man, half monkey.

Æsop. Pray what's this monster's name, Lady?

Euph. No matter for his name, Sir, my Father will know who you mean at first word.

Æsop. But you shou'd not always chuse by the outside alone; believe me, fair damsel, a fine periwig keeps many a fools head from the weather; have a care of your young gallant.

Dor. There's no danger; I have examin'd him: His inside's as good as his out: I say he has wit, and I think I know.

Euph

Euph. Nay, she says true; he's even a miracle of wit and beauty: Did you but see him, you'd be your self my rival.

Æsop. Then you are resolv'd against the monster?

Dor. Fie, Sir, fie, I wonder you'll put her in mind of that foul frightful thing: We shall have her dream of nothing all night but bats and owls, and toads and hedghogs, and then shall we have such a squeeking and squaling with her, the whole house will be in an uproar. Therefore pray, Sir, name him no more, but use your interest with her Father that she may never hear of him again.

Æsop. But If I should be so generous to save you from the old gallant, what shall I say for your young one?

Euph. O, Sir, you may venture to enlarge upon his perfections; you need not fear saying too much in his praise.

Dor. And pray, Sir, be as copious upon the defects of t'other; you need not fear out-running the text there neither, say the worst you can.

Euph. You may say the first is the most graceful man that *Asia* ever brought forth.

Dor. And you may say the latter is the most deform'd monster that copulation ever produc'd.

Euph. Tell him that *Oronces* (for that's his dear name) has all the virtues that compose a perfect Heroe.

Dor. And tell him that *Pigmy* has all the vices that go to equip an Attorney.

Euph. That to one I cou'd be true to the last moment of my life.

Dor. That for t'other she'd cuckold him the very day of her marriage.

This, Sir, in few words, is the theme you are desir'd to preach upon.

Æsop. I never yet had one that furnisht me with more matter.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there's a Lady below desires to speak with your honour.

Æsop. What Lady?

Ser. It's my Lady... my Lady ... [*To Doris.*]
The Lady there, the wise Lady, the great scholar,
that no body can understand.

Dor. O ho, is it she? Pray let's withdraw, and oblige her, Madam; she's ready to swoon at the insipid sight of one of her own sex.

Euph. You'll excuse us, Sir, we leave you to wiser company. [*Exeunt Euph. and Dor.*]

Enter Hortentia.

Hor. The Deefs, who from *Atropos's* breast preserves the names of Heroes and their actions, proclaims your fame throughout this mighty orb, and...

Æsop Aside.] Shield me, my stars, what have you sent me here? For pity's sake, good Lady, be more humane: my capacity is too heavy to mount to your stile: If you wou'd have me know what you mean, please to come down to my understanding.

Hort. I've something in my nature soars too high
For vulgar flight, I own;

But *Æsop's* sphere must needs be within call;

Æsop and I may sure converse together;

I know he's modest, but I likewise know

His intellects are categorical.

Æsop. Now by my faith, Lady, I don't know what *intellect* is; and methinks *categorical* sounds as if you call'd me names. Pray speak that you may be understood; Language was design'd for it; indeed it was

Hort.

Hort. Of vulgar things, in vulgar phrase we talk,
But when of *Æsop* we must speak,
The Theme's too lofty for an humble stile:

Æsop is sure no common character.

Æsop. No truly I am something particular. Yet,
If I am not mistaken, what I have extraordinary
about me, may be describ'd in very homely lan-
guage. Here was a young Gentlewoman but just
now pencill'd me out to a hair, I thought, and yet
I vow to God the learned'st word I heard her make
use of, was monster.

Hort. That was a woman, Sir, a very woman;
Her cogitations all were on the outward man.
But I strike deeper, 'tis the mind I view:
The soul's the worthy object of my care;
The soul, that sample of Divinity,
The soul that glorious ray of Heavenly light.
The soul, that awful throne of thought, that sacred
seat of contemplation.

The soul, that noble source of wisdom,
That fountain of comfort, that spring of joy,
That happy token of eternal life; The soul, that...

Æsop. Pray, Lady, are you married?

Hort. Why that question, Sir?

Æsop. Only that I might wait upon your Husband,
to wish him joy.

Hort. When people of my composition wou'd marry
they first find something of their own species to join
with: I never could resolve to take a thing of common
fabrick to my bed, lest when his brutish inclination
prompt him, he shou'd make me mother to a form
like his own.

Æsop. Methinks a Lady so extreamly nice, should be
much at a loss who to converse with.

Hort. I keep my chamber, and converse with my
self; 'tis better being alone, than to mis-ally one's
conversation.

B

Men

Men are scandalous, and women are insipid.
 Discourse without figure makes me sick at my soul;
 O the charms of a metaphor!
 What harmony there is in words of erudition!
 The musick of 'em is in imagination.

Æsop. Will you hear a Fable, Lady?

Hort. Willingly, Sir, the Apologue pleases me
 when the application of it is just.

Æsop. It is, I'll answer for't.

Once on a time, a Nightingale

To changes prone;

Unconstant, fickle, whimsical,

(A female one,)

Who sung like others of her kind;

Hearing a well taught Linnets aires,

Had other matters in her mind,

To imitate him she prepares.

Her fancy strait was on the wing:

I fly, quoth she,

As well as he;

I don't know why,

I shou'd not try

As well as he to sing.

From that day forth she chang'd her note;

She spoil'd her voice, she strain'd her throat;

She did, as learned women do,

Till every thing

That heard her sing

Wou'd run away from her ... as I from you.

[Exit Æsop running]

Hortentia sola.

How grossly do's this poor' world suffer it self to
 be impos'd upon ... *Æsop* a man of sense... Ha,
 ha, ha, ha, ha. Alas poor wretch: I shou'd not
 have

have known him but by his deformity; his soul's as
nauseous to my understanding, as his odious body to
my sense of feeling. Well,

'Mongst all the wits that are allow'd to shine;
Methinks there's nothing yet approaches mine:
Sure I was sent the homely age t'adorn;
What star, I know not, rul'd when I was born;
But every thing, besides my self's my scorn.

[Exit.



A C T I I.

Enter Euphronia and Doris

DORIS.

What in the name of Jove's the matter with you?
Speak for Heavens fake.

Euph. Oh, What shall I do, *Doris*, I'm undone.

Dor. What, ravisht?

Euph. No, ten times worse! Ten times worse!
Unlace me, or I shall swoond.

Dor. Unlace you? Why you are not thereabouts
I hope?

Euph. No, no; worse still; worse than all that.

Dor. Nay then it's bad indeed. [*Dor. unlaces her,*
There: how d'ye do now?

Euph. So; it's going over.

Dor. Courage, pluck up your spirits; well; now
what's the matter?

Euph. The matter? Thou sha't hear. Know that...
that cheat *Æsop*...

B₂

Dor

Dor. Like enough ; speak , what has he done ?
That ugly ill-boding Cyclops.

Euph. Why instead of keeping his promise , and speaking for *Oronces* ; he has not said one word , but what has been for himself. And by my Fathers order , before to-morrow noon he's to marry me.

Dor. He marry you? ...

Euph. Am I in the wrong to be in this despair ?
Tell me, *Doris*, if I am to blame?

Dor. To blame ? No by my troth. That ugly , old , treacherous piece of vermin : That melancholy mixture of impotence and desire : Do's his mouth stand to a young patridge ? Ah the old goat. And your father ? he downright doats at last then ?

Euph. Ah , *Doris* ; what a Husband do's he give me ?
And what a Lover do's he rob me of ? Thou know'st 'em both ; think of *Oronces* , and think of *Æsop*.

Dor. Spitting.] A foul monster. And yet now I think on't , I'm almost as angry at t'other too : methinks he makes but a slow voyage on't for a man in love : 'Tis now above two months since he went to *Lesbos* , to pack up the old bones of his dead father : sure he might have made a little more haste.

Enter Oronces.

Euph. Oh ! my heart ; What do I see ?

Dor. Talk of the Devil , and he's at your elbow.

Or. My dear soul.

[*Euph. runs and leaps about his neck.*

Euph. Why wou'd you stay so long
From me ?

Or. 'Twas not my fault indeed ; the winds ...

Dor. The winds ? ... Will the winds blow you
your Mistress again ? We have had winds too , and
waves

waves into the bargain, storms and tempests, sea-monsters, and the Devil and all. She struggled as long as she cou'd; But a woman can do no more than she can do; when her breath was gone, down she sunk.

Or. What's the meaning of all this?

Dor. Meaning? There's meaning and mumping too: your Mistress is married; that's all.

Or. Death and furies...

Euph. clinging about him.] Don't you frighten him too much neither, *Doris*. No, my dear, I'm not yet executed, though I am condemn'd.

Or. Condemn'd? to what? Speak quick!

Dor. To be married.

Or. Married? When? How? Where? To what? To whom?

Dor. *Æsop*, *Æsop*, *Æsop*, *Æsop*, *Æsop*.

Or. Fiends and spectres: what? That piece of deformity? That monster? That crump?

Dor. The same, Sir, the same. I find he knows him; You might have come home sooner.

Or. My dear *Euphronia* ease me from my pain. Swear that you neither have, nor will consent. I know this comes from your ambitious father: But you're too generous, too true to leave me: Millions of kingdoms ne'er wou'd shake my faith, And I believe your constancy as firm.

Euph. You do me justice, you shall find you do, For racks and tortures, crowns, and scepters join'd; Shall neither fright me from my truth, nor tempt Me to be false. On this you may depend.

Dor. Wou'd to the Lord you wou'd find some other place to make your fine speeches in. Don't you know that your dear friend *Æsop*'s coming to receive his visits here?

In this great downy chair, your pretty little Husband

band elect is to sit and hear all the complaints in the Town: one of Wifdoms chief recompences, being [to be constantly troubled with the business of Fools.

Pray, Madam, will you take the Gentleman by the hand, and lead him into your chamber; and when you are there, don't lye whining, and crying, and sighing, and wishing...

Aside.] If he had not been more modest than wise, he might have set such a mark upon the goods before now, that ne'er a merchan't of 'em all wou'd have bought 'em out of his hands. But young fellows are always in the wrong; either so impudent they are nauseous, or so modest they are usefess.

Go, pray get you gone together.

Euph. But if my Father catch us we are ruin'd.

Dor. By my conscience this Love will make us all turn Fools. Before your father can open the door, can't he slip down the backstairs? I'm sure he may, if you don't hold him; but that's the old trade.

Ah... Well, get you gone however... Hark... I hear the old baboon cough; away!

[*Ex. Or. and Euph. running.*

Here he comes with his ugly beak before him.

Ah... a luscious bed-fellow, by my troth.

Enter Learchus and Æsop.

Lear. Well, *Doris*; what news from my daughter? Is she prudent?

Dor. Yes, very prudent.

Lear. What says she? What do's she do?

Dor. Do? What shou'd she do? Tears her coronet; Bites her thumbs; throws her fan in the fire; thinks it's dark night at noon day; dreams of monsters and hobgoblins; raves in her sleep of forc'd marriage and cuckoldom; cries, *Avant Defor-*

deformity; then wakens of a sudden, with fifty arguments at her fingers ends, to prove the lawfulness of rebellion in a child, when a parent turns Tyrant.

Lear. Very fine; but all this shan't serve her turn: I have said the word, and will be obey'd...

My Lord do's her honour

Dor. Aside.] Yes, and that's all he can do to her.

To Lear.] But I can't blame the Gentleman after all; he loves my Mistress, because she's handsom; and she hates him, because he's ugly; I never saw two people more in the right in my life.

To Æsop.] You'll pardon me, Sir, I'm somewhat free.

Æsop. Why ceremony wou'd but take up time. But, Governour, methinks I have an admirable Advocate about your daughter.

Lear. Out of the room, impudence: be gone, I say.

Dor. So I will: But you'll be as much in the wrong when I'm gone, as, when I'm here. And your conscience, I hope, will talk as pertly to you as I can do.

Æsop. If she treats me thus before my face, I may conclude I'm finely handled behind my back.

Dor. I say the truth here; and I can say no worse anywhere. [Exit Doris.

Lear. I hope your Lordship won't be concern'd at what this prating wench bleats out: my daughter will be govern'd, she's bred up to obedience. There may be some small difficulty in weaning her from her young Lover: But 'twon't be the first time she has been wean'd from a breast, my Lord.

Æsop. Do's she love him fondly, Sir?

Lear. Foolishy, my Lord.

Æsop. And he her?

Lear. The same.

Æsop. Is he young?

Lear. Yes and vigorous.

Æsop. Rich?

Lear. So, so.

Æsop. Well born?

Lear. He has good blood in his veins.

Æsop. Has he wit?

Lear. He had, before he was in love.

Æsop. And handsome with all this?

Lear. Or else we shou'd not have half so much trouble with him.

Æsop. Why do you then make her quit him for me? all the world knows I am neither young, noble, nor rich: And as for my beauty... Look you, Governour; I'm honest. But when children cry, they tell 'em Æsop's a coming. Pray, Sir, what is it makes you so earnest to force your daughter?

Lear. Am I then to count for nothing the favour you are in at Court? Father-in-law to the great Æsop? What may I not aspire to? My foolish daughter perhaps mayn't be so well pleas'd with't, but we wise parents usually weigh our childrens happiness in the scale of our own inclinations.

Æsop. Well, Governour, let it be your care then to make her consent.

Lear. This moment, my Lord, I reduce her either to obedience, or to dust and ashes. [Exit Lear.

Æsop. Adieu. Now let in the people
Who come for audience

[Æsop sits in his chair, reading of papers.

Enter two ordinary Tradesmen.

1 Tra. There he is, neighbour: Do. but look at him,

2 Tra. Ay; One may know him: He's well mark't. But do'st hear me? What Title must we give him;
for

for if we fail in that point, d'ye see me, we shall never get our business done. Courtiers love titles almost as well as they do money, and that's a bold word now.

1 *Tra.* Why I think we had best call him, his Grandeur.

2 *Tra.* That will do; thou hast hit on't. Hold still, let me speak. May it please your Grandeur...

Æsop. There I interrupt you, Friend; I have a weak body that will ne'er be able to bear that title.

2 *Tra.* D'ye hear that neighbour? What shall we call him now?

1 *Tra.* Why, call him, call him, his Excellency: try what that will do.

2 *Tra.* May it please your Excellency...

Æsop. Excellency's a long word, it takes up too much time in business: Tell me what you'd have in few words.

2 *Tra.* Neighbour, this Man will never give ten thousand pounds to be made a Lord.

But what shall I say to him now? He puts me quite out of my play.

1 *Tra.* Why e'en talk to him as we do to one another.

2 *Tra.* Shall I? Why so I will then. Hem. Neighbour,

We want a new Governour, neighbour

Æsop. A new Governour, friend?

2 *Tra.* Ay, friend.

Æsop. Why what's the matter with your old one?

2 *Tra.* What's the matter?

Why he grows rich; that's the matter:

And he that's rich can't be innocent; that's all.

Æsop. Do's he use any of you harshly?

Or punish you without a fault?

2 *Tra.* No, but he grows as rich as a miser;

His purse is so cramb'd it's ready to burst again.

Æsop. When 'tis full 'twill hold no more;
A new Governour will have an empty one.

2 Tra Fore-gad, neighbour, the little Gentleman's in the right on't.

1 Tra. Why truly I don't know but he may: For now it comes in my head, it cost me more money to fat my hog, than to keep him fat when he was so.

I prithee tell him we'll keep our old Governour.

2 Tra. I'll do't. Why, look you, Sir, d'ye see me? Having seriously consider'd of the matter, my neighbour Hobson and I here, we are content to jog on a little longer with him we have: But if you'd do us another courtesie, you might.

Æsop. What's that, friend?

2 Tra. Why that's this: our King Cræsus is a very good Prince as a man may say: But --a--but-- Taxes are high, an't please you; And---a---poor men want money, d'ye see me: It's very hard as we think, that the poor shou'd work to maintain the rich. If there were no taxes, we shou'd do pretty well.

1 Tra. Taxes indeed are very burthensome.

Æsop. I'll tell you a story, Country-men.

Once on a time, the hands and feet,
As mutineers, grew mighty great,
They met, caball'd, and talk't of Treason;
They swore by Jove they knew no reason
The belly shou'd have all the meat;
It was a damn'd notorious cheat,
They did the work and -- Death and Hell, they'd eat. }

The Belly, who ador'd good chear,
Had like t' have dy'd away for fear:

Quoth

*Quoth he, good felks, you little know
What 'tis you are about to do,
If I am starv'd, what will become of you?*

*We neither know nor care, cry'd they,
But this we will be bold to say,
We'll see you damn'd,
Before we'll work,
And you receive the pay.*

*With that the hands to pocket went
Full wrest-band deep,
The legs and feet fell fast asleep:
Their liberty they had redeem'd,
And all except the belly seem'd
Extreamly well content.*

*But mark what follow'd; 'twas not long
Before the right became the wrong;
The mutineers were grown so weak,
They found 'twas more than time to squeak.
They call for work, but 'twas too late.
The Stomach, like an aged Maid,
Shrunk up, for want of human aid,
The common debt of nature paid,
And with its destiny entrain'd their fate.*

Æsop. What think you of this story, friends ha?
Come, you look like wise men; I'm sure you under-
stand what's for your good. In giving part of what
you have, you secure all the rest: if the King had no
money, there cou'd be no Army; and if there were
no Army, your Enemies wou'd be amongst you: One
days pillage wou'd be worse than twenty years Taxes!
What say you! Is't not so?

2 *Tra.* By my troth I think he's in the right on't again.

Who'd think that little hump-back of his shou'd have so much brains in't neighbour?

Æsop. Well, honest men, is there any thing else that I can serve you in?

1 *Tra.* D'ye hear that, *Humphrey*? ... Why that was civil now.

But Courtiers seldom want good breeding; let's give the Devil his due.

Why to tell you the truth, honest Gentleman, we had a whole budget full of grievances to complain of. But I think ... a ... ha neighbour? We had e'en as good let 'em alone.

1 *Tra.* Why good feath I think so too, for by all I can see, we are like to make no great hond on't. Besides, between thee and me, I begin to daubt, whether aur grievances do us such a plaguy deal of mischief as we fancy.

2 *Tra.* Or put case they did, *Humphrey*; I'se afraid, he that go's to a Courtier, in hope to get fairly rid of 'em, may be said (in aur country dialect) to take the wrong saw by the ear. But here's neighbour *Roger*, he's a wit, let's leave him to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Roger, a country Bumkin, looks seriously upon Æsop; then bursts out a laughing.

Ro. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha: Did ever mon behold the like... Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Æsop. Hast thou any business with me, friend?

Ro. Yes, by my troth, have I;
But if *Roger* were to be hang'd up for't, look you now, he could not hold laughing:

What I have in my mind, out it comes: but bar that
I'se

I'fe on honest lad as well as another.

Æsop. My time's dearer to me than yours, Friend; Have you any thing to say to me?

Ro. Gadswookars, do people use to ask for folks When they have nothing to say to 'em? I'fe tell you my business.

Æsop. Let's hear it.

Ro. I have, as you see, a little wit.

Æsop. True.

Ro. I live in a village hard by, and I'fe the best man in it, tho I say it, that shou'd not say it. I have good drink in my cellar, and good corn in my barn; I have cows and oxen, hogs and sheep, cocks and hens, and geese and turkeys; but the truth will out, and so out let it. I'fe e'en tyr'd of being call'd plain *Roger*. I has a leathern purse, and in that purse there's many a fair half crown, with the Kings sweet face upon it, God bless him; and with this money I have a mind to bind my self prentice to a Courtier: It's a good trade, as I have heard say: there's money stirring: Let a lad be but diligent and do what he's bid, he shall be let into the secret, and share part of the profits. I have not liv'd to these years for nothing: Those that will swim, must go into deep water: I'fe get our wife *Joan* to be the Queens chamber-maid; and then... Crack says me and forget all my acquaintance.

But to come to the business. You who are the Kings great favourite, I desire you'll be pleas'd to sell me some of your friendship, that I may get a Court place. Come, you shall chuse me one your self; you look like a shrewd man; by the mass you do.

Æsop. I chuse thee a place?

Ro. Yes: I would willingly have it such a sort of a place, as wou'd cost little, and bring in a great deal; in a word, much profit, and nothing to do.

Æsop.

Æsop. But you must name what post you think wou'd suit your humour.

Ro. Why I'fe pratty indifferent as to that: Secretary of State, or Butler; twenty shillings more, twenty shillings less, is not the thing I stand upon. I'fe no hagler, Gadswookars; and he that says I am... 'Zbud he lies: There's my humour now.

Æsop. But hark you, Friend, you say you are well as you are; Why then do you desire to change?

Ro. Why what a question now is there for a man of your parts? I'm well, d'ye see me; and what of all that? I desire to be better: There's an answer for you. [*Aside.*] Let Roger alone with him.

Æsop. Very well: This is reasoning; and I love a man should reason with me: But let us enquire a little whether your reasons are good or not. You say at home you want for nothing?

Ro. Nothing fore George.

Æsop. You have good drink?

Ro. 'Zbud the best i'th' Parish. [*Singing.*] And dawne it merrily goes, my lad, and dawne it merrily goes.

Æsop. You eat heartily?

Ro. I have a noble stomach.

Æsop. You sleep well?

Ro. Just as I drink, 'till I can sleep no longer.

Æsop. You have some honest neighbours?

Ro. Honest? 'Zbud we are all so, the Tawne raund; we live like breether; when one can sarve another, he does it with all his heart and guts; when we have any thing that's good, we eat it together; Holidays and Sundays we play at nine-pins, tumble upcn the gra's with wholesom young maids, laugh 'till we split, daunce 'till we are weary, eat 'till we burst, drink 'till we are sleepy, then swap into bed, and snore 'till we rise to breakfast.

Æsop.

Æsop. And all this thou wou'dst leave to go to Court. I'll tell thee what once happen'd.

A Mouse, who long had liv'd at Court,
 (Yet ne'er the better *Christian* for't)
 Walking one day to see some country sport,
 He met a home-bred Village Mouse,
 Who with an awkward speech and bow,
 That favour'd much of cart and plow,
 Made a shift, I know not how,
 T'invite him to his house.

Quoth he, my Lord, I doubt you'll find
 Our country fare of homely kind,
 But by my troth, y'are welcome to't,
 Y'have that, and bread, and cheese to boot;
 And so they sat and din'd.

Ro. Very well.

Æsop. The *Courtier* cou'd have eat at least
 As much as any household Priest,
 But thought himself oblig'd in feeding,
 To show the difference of Town-breeding;
 He pick'd and cuil'd, and turn'd the meat,
 He champt and chew'd, and cou'd not eat;
 No toothless woman at fourscore,
 Was ever seen to mumble more.
 He made a thousand ugly faces,
 Which (as sometimes in Ladies cases)
 Were all design'd for airs and graces,

Ro. Ha, ha.

Æsop. At last he from the table rose,
 He pickt his teeth, and blow'd his nose,
 And with an easie negligence,
 As tho' he lately came from *France*,
 He made a careless sliding bow:
 'Fore-Gad, quoth he, I don't know how
 I shall return your friendly treat;
 But if you'll take a bit of meat
 In Town with me,

You

- You there shall see
How we poor Courtiers eat.
Ro. Tit for tat, that was friendly.
Æsop. There needed no more invitation
To e'er a Country Squire i'th' nation.
Exactly to the time he came,
Punctual, as woman, when she meets
A man between a pair of sheets,
As good a stomach, and as little shame.
Ro. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.
Æsop. To say the truth, he found good cheer,
With wine, instead of ale and beer:
But just as they sat down to eat,
Comes bouncing in a hungry cat.
Ro. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!
Æsop. The nimble Courtier skipt from table,
The Squire leapt too, as he was able:
It can't be said that they were beat,
It was no more than a retreat;
Which, when an army, not to fight
By day light, runs away by night,
Was ever judg'd a great and glorious feat.
Ro. Ever, ever, ever.
Æsop. The Cat retir'd, our Guests return,
The danger past becomes their scorn,
They fall to eating as before.
The butler rumbles at the door.
Ro. Good Lord!
Æsop. To boot and saddle again they found.
Ro. Ta ra, tan tan ta ra ra tan ta ra.
Æsop. They frown, as they wou'd stand their ground,
But (like some of our friends) they found
'Twas safer much to scowre.
Ro. Tantive, tantive, tantive, &c.
Æsop. At length the Squire, who hated arms,
Was so perplext with these alarms,

He

He rose up in a kind of heat :

Udzwooks, quoth he, with all your meat,

I will maintain a dish of pease,

A raddish, and a slice of cheefe,

With a good desert of ease,

Is much a better treat.

However,

Since every Man shou'd have his due,

I own, Sir, I'm oblig'd to you

For your intentions at your board.

But pox upon your courtly crew --

Ro. Amen, I pray the Lord. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Now the deil cuckold me if this story be not worth
a Sermon. Give me your hand, Sir,

-- If it had na' been for your friendly advice, I was
going to be fool enough, to be Secretary of State.

Æsop. Well, go thy ways home, and be wiser for
the future.

Ro. And so I will: for that same maufe, your
friend, was a witty person, gadsbudlikins; and so
our Wife *Joan* shall know: For between you and I,
'tis she has put me upon going to Court. Sir, she
has been so praud, so saucy, so rampant, ever since
I brought her home a lac'd pinner, and a pink-
coulour pair of shoe-strings, from *Tikledawne* fair,
the parson o'th Parish can't rule her; and that you'll
say's much. But so much for that. Naw I thank
you for your good counsel, honest little Gentleman;
and to shew you that I'se not ungrateful -- Give me
your hand once more -- If you'll take the pains but to
walk dawne to our Towne, -- a word in your ear, --
I'll send you so drunk whome again, you shall re-
member friendly *Roger* as long as you have breath in
your body.

[Exit Roger.]

Æsop solus.

Farewel, what I both envy and despise:
 Thy happiness and ignorance provoke me.
 How noble were the thing call'd knowledge,
 Did it but lead us to a blifs like thine!
 But there's a secret curse in wisdoms train,
 Which on its pleasures stamps perpetual pain,
 And makes the wise Man lose by what he gains.

[*Exit.*



A C T III.

Enter Æsop.

Æ S O P.

WHo waits there?

Enter Servant.

If there be any body that has business with me,
 let 'em in.

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Exit Servant.

*Enter Quaint, who stands at a distance, making a
 great many fawning bows.*

Æsop. Well, Friend, who are you?

Quaint. My name's *Quaint*, Sir, the profoundest
 of all your Honours humble Servants

Æsop. And what may your business be with me,
 Sir?

Quaint

Quaint. My business, Sir, with every man, is first of all to do him service.

Æsop. And your next is, I suppose, to be paid for't twice as much as 'tis worth?

Quaint. Your Honours most obedient, humble Servant.

Æsop. Well, Sir, but upon what account am I going to be obliged to you?

Quaint. Sir, I'm a Genealogist.

Æsop. A Genealogist.

Quaint. At your service, Sir.

Æsop. So, Sir.

Quaint. Sir, I am inform'd from common fame as well as from some little, private, familiar intelligence, that your Wisdom is entring into Treaty with the *primum mobile* of good and evil, a fine Lady. I have travell'd, Sir; I have read, Sir; I have consider'd, Sir; and I find, Sir, that the nature of a fine Lady is to be -- a fine Lady, Sir; a fine Lady's a fine Lady, Sir, all the world over; she loves a fine house, fine furniture, fine cloaths, fine liveries, fine petticoats, fine smocks; and if she stops there -- she's a fine Lady indeed, Sir. But to come to my point.

It being the *Lydian* custom, that the fair Bride should be presented on her wedding-day with something that may signifie the merit and the worth of her dread Lord and Master, I thought the noble *Æsops* pedigree might be the welcom'st gift that he could offer. If his honour be of the same opinion, -- I'll speak a bold word, there's ne'er a Herald in all *Asia* shall put better blood in his veins, than, --
-- Sir, your humble Servant, *Jacob Quaint*.

Æsop. Dost thou then know my Father, Friend? For I protest to thee I am a stranger to him.

Quaint. Your Father, Sir, ha, ha; I know every mans Father, Sir, and every mans Grand Father,

Father, and every mans Great Grand-Father. Why, Sir, I'm a Herald by nature, my Mother was a *Welch-Woman*.

Æsop. A *Welch-Woman*? Prithee of what Country's that?

Quaint. That, Sir, is a conuntry in the worlds back-side, where every man is born a Gentleman, and a Genealogist. Sir, I cou'd tell my Mother's pedigree before I cou'd speak plain; which, to shew you the depth of my art, and the strength of my memory, I'll trundle you down in an instant.

Noah had three Sons, *Sem*, *Ham*, and *Japhet*; *Shem*--

Æsop. Hold, I conjure thee in the name of all thy ancestors

Quaint. Sir, I cou'd take it higher, but I begin at *Noah* for brevitys sake.

Æsop. No more on't, I intreat thee.

Quaint. Your Honours impatient, perhaps, to hear your own descent. *A word to the wise is enough*. Hem, hem. *Solomon*, the wise King of *Judea*--

Æsop. Hold once more.

Quaint. Ha, ha, ha; your Honours modest, but--*Solomon*, the wise King of *Judea*--

Æsop. Was my ancestor, was he not?

Quaint. He was, my Lord: which no one sure can doubt, who observes how much of Prince there hangs about you.

Æsop. What! Is't in my mien?

Quaint. You have something -- wondrous noble in your air.

Æsop. Personnable too? View me well.

Quaint. N--not tall; but majestick.

Æsop. My shape?

Quaint. A world of symmetry in it.

Æsop. The lump upon my back?

Quaint. N--not regular, but agreeable.

Æsop.

Æsop. Now by my honesty thou art a villain.
Herald. But flattery's a thrust I never fail to parry. 'Tis
 a pass thou shou'dst reserve for young fencers; with
 feints like those they're to be hit: I do not doubt
 but thou hast found it so; hast not?

Quaint. I must confess, Sir, I have sometimes
 made 'em bleed by't. But I hope your Honour will
 please to excuse me, since, to speak the truth, I
 get my bread by't, and maintain my wife and chil-
 dren: And industry, you know, Sir, is a commend-
 able thing. Besides, Sir, I have debated the busi-
 ness a little with my conscience; for I'm like the rest
 of my neighbours, I'd willingly get money, and
 be sav'd too, if the thing may be done upon any rea-
 sonable terms. And so, Sir, I say, to quiet my
 conscience, I have found out at last, that flattery is
 a duty.

Æsop. A duty?

Quaint. Ay, Sir, a duty: For the duty of all men
 is to make one another pass their time as pleasantly
 as they can. Now, Sir, here's a young Lord, who
 has a great deal of land, a great deal of title, a great
 deal of meat, a great deal of noise, a great many Ser-
 vants, and a great many diseases. I find him very
 dull, very restless; tyr'd with ease, cloy'd with plenty,
 a burthen to himself, and a plague to his family. I
 begin to flatter: He springs off of the couch; turns
 himself round in the glass; finds all I say true; cuts
 a caper a yard high, his blood trickles round his veins;
 his heart's as light as his heels; and before I leave
 him -- his purse is as empty as his head. So we both
 are content, for we part much happier than we
 met.

Æsop. Admirable rogue; what dost thou think
 of murder and of rape, are not they duties too?
 Wer't not for such vile fawning things as thou art,
 young Nobles wou'd not long be what they are.

They'd grow asham'd of luxury and ease, and rouse up the old spirit of their fathers; leave the pursuit of a poor frightened hare, and make their foes to tremble in her stead; furnish their heads with sciences and arts, and fill their hearts with honour, truth and friendship; be generous to some, and just to all; drive home their creditors with bags of gold instead of chasing 'em with swords and staves; be faithful to their King and Country both, and stab the offerer of a bribe from either; blush even at a wandring thought of vice, and boldly own they durst be friends to virtue; trembling at nothing but the frowns of Heaven, and be no more asham'd of him that made 'em.

Q. [*Aside.*] If I stand to hear this crump preach a little longer, I shall be fool enough perhaps to be bubbled out of my livelihood, and to lose a bird in the hand for two in the bush.

Sir, since I have not been able to bring you to a good opinion of your self, 'tis very probable I shall scarce prevail with you to have one of me. But if you please to do me the favour to forget me, I shall ever acknowledge my self, -- Sir, your most obedient, faithful, humble Servant.

Æsop. Hold; if I let thee go, and give thee nothing, thou'lt be apt to grumble at me; and therefore -- Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Q. [*Aside.*] I don't like his looks: by Gad.

Æsop. I'll present thee with a token of my love.

Q. A -- another time, Sir, will do as well.

Æsop. No; I love to be out of debt, though 'tis being out of the fashion. So d'ye hear? Give this honest Gentleman half a score good strokes on the back with a cudgel,

Quaint.

Quaint. By no means in the world, Sir.

Æsop. Indeed, Sir, you shall take 'em.

Quaint. Sir, I don't merit half your bounty.

Æsop. O'tis but a trifle.

Quaint. Your generosity makes me blush.

[looking about to make his escape]

Æsop. That's your modesty, Sir.

Quaint. Sir, you are pleased to compliment. But
a--twenty pedigrees for a clear coast.

[Running off, the Servants after him.]

Æsop. Wait upon him down stairs, fellow;
I'd do't my self, were I but nimble enough; but he
makes haste to avoid ceremony.

Enter Servant

Serv. Sir, Here's a Lady in great haste, desires to
speak with you.

Æsop. Let her come in.

Enter Aminta, weeping.

Am. O Sir, if you don't help me, I'm undone.

Æsop. Why, what's the matter, Lady?

Am. My daughter. Sir, my daughter's run away
with a filthy fellow.

Æsop. A slippery trick indeed.

Am. For Heavens sake, Sir, send immediately to
pursue 'em, and seize 'em: But 'tis in vain, 'twill be
too late, 'twill be too late; I'll warrant at this very
moment they are got together in a room with a couch
in't; all's gone, all's gone; tho' 'twere made of gold,
'tis lost: Oh! My honour, my honour. A forward girl
she was always; I saw it in her eyes the very day of
her birth.

Æsop. That indeed was early: but how do you know
she's gone with a fellow?

Am. I have e'en her own insolent hand-writing for't; Sir, take but the pains to read what a Letter she has left me.

Æsop. Reads.

I Love, and am belov'd, and that's the reason I run away.

Short, but significant.

--I'm sure there's no body knows better than your Ladiship what allowances are to be made to flesh and blood; I therefore hope this from your justice, that what you have done three times your self, you'll pardon once in your daughter.

The Dickens.

Am. Now, Sir, what do you think of the business.

Æsop. Why truly, Lady, I think it one of the most natural businesses I have met with a great while. I'll tell you a story.

*A Crab-fish once her daughter told,
(In terms that savour'd much of scold)
She cou'd not bear to see her go,
Sidle, sidle, to and fro;
The Devil's in the wench, quoth she,
When so much money has been paid,
To polish you like me;
It makes me almost mad to see
You are still so awkward, and ungainly Fade.*

*Her daughter smil'd and look'd askew,
The answer'd (to give her her due)
Pertly, as most folks daughters do:
Madam, your Ladiship, quoth she, |
Is pleas'd to blame in me
What on enquiry, you may find
Admits a passable excuse,
From a proverb much in use,
That cat will after kind.*

Am.

Am. Sir, I took you to be a man better bred, than to liken a Lady to a Crab-fish.

Æsop. What I want in good breeding, Lady, I have in truth and honesty: As what you have wanted in virtue, you have had in a good face.

Am. Have had, Sir: What I have had, I have still; and shall have a great while, I hope. I'm no Grand-mother, Sir.

Æsop. But in a fair way for't, Madam.

Am. Thanks to my daughters forwardness then; not my years. I'd have you to know, Sir, I have never a wrinkle in my face. A young pert slut! Who'd think she shou'd know so much at her age?

Æsop. Good Masters make quick Scholars, Lady; she has learn'd her exercise from you.

Am. But where's the remedy, Sir?

Æsop. In trying if a good example will reclaim her; as an ill one has debauch'd her. Live private, and avoid scandal.

Am. Never speak it; I can no more retire, than I can go to Church twice of a Sunday.

Æsop. What! your youthful blood boils in your veins, I'll warrant.

Am. I have warmth enough to endure the air, old Gentleman. I need not shut my self up in a house these twenty years.

Æsop. Aside.] She takes a long lease of lewdness; she'll be an admirable tenant to lust.

Am. walking hastily to and fro.] People think when a Woman is turn'd forty, she's old enough to turn out of the World: But I say, when a woman is turn'd forty, she's old enough to have more wit. The most can be said is, her face is the worse for wearing: I'll answer for all the rest of her fabrick! The men wou'd be to be pity'd, by my troth wou'd they, if we shou'd quit the stage, and leave 'em nothing but a parcel of young pert sluts, that neither
C 5 know

know how to speak sense, nor keep themselves clean. [*Æsop stares upon her, and as she turns from him, runs off the stage.*] But don't let 'em fear, we a'n't going yet - How now? what? left alone. An unmannerly piece of deformity. Methinks he might have had sense enough to have made love to me. But I have found men strangely dull for the last ten or twelve years: Sure they'll mend in time, or the world won't be worth living in.]

*For let Philosophers say all they can,
The source of womans joys is plac'd in Man.* [Exit.

Enter Learchus and Euphronia, Doris following at a Distance.

Lear. to Euph.] I must tell you, Mistress, I'm too mild with you; Parents shou'd never intreat their children, nor will I hereafter. Therefore, in a word let *Æsop* be lov'd, let *Oronces* be hated; let one be a peacock, let t'other be a bat. I'm father, you are daughter; I command, and you shall obey.

Eup. I never yet did otherwise; nor shall I now, Sir; but pray let Reason guide you.

Lear. So it does: But 'tis my own, not yours, hussy.

Dor. Ah-- Well, I'll say no more; but were I in her place, by the *Mafs* I'd have a tug for't.

Lear. Dæmon! born to distract me. Whence art thou in the name of fire and brimstone? have I not satisfy'd thee? Have I not paid thee what's thy due? And have not I turn'd thee out of doors, with orders never more to stride my threshold, Ha? Answer, abominable spirit; what is't that makes thee haunt me?

Dor. A foolish passion, to do you good in spite of
of

of your teeth: pox on me for my zeal, I say.

Lear. And pox on thee, and thy zeal too, I say.

Dor. Now if it were not for her sake more than for yours, I'd leave all to your own management, to be reveng'd of you. But rather than I'll see that sweet thing sacrificed -- I'll play the devil in your house.

Lear. Patience, I summon thee to my aid.

Dor. Passion, I defie thee; to the last drop of my blood I'll maintain my ground. What have you to charge me with? speak: I love your child better than you do, and you can't bear that; ha? Is't not so? Nay, it's well y'are asham'd on't; there's some sign of grace still.

Look you, Sir, in few words, you'll make me mad; and 'twere enough to make any body mad (who has brains enough to be so) to see so much virtue shipwreck'd at the very port. The world never saw a virgin better qualify'd; so witty, so discreet, so modest, so chaste; in a word, I brought her up my self; and 'twou'd be the death of me, to see so vertuous a maid become a lewd wife; which is the usual effect of parents pride and covetousness.

Lear. How, Strumpet! Wou'd any thing be able to debauch my daughter?

Dor. Your daughter? Yes, your daughter, and my self into the bargain: A woman's but a woman: And I'll lay a hundred pound on Nature's side. Come, Sir, few words dispatch business. Let who will be the wife of *Æsop*, she's a fool, or he's a cuckold. But you'll never have a true notion of this matter, 'till you suppose your self in your daughter's place. As thus:

You are a pretty, soft, warm, wishing, young Lady: I'm a straight, proper, handsome, vigorous, young Fellow.

You have a peevish, positive, covetous, old
Father,

Father, and he forces you to marry a little lean, crooked, dry, sapless Husband. This Husband's gone abroad, you are left at home. I make you a visit, find you all alone; the Servant pulls to the door: the Devil comes in at the window. I begin to wheedle, you begin to melt; you like my person, and therefore believe all I say; so first I make you an Atheist, and then I make you a whore. Thus the world goes. Sir.

Lear. Pernicious pestilence: Has thy eternal tongue run down its larum yet?

Dor. Yes.

Lear. Then go out of my house, abomination.

Dor. I'll not stir a foot.

Lear. Who waits there? Bring me my great stick.

Dor. Bring you a stick; bring you a head-piece; that you'd call for, if you knew your own wants.

Lear. Death and Furies! the Devil, and so forth: I shall run distracted!

Eup. Pray, Sir, don't be so angry at her, I'm sure she means well, tho' she may have an odd way of expressing her self.

Lear. What, you like her meaning? who doubts it? Offspring of *Venus*. But I'll make you stay your stomach with meat of my chusing, you liquorish young baggage you. In a word, *Æsop*'s the man; and to-morrow he shall be your Lord and Master.

But since he can't be satisfy'd unless he has your heart, as well as all the rest of your trumpery, let me see you receive him in such a manner that he may think himself your choice, as well as mine; 'twill make him esteem your judgment: For we usually guess at other peoples understandings, by their approving our actions, and liking our faces. See here the great man comes. *To Dor.*] follow me, Insolence; and leave 'em to express their passion to each other. *[To Euph. Remember my last word to you is, obey,*

Dor.

Dor. to Euph. Aside.] And remember my last advice to you is rebel.

[Exit Lear. Dor. following him.]

Euph. Alas , I'm good - natur'd ; the last thing that's said to me usually leaves the deepest impression.

Enter Æsop. They stand some time without speaking.

Æsop. -- They say that Lovers , for want of words , have eyes to speak with. I'm afraid you do not understand the language of mine , since yours , I find , will make no answer to 'em. But I must tell you Lady ,

There is a numerous train of youthful virgins ,

That are endow'd with wealth and beauty too ,

Who yet have thought it worth their pains and care

To point their darts at *Æsop's* homely breast ;

Whilst you so much condemn what they pursue ,

That a young senseless fop's preferr'd before me.

Euph. Did you but know that fop you dare to term so ,

His very looks wou'd fright you into nothing.

Æsop. A very bawble.

Euph. How ?

Æsop. A butterfly.

Euph. I can't bear it.

Æsop. A paraquet , can prattle and look gawdy.

Euph. It may be so ; but let me paint him and you in your proper colours , I'll do it exactly , and you shall judge which I ought to chuse.

Æsop. No , hold , I'm naturally not over-curious ; besides , 'tis pride makes people have their pictures drawn.

Euph. Upon my word , Sir , you may have yours taken a hundred times before any body will believe 'tis done upon that account.

Æsop. Aside.] How severe she is upon me.

You are resolv'd then to persist , and be fond of your feather ; sigh for a periwig , and die for a cravat-string.

Euph.

Euph. Methinks, Sir, you might treat with more respect what I've thought fit to own I value; your affronts to him are doubly such to me; if you continue your provoking language, you must expect my tongue will fall too; and if you are as wise as some would make you, you can't but know I shou'd have theme enough.

Æsop. But is it possible you can love so much as you pretend?

Euph. Why do you question it?

Æsop. Because no body loves so much as they pretend to: but hark you, young Lady. Marriage is to last a long, long time; and where one couple blest the sacred knot, a train of wretches curse the institution. You are in an age where hearts are young and tender, a pleasing object gets admittance soon. But since to marriage there's annexed this dreadful word, *For ever*, the following example ought to move you.

*A Peacock once of splendid show,
Gay, gawdy, foppish, vain--- a beau,
Attack'd a fond young pheasants heart
With such success,
He pleas'd her, though he made her smart;
He pierc'd her with so much address,
She smil'd the moment that he fixt his dart.*

*A Cuckow in a neigh'oring tree,
Rich, honest, ugly, old - like me,
Lov'd her as he lov'd his life:
No pamper'd Priest e'er study'd more
To make a vertuous Nun a Where,
Than he to get her for his wife.
But all his offers still were vain,
His limbs were weak, his face was plain;
Beauty, youth, and vigour weigh'd
With the warm desiring maid.*

No bird she cry'd wou'd serve her turn,
 But what cou'd quench as well as burn,
 She'd have a young gallant, so one she had.
 But e're a month was come and gone,
 The bride began to change her tone,
 She found a young Gallant was an inconstant one.
 She wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
 Where after musing long on love
 She told her confident, she found
 When for ones life one must be bound,
 (Tho' youth indeed was a delicious bait)
 An aged husband, rich, tho' plain,
 Wou'd give a slavish wife less pain;
 And what was more, was sooner slain,
 Which was a thing of weight.

Behold, young Lady, here, the Cuckow of the
 Fable: I am deform'd, 'tis true, yet I have found the
 means to make a figure amongst men, that well has
 recompenc'd the wrongs of Nature; my rivals beauty
 promises you much; perhaps my homely form might
 yield you more; at least consider on't, 'tis worth your
 thought.

Euph. I must confess, my fortune wou'd be greater;
 But what's a fortune to a heart like mine?
 'Tis true, I'm but a young Philosopher,
 Yet in that little space my glass has run,
 I've spent some time in search of happiness;
 The fond pursuit I soon observ'd of riches,
 Inclind me to enquire into their worth:
 I found their value was not in themselves,
 But in their power to grant what we cou'd ask.
 I then proceeded to my own desires,
 To know what state of life wou'd suit with them:
 I found 'em moderate in their demands;
 They neither ask'd for title, state, or power,
 They slighted the aspiring post of envy:

'Tis

'Tis true, they trembled at the name contempt;
 A general esteem was all they wish'd;
 And that I did not doubt might be obtain'd,
 If furnish'd but with virtue and good nature,
 My fortune prov'd sufficient to afford me
 Conveniencies of life, and independence.
 This, Sir, was the result of my enquiry;
 And by this scheme of happiness I build,
 When I prefer the man I love to you.

Æsop. How wise, how witty, and how cleanly
 young women grow, as soon as ever they are in
 love?

Euph. How foppish, how impertinent, and how
 nauseous are old men, when they pretend to be so
 too?

Æsop. How pert is youth?

Euph. How dull is age?

Æsop. Why so sharp, young Lady?

Euph. Why so blunt, old Gentleman?

Æsop. 'Tis enough; I'll to your Father, I know
 how to deal with him, tho' I don't know how to deal
 with you. Before to-morrow noon, damsel, Wife
 shall be written on your brow. [*Ex. Æsop.*

Euph. Then, before to-morrow night, Statesman,
 husband shall be stamp'd upon your forehead.

[*Ex. Euph.*

End of the Third Act.



ACT



A C T I V.

Enter Oronces and Doris.

DORIS.

Patience, I beseech you.

Or. Patience! what, and see that lovely creature thrown into the arms of that pedantick monster; 'sdeath, I'd rather see the world reduc'd to atoms, mankind turn'd into crawfish, and my self an old Woman.

Dor. So you think an old woman a very unfortunate thing, I find; but you are mistaken, Sir; she may plague other folks, but she's as entertaining to her self, as any one part of the creation.

Or. *walking to and fro.*] She's the Devil, ... and I'm one of the damn'd, I think. But I'll make some body howl for't, I will so.

Dor. You'll e'en do as all the young fellows in the Town do, spoil your own sport; Ah ... had young mens shoulders but old Courtiers heads upon 'em, what a delicious time wou'd they have on't. For shame be wise; for your mistress sake at least use some caution.

Or. For her sake I'll respect, even like a Deity, her Father. He shall strike me, he shall tread upon me, and find me humbler, even than a crawling worm, for I'll not turn again; but for *Æsop*, that unfinish'd lump, that chaos of humanity, I'll use him, ... nay, expect it, for I'll do't, ... the first moment that I see him, I'll ...

Dor. Not challenge him, I hope, ... 'Twou'd

D

be

be a pretty fight truly, to see *Æsop* drawn up in battle : fie for shame, be wise once in your life ; think of gaining time, by putting off the marriage for a day or two, and not of waging war with a pigmy. Yonder's the old Gentleman walking by himself in the gallery ; go and wheedle him, you know his weak side ; he's good natur'd in the bottom. Stir up his old fatherly bowels a little, I'll warrant you'll move him at last, go get you gone, and play your part discreetly.

Or. We'll I'll try ; but if words won't do with one, blows shall with t'other ; by heavens they shall. [Exit *Or.*

Dor. Sola.] Nay, I reckon we shall have rare work on't by and by. Shield us kind Heaven ! what things are men in love ? Now they are stocks and stones ; then they are fire and quick-silver ; first whining and crying, then swearing and damning ; this moment they are in Love, and next moment they are out of Love ; ah... cou'd we but live without 'em... but it's in vain to think on't.

Enter Æsop at one side of the stage, Mrs. Forge-Will at t'other.

For. Sir, I am your most devoted-Servant : What I say is no complement, I do assure you.

Æsop. Madam, as far as you are really mine, I believe I may venture to assure you, I am yours.

For. I suppose, Sir, you know that I'm a widow.

Æsop. Madam, I don't so much as know you are a Woman.

For. O surprising ! Why I thought the whole Town had known it. Sir, I have been a widow this twelve-month.

Æsop. If a body may guess at your heart by your petticoat, Lady, you don't design to be so a twelve-month more.

For.

For. O blefs me ! Not a twelve-month ? Why, my Husband hath left me four fqualing brats. Befides, Sir, I'm undone.

Æfop. You feem as chearful an undone Lady as I have met with.

For. Alas, Sir, I have too great a fpirit ever to let afflictions fpoil my face, Sir, I'll tell you my condition, and that will lead me to my bufinefs with you. Sir, my Husband was a Scrivener.

Æfop. The Deuce he was; I thought he had been a Count at leaft.

For. Sir, 'Tis not the firft time I have been taken for a Countefs; my Mother us'd to fay as I lay in my cradle, I had the air of a woman of quality; and truly I have always liv'd like fuch. My Husband, indeed, had fomething sneaking in him (as moft Husbands have you know, Sir) but from the moment I fet foot in his houfe, blefs me, what a change was there! His pewter was turn'd into filver, his goloshoes into a glafs coach, and his little travelling mare into a pair of *Flanders* horses. Instead of a greafie Cook-maid to wait at Table, I had four tall Foot-men in clean linnen; all things became new and fashionable, and nothing look'd awkward in my family. My furniture was the wonder of my neighbourhood, and my cloaths the admiration of the whole Town. I had a necklace that was envy'd by the Queen, and a pair of pendants that fet a Dutches a crying. In a word, I faw nothing I lik'd but I bought it; and my Husband, good man, durft ne'er refufe paying for't. Thus I liv'd, and I flourish'd, till he ficken'd and dy'd; but ere he was cold in his grave his creditors plunder'd my houfe. But what pity it was to fee fellows with dirty shoes come into my beft rooms, and touch my hangings with their filthy fingers? You won't blame me, Sir, if with all my courage I weep at this fenfible part of my misfortune.

Æsop. A very sad story truly.

For. But now, Sir, to my business. Having been Inform'd this morning, that the King has appointed a great sum of money for the marriage of young women who have liv'd well, and are fallen to decay, I am come to acquaint you I have two strapping daughters just fit for the matter, and to desire you'll help 'em to Portions out of the King's bounty; that they mayn't whine and pine, and be eaten up with the green-sickness, as half the young women in the Town are, or wou'd be, if there were not more helps for a disease than one. This, Sir, is my business.

Æsop. And this, Madam, is my answer.

A crawling Toad, all speckled o'er,
Vain, gaudy, painted, patch'd, ... a whore;
Seeing a well-fed ox hard by,
Regards him with an envious eye,
And (as the Poets tell)
Ye Gods I cannot bear't, quoth she,
I'll burst, or be as big as he,
And so began to swell.

Her friends and kindred round her came;
They shew'd her she was much too blame,
The thing was out of reach.
She told 'em they were busie folke,
And when her husband wou'd have spoke,
She bid him kifs her br...
With that they all e'en gave her o'er,
And she persisted as before,
'Till with a deal of strife
She swell'd at last, so much her spleen;
She burst like one that we have seen,
Who was a Scriveners wife.

This

This, widow, I take to be your case, and that of a great many others; for this is an age where most people get falls by clambering too high, too reach at what they should not do. The Shoemakers wife reduces her husband to a cobbler, by endeavouring to be as spruce as the Taylors: The Taylors brings hers to a botcher, by going as fine as the Mercers: The Mercers lowers hers to a foreman, by perking up to the Merchants The Merchants wears hers to a broker, by strutting up to Quality: And Quality brings theirs to nothing, by striving to out do one another. If women were humbler, men wou'd be honest. Pride brings want, want makes rogues, rogues come to be hang'd, and the Devil alone's the gainer. Go your ways home woman; and as your Husband maintain'd you by his pen, maintain your self by your needle; put your great girls to service. Employment will keep 'em honest; much work, and plain diet, will cure the green-sickness as well as a husband.

For. Why, you pitiful pigmy, preaching, canting, pickthank; you little, sorry, crooked, dry, wither'd Eunuch, do you know that...

Æsop. I know that I am so deform'd you han't wit enough to describe me; but I have this good quality, that a foolish woman can never make me angry.

For. Can't she so; I'll try that, I will.

[She falls upon him, holds his hands and boxes his ears.]

Æsop. Help, help, help.

Enter Servants. She runs off, they after her.

Æsop. Nay, e'en let her go... let her go... don't bring her back again... I'm for making a bridge of gold for my enemy to retreat upon... I'm quite

out of breath. . . a terrible Woman, I protest.

Enter a country Gentleman, drunk, in a hunting dress; with a Huntsman, Groom, Faulkner, and other Servants; one leading a couple of hounds, another greyhounds, a third a Spaniel, a fourth a Gun upon his shoulder, the Faulkner a hawk upon his fist, &c.

Gent. Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux: joular, there boy, joular, joular, tinker, pedlar, miss, miss, miss, miss, miss... Blood and oons... O there he is; that must be he, I have seen his picture. *Reeling up to Æsop*] ... Sir ... it your name's Æsop ... I'm your humble Servant.

Æsop. Sir, my name is Æsop, at your service.

Gent. Why then, Sir ... Complements being past on both sides, with your leave ... we'll proceed to business.

Sir, I am by profession ... a Gentleman of ... three thousand pounds a year ... Sir, I keep a good pack of hounds, and a good stable of horses.

To his Groom.] How many horses have I, Sirrah? ... Sir this is my Groom. [*Presenting him to Æsop.*

Groom. Your Worship has six coach horses, (cut and long tail) two runners, half a dozen hunters, four breeding mares, and two blind stallions, besides pads, ronts, and dog-horses.

Gent. Look you there, Sir, I scorn to tell a lie. He that questions my honour ... He's a Son of a whore. But to business ... Having heard, Sir, that you were come to this Town, I have taken the pains to come hither too, tho' I had a great deal of business upon my hands, for I have appointed three *Justices of the peace* to hunt with 'em this morning ... and be drunk with 'em in the afternoon. But the main chance must be look'd to ... and that's this ... I desire, Sir,

Sir, you'll tell the King from me ... I don't like these taxes ... in one word, as well as in twenty ... I don't like these taxes.

Æsop. Pray, Sir, how high may you be tax'd?

Gent. How high may I be tax'd, Sir? ... Why, I may be tax'd, Sir, ... Four shillings in the pound, Sir, one half I pay in money ... and t'other half I pay in perjury, Sir. Hey, joular, joular, joular. Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux. Whoo, hoo ... Here's the best hound bitch in *Europe*, zoons is she. And I had rather kifs her than kifs my wife ... Rot me if I have not ... But, Sir, I don't like these taxes.

Æsop. Why how wou'd you have the war carry'd on?

Gent. War carry'd on, Sir? ... Why I had rather have no war carry'd on at all, Sir, than pay taxes. I don't desire to be rui'd, Sir.

Æsop. Why you say you have three thousand pounds a year?

Gent. And so I have, Sir ... *Lett - Acre.* Sir, this is my Steward. How much land have I, *Lett - Acre*?

Lett - Acre. Your worship has three thousand pounds a year, as good lond as any's i'th' caunty; and two thousand paunds worth of wood to cut dawne at your worship's pleasure, and put the money in your pocket.

Gent. Look you there, Sir, what have you to say to that?

Æsop. I have to say, Sir, that you may pay your taxes in money, instead of perjury, and still have a better revenue than I'm afraid you deserve. What service do you do your King, Sir?

Gent. None at all, Sir ... I'm above it.

Æsop. What service may you do your country pray?

Gent. I'm Justice of the Peace...and Captain of the Militia.

Æsop. Of what use are you to your kindred?

Gent. I'm the head of the family, and have all the estate.

Æsop. What good do you do your neighbours?

Gent. I give 'em their bellies full of beef every time they come to see me; and make 'em so drunk they spew it up again before they go away.

Æsop. How do you use your tenants?

Gent. Why, I skrew up their rents 'till they break and run away, and if I catch 'em again, I let 'em rot in a goal.

Æsop. How do you treat your Wife?

Gent. I treat her all day with ill nature and tobacco, and all night with snoring and a dirty shirt.

Æsop. How do you breed your children?

Gent. I breed my eldest son...a fool, my youngest breed them selves, and my daughters...have no breeding at all.

Æsop. 'Tis very well, Sir; I shall be sure to speak to the King of you; or if you think fit to remonstrate to him, by way of petition or address, how reasonable it may be to let men of your importance go scotfree, in the time of a necessary war, I'll deliver it in council, and speak to it as I ought.

Gent. Why, Sir, I don't disapprove your advice, but my Clerk is not here, and I can't spell well.

Æsop. You may get it writ at your leisure, and send it me. But because you are not much us'd to draw up addresses, perhaps, I'll tell you in general what kind of one this ought to be.

May it please your Majesty...

To the Gent.] You'll excuse me if I don't know your name and title.

Gent. Sir, *Polidorus Hogstye*, of *Beast Hall*, in *Swine-County*.

Æsop.

Æsop. Very well.

May it please your Majesty; Polidorus Hogstye, of Beast-Hall, in Swine Connty, most humbly represents, that he hates to pay Taxes, the dreadful consequences of 'em being inevitably these, That he must retrench two dishes in ten, where not above six of 'em are design'd for gluttony.

Four bottles out of twenty; where not above fifteen of 'em are for drunkenness.

Six horses out of thirty; of which not above twenty are kept for state.

And four Servants out of a score; where one half do nothing but make work for t'other.

To this deplorable condition must your important subject be reduc'd, or forc'd to cut down his timber, which he wou'd willingly preserve against an ill run at dice.

And as to the necessity of the war for the security of the kingdom; he neither knows nor cares whether it be necessary or not.

He concludes with his prayers for your Majesty's life, upon condition you will protect him and his foxhounds at Beast Hall, without e'er a penny of money.

To the Gent.] This, Sir, I suppose, is much what you wou'd be at.

Gent. Exactly, Sir, I'll be sure to have one drawn up to the self same purpose; and next fox-hunting I'll engage half the company shall set their hands to't.

Sir, I am your... most devoted Servant; and if you please to let me see you at Beast-Hall, here's my huntsman Houndsfoot will shew you a fox shall lead you through so many hedges and briars, you shall have no more cloaths on your back in half an hour's time.. than you had... in the womb of your mother. Haux. haux, haux, &c.

[Exit Shouting,

Æsop. O tempora, O mores!

Enter Mr. Fruitful and his Wife.

Mr. F. Heavens preserve the noble *Æsop*, grant him long life and happy days.

Mrs. F. And send him a fruitful wife, with a hopeful issue.

Æsop. And what is it I'm to do for you, good people, to make you amends for all these friendly wishes?

Mr. F. Sir, here's my self and my wife...

Mrs. F. Sir, here's I and my husband...

To her husband.] Let me speak in my turn, Goodman forward.

To Æsop.] Sir, here's I and my Husband, I say, think we have as good pretensions to the Kings favour as ever a Lord in the land.

Æsop. If you have no better than some Lords in the land, I hope you won't expect much for your service.

Mr. F. An't please you, you shall be judge your self.

Mrs. F. That's as he gives sentence, Mr. *Little-Wit*; who gave you power to come to a reference? If he does not do us right, the King himself shall; what's to be done here?

To Æsop.] Sir, I'm forc'd to correct my Husband a little; poor man, he is not us'd to court business; but to give him his due, he's ready enough at some things: Sir, I have had twenty fine children by him; fifteen of 'em are alive, and alive like to be; five tall Daughters are wedded and bedded, and ten proper Sons serve their King and their Country.

Æsop. A goodly company upon my word.

Mrs. F. Would all men take as much pains for the peopling the kingdom, we might tuck up our aprons, and cry a fig for our enemies; but we have such

such a parcel of drones amongst us . . . Hold up your head, Husband . . . He's a little out of countenance, Sir, because I chid him, but the man's a very good man at the bottom. But to come to my business, Sir; I hope his Majesty will think it reasonable to allow me something for the service I have done him; 'tis pity but labour shou'd be encourag'd, especially when what one has done, one has don't with a good will.

Æsop. What profession are you of, good people?

Mrs. F. My Husband's an Innkeeper, Sir; he bears the name, but I govern the house.

Æsop. And what posts are your Sons in, in the service?

Mrs. F. Sir, there are four Monks.

Mr. F. Three Attorneys.

Mrs. F. Two Scriveners.

M. F. And an excise-man.

Æsop. The deuce o'the service; why, I thought they had been all in the Army.

Mrs. F. Not one, Sir.

Æsop. No, so it seems, by my troth: ten Sons that serve their country, quoth a, Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners and Excise-Men, serve their country with a vengeance; you deserve to be rewarded, truly; you deserve to be hang'd; you wicked people you. Get you gone out of my sight: I never was so angry in my life. [Exit *Æsop.*

M. F. To his Wife.] So; who's in the right now, you or I? I told you what wou'd come on't; you must be always a breeding, and breeding, and the King wou'd take care of 'em, and the Queen wou'd take care of 'em. And always some pretence or other there was. But now we have got a great kennel of whelps, and the Devil will take care of 'em for ought I see. For your Sons are all rogues,
and

and your Daughters are all whores, you know they are.

Mrs. F. What, you are a grudging of your pains now, you lazy, fluggish, flegmatick drone. You have a mind to die of a lethargy, have you? But I'll raise your spirits for you, I will so. Get you gone home, go; go home you idle sot, you, I'll raise your spirits for you.

[*Exit pushing him before her.*]

Re-Enter Æsop.

Æsop. Solus.] Monks, Attorneys, Scriyeners, and Excise-Men! .

Enter Oronces.

Or. O here he is. Sir, I have been searching for you to say two words to you.

Æsop. And now you have found me, Sir, what are they?

Or. They are, Sir...that my name's Oronces; you comprehend me.

Æsop. I comprehend your name.

Or. And not my business?

Æsop. Not I, by my troth.

Or. Then I shall endeavour to teach it, you, Monsieur *Æsop.*

Æsop. And I to learn it, Monsieur Oronces.

Or. Know, Sir...that I admire *Euphronia.*

Æsop. Know, Sir...that you are in the right on't.

Or. But I pretend, Sir, that no body else shall admire her.

Æsop. Then I pretend, Sir, she won't admire you.

Or. why so, Sir?

Æsop. Because, Sir...

Or

Or. What, Sir?

Æsop. She's a woman, Sir.

Or. What then, Sir?

Æsop. Why then, Sir, she desires to be admir'd by every man she meets.

Or. Sir, You are too familiar.

Æsop. Sir, you are too haughty; I must soften that harsh tone of yours: It don't become you Sir; it makes a Gentleman appear a Porter, Sir: and that you may know the use of good language, I'll tell you what once happen'd.

Once on a time

Or. I'll have none of your old wives Fables, Sir: I have no time to lose, therefore, in a word . . .

Æsop. In a word, be mild: For nothing else will do you service. Good manners and soft words have brought many a difficult thing to pass. Therefore hear me patiently.

*A Cook one day, who had been drinking,
Only (as many times you know,
You sly, Young, witty beaux will do)
T' avoid the dreadful pain of thinking,
Had orders sent him to behead
A Goose, like any Chaplain fed.
He took such pains to set his knife right,
'T had done one good t' have lost ones life by't.
But many men have many minds,
There's various tastes in various kinds.
A Swan, who by mistake he seiz'd,
With wretched life was better pleas'd.
For as he went to give the blow,
In tuneful notes she let him know,
She neither was a Goose, nor wish'd
To make her exit so.*

*The Cook, who thought of nought but blood,
(Except it were the grease,*

For that you know's his fees)
 To hear her sing, in great amazement stood.
 Cods fish, quoth he, 'twas well you spoke
 For I was just upon the stroke.
 Your feathers have so much of Goose,
 A drunken Cook cou'd do no less
 Than think you one; That you'll confess:
 But y'ave a voice so soft, so sweet,
 That rather than you shall be eat,
 The house shall starve for want of meat:
 And so he turn'd her loose.

To Or. Now, Sir, what say you? Will you be the Swan, or the Goose?

Or. The choice can't, sure, be difficult to make,
 I hope you will excuse my youthful heat;
 Young men and Lovers have a claim to pardon:
 But since the faults of age have no such plea,
 I hope you'll be more cautious off offending.

The flame that warms *Euphronias* heart and mine
 Has long, alas! been kindled in our breasts.
 Even years are past since our two souls were wedded,
 'Twou'd be adultery but to wish to part 'em.
 And wou'd a lump of clay alone content you?
 A Mistress cold and senseless in your arms,
 Without the least remains or signs of life,
 Except her sighs, to mourn her absent lover.

Whilst you shou'd press her in your eager arms,
 With fond desire and extasie of love,
 Wou'd it not pierce you to the very soul,
 To see her tears run trickling down her cheeks,
 And know their fountain mean't 'em all to me?
 Cou'd you bear this?

Yet thus the Gods revenge themselves on those
 Who stop the happy course of mutual love.
 If you must be unfortunate one way,

Chuse

Chuse that where justice may support your grief,
And shun the weighty curse of injur'd Lovers.

Æsop. Why, this is pleading like a Swan indeed...
Were any thing at stake but my *Euphronia*...

Or. Your *Euphronia*, Sir...

Æsop. The Goose... 'take heed...
Were any thing, I say, at stake but her,
Your Plea would be too strong to be refus'd.
But our debate's about a Lady, Sir,
That's young, that's beautiful, that's made for Love
...So am not I, you'll say? but y'are mistaken, Sir;
I'm made to love, tho' not to belov'd.
I have a heart like yours; I've folly too:
I've every instrument of Love like others.

Or. But, Sir, you have not yet been long a Lover;
Your passion's young and tender,
'Tis easie for you to become its master;
Whilst I shou'd strive in vain; mine's old and fixt.

Æsop. The older 'tis, the easier to be govern'd,
Were mine of as long a standing, 'twere possible I
might get the better on't. Old passions are like old
men; weak, and soon jostled into the channel.

Or. Yet age sometimes is strong, even to the verge
of life.

Æsop. Ay, but there our comparison don't hold.

Or. You are too merry to be much in love.

Æsop. And you too sad to be so long.

Or. My grief may end my days, so quench my flame;
but nothing else can e'er extinguish it.

Æsop. Don't be discourag'd, Sir; I have seen many
a man out-live his passion twenty years.

Or. But I have sworn to die *Euphronias* slave.

Æsop. A decay'd face always absolves a Lover's
oath.

Or. Lovers whose oaths are made to faces then:
but 'tis *Euphronias* soul that I adore, which never can
decay.

Æsop.

Æsop. I wou'd fain see a young fellow in love with
a soul of threescore.

Or. Quit but *Euphronia* to me, and you shall,
At least if Heavens bounty will afford us
But years enough to prove my constancy,
And this is all I ask the Gods and you. [*Ex. Or.*

Æsop Solus.

A good pretence however to beg a long life.
How grossly do the inclinations of the flesh
Impose upon the simplicity of the spirit?
Had this young fellow but studied anatomy, he'd
have found the source of his passion lay far from his
Mistress's soul.

Alas ! Alas !

Had Women no more charms in their bodies,
Than what they have in their minds,
We should see more wise men in the world,
Much fewer Lovers and Poets.

[*Exit.*

The End of the fourth act.



ACT



A C T V.

Enter Euphronia and Doris.

EUPHRONIA.

HEavens, what is't you make me do, *Doris*?
Apply my self to the Man I loath; beg favours
from him I hate; seek a reprieve from him I abhor;
'tis low, 'tis mean, 'tis base in me.

Dor. Why, you hate the Devil as much as you do
Æsop, (or within a small matter) and should you
think it a scandal to pray him to let you alone a day or
two, if he were a going to run away with you; ha?

Euph. I don't know what I think, nor what I say,
nor what I do: But sure th'art not my friend thus to
advise me.

Dor. I advise; I advise nothing; e'en follow your
own way; marry him, and make much of him. I
have a mind to see some of his breed; If you like it,
I like it. He shan't breed out of me, only, that's all
I have to take care of.

Euph. Prithee don't distract me.

Dor. Why, to-morrow's the day, fix'd and firm,
you know it; much meat, little order, a great many
relations, few friends, horse-play, noise, and bawdy
stories, all's ready for a compleat wedding.

Euph. Oh! what shall I do?

Dor. Nay, I know this makes you tremble; and
yet your tender conscience scruples to drop one hypo-
critical curtsy, and say, pray, Mr. *Æsop*, be so kind
to defer it a few days longer.

Euph. Thou know'st I cannot dissemble.

E

Dor.

Dor. I know you can dissemble well enough when you shou'd not do't. Do you remember how you us'd to plague your poor *Oronces*; make him believe you loath'd him, when you cou'd have kiss'd the ground he went on; affront him in all publick places; ridicule him in all company; abuse him where ever you went; and when you had reduc'd him within an ace of hanging or drowning, then come home with tears in your eyes, and cry, now, *Doris*, let's go lock our selves up and talk of my dear *Oronces*? Is not this true?

Euph. Yes, yes, yes. But, prithee, have some compassion on me. Come, I'll do any thing thou bid'st me -- What shall I say to this monster? Tell me, and I'll obey thee.

Dor. Nay then there's some hopes of you.

Why you must tell him -- 'Tis natural to you to dislike folks at first sight. That since you have consider'd him better, you find your aversion abated: That though perhaps it may be a hard matter for you ever to think him a Beau, you don't despair in time of finding out his *je ne sçai quoi*. And that on t'other side; though you have hitherto thought (as most young women do) that nothing cou'd remove your first affection, yet you have very great hopes in the natural inconstancy of your sex.

Tell him, 'tis not impossible; a change may happen, provided he gives you time: but that if he goes to force you, there's another piece of nature peculiar to woman, which may chance to spoil all, and that's contradiction: ring that argument well in his ears: he's a Philosopher, he knows it has weight in't.

In short, wheedle, whine, flatter, lie, weep, spare nothing; it's a moist age, women have tears enough; and when you have melted him down, and gain'd more time, we'll employ it in

close-

closet-debates how to cheat him to the end of the chapter.

Euph. But you don't consider, *Doris*, that by this means I engage my self to him; and can't afterwards with honour retreat.

Dor. Madam, I know the world -- Honour's a jest, when jilting's useful.

Besides, he that wou'd have you break your oath with *Oronces*, can never have the impudence to blame you for cracking your word with himself. But who knows what may happen between the cup and the lip? Let either of the old Gentlemen die, and we ride triumphant. Wou'd I cou'd but see the Statesman sick a little, I'd recommend a Doctor to him, a Cousin of mine, a man of conscience, a wise Physician; tip but the wink, he understands you.

Euph. Thou wicked wench, wou'dst poison him?

Dor. I don't know what I wou'd do, I think, I study, I invent, and some how I will get rid of him. I do more for you, I'm sure, than you and your knight errant do together for your selves.

Euph. Alas, both he and I do all we can; thou know'st we do.

Dor. Nay, I know y'are willing enough to get together; but y'are a couple of helpless things, Heaven knows.

Euph. Our stars, thou see'st, are bent to opposition.

Dor. Stars -- I'd fain see the stars hinder me from running away with a man I lik'd.

Euph. Ay, but thou know'st, shou'd I disoblige my Father, he'd give my portion to my younger Sister.

Dor. Ay, there the shoo pinches, there's the love of the age; Ah! -- to what an ebb of passion are lovers sunk in these days? Give me a woman that runs away with a man, when his whole estate's

pack'd up in his snap-sack. That tucks up her coats to her knees ; and through thick and through thin, from quarters to Camp, trudges heartily on, with a Child on her back, another in her arms, and a brace in her belly : There's flame with a witness, where this is the effects on't. But we must have Love in a feather-bed, forsooth : a coach and six horses, clean linnen, and a cawdle, fie, for shame.

O ho, here comes our man. Now shew your self a woman, if you are one.

Enter Æsop.

Æsop. I'm told, fair Virgin, you desire to speak with me. Lovers are apt to flatter themselves ; I take your message for a favour. I hope 'twas meant so ?

Euph. Favours from women are so cheap of late, men may expect 'em truly without vanity.

Æsop. If the women are so liberal, I think the men are generous too on their side : 'Tis a well-bred age, thank Heaven ; and a deal of civility there passes between the two sexes. What service is't that I can do you, Lady ?

Euph. Sir, I have a small favour to intreat you.

Æsop. What is't ? I don't believe I shall refuse you.

Euph. What if you shou'd promise me, you won't ?

Æsop. Why then I shou'd make a divorce between my good breeding and my fence, which ought to be as sacred a knot as that of wedlock.

Euph. Dare you not trust then, Sir, the thing you love ?

Æsop. Not when the thing I love don't love me. Never.

Dor. Trust is sometimes the way to be belov'd.

Æsop. Ay, but 'tis oftner the way to be cheated.

Euph.

Euph. Pray promise me you'll grant my suit.

Dor. 'Tis a reasonable one. I give you my word for't.

Æsop. If it be so, I do promise to grant it.

Dor. That's still leaving your self Judge.

Æsop. Why, who's more concern'd in the trial?

Dor. But no body ought to be judge in their own cause.

Æsop. Yet he that is so, is sure to have no wrong done him.

Dor. But if he does wrong to others, that's worse.

Æsop. Worse for them, but not for him.

Dor. True politician, by my troth.

Æsop. Men must be so when they have to do with Sharpers.

Euph. If I should tell you then there were a possibility I might be brought to love you, you'd scarce believe me.

Æsop. I shou'd hope as a Lover, and suspect as a Statesman.

Dor. Aside.] Love and wisdom ! There's the passion of the age again.

Euph. You have liv'd long, Sir; and observ'd much: did you never see time produce strange changes?

Æsop. Amongst women I must confess I have.

Euph. Why, I'm a woman, Sir.

Æsop. Why, truly that gives me some hopes.

Euph. I'll encrease 'em, Sir; I have already been in love two years.

Dor. And time, you know, wears all things to tatters.

Æsop. Well observ'd.

Euph. What If you shou'd allow me some, to try what I can do?

Æsop. Why, truly, I would have patience a day or two, if there was as much probability of my being

your new gallant, as perhaps there may be of changing your old one.

Dor. She shall give you fair play for't, Sir; opportunity and leave to prattle, and that's what carries most women in our days. Nay, she shall do more for you. You shall play with her fan; squeeze her little finger; buckle her shoe; read a Romance to her in the arbour; and saunter in the woods on a moon-shiny night. If this don't melt her, she's no woman, or you no no man.--

Æsop. I'm not a man to melt a woman that way; I know my self, and know what they require. 'Tis through a woman's eye you pierce her heart. And I've no darts can make their entrance there.

Dor. You are a great Statesman, Sir; but I find you know little of our matters. A womans heart's to be enter'd forty ways. Every sense she has about her keeps a door to't. With a smockface, and a feather, you get in at her eyes. With powerful nonsense, in soft words, you creep in at her ears. An essenc'd peruke, and a sweet handkerchief, lets you in at her nose. With a treat, and a box full of sweet-meats, you slip in at her mouth: and if you would enter by her sense of feeling, 'tis as beaten a road as the rest. What think you now, Sir? *There are more ways to the woods than one*, you see.

Æsop. Why, y'are an admirable Pilot. I don't doubt but you have steer'd many a ship safe to harbour: But I'm an old stubborn sea man; I must sail by my own compass still.

Euph. And, by your obstinacy, lose your vessell.

Æsop. No: I'm just entring into port; we'll be married to-morrow.

Euph. For Heavens sake defer it some days longer: I cannot love you yet, indeed I cannot.

Æsop. Nor never will, I dare swear.

Euph.

Euph. Why then will you marry me?

Æsop. Because I love you.

Euph. If you lov'd me, you wou'd never make me miserable.

Æsop. Not if I lov'd you for your sake; but I love you for my own.

Dor. Aside.] There's an old rogue for you.

Euph. Weeping.] Is there no way left? must I be wretched?

Æsop. 'Tis but resolving to be pleas'd. You can't imagine the strength of resolution. I have seen a woman resolve to be in the wrong all the days of her life; and by the help of her resolution, she has kept her word to a tittle.

Euph. Methinks the subject w'are upon shou'd be of weight enough to make you serious.

Æsop. Right: to-morrow morning pray be ready: you'll find me so; I'm serious: Now I hope you are pleas'd.

[*Turning away from her.*

Euph. Coing off weeping, and leaning upon Doris.] Break heart! For if thou hold'st, I'm miserable.

Dor. to Æsop.] Now may the extravagance of a lewd wite, with the insolence of a vertuous one, join hand in hand, and bring thy grey hairs to the grave.

[*Exeunt Euphronia and Doris.*

Æsop. My old friend wishes me well to the last I see.

Enter Learcus hastily, follow'd by Oronces.

Or. Pray hear me, Sir.

Lear. 'Tis in vain: I'm resolv'd, I tell thee. Most noble *Æsop*, since you are pleas'd to accept of my poor offspring for your comfort, be so charitable to my old age, to deliver me from the impertinence of youth, by making her your wife this instant; for there's a plot against my life, they have resolv'd to

tease me to death to-night, that they may break the match to-morrow morning. Marry her this instant, I intreat you.

Æsop. This instant, say you?

Lear. This instant; this very instant.

Æsop. 'Tis enough; get all things ready; I'll be with you in a mornent. [Exit *Æsop.*

Lear. Now, what say you, Mr. *Flame-Fire*? I shall have the whip-hand of you presently.

Or. Defer it till to-morrow, Sir.

Lear. That you may run away with her to-night, ha? --

Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

Hey; who waits there? Call my Daughter to me quick.

I'll give her her dispatches presently.

Enter Euphronia.

Euph. D'ye call, Sir?

Lear. Yes I do, minx. Go shift your self, and put on your best cloaths. You are to be marry'd.

Euph. Marry'd, Sir?

Lear. Yes, marry'd, Madam; and that this instant too.

Euph. Dear, Sir!

Lear. Not a word: obedience and a clean smock; dispatch. [Exit *Euphronia weeping.*

[*Learcus going off, turns to Oronces.*

Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Or. Yet hear what I've to say.

Lear. And what have you to say, Sir?

Or. Alas! I know not what I have to say!

Lear. Very like so. That's a sure sign he's in love now.

Or. Have you no bowels?

Lear. Ha, ha! bowels in a parent! Here's a young
young

young fellow for you. Hark thee, stripling; being in a very merry humour, I don't care if I discover some paternal secrets to thee.

Know then, that how humourfome, how whimsical soever we may appear, there's one fixt principle that runs through almost the whole race of us; and that's to please our selves. Why do'st think I got my daughter? Why, there was something in't that pleas'd me. Why do'st think I marry my daughter? Why to please my self still. And what is't that pleases me? Why, my interest; what do'st think it shou'd be? If *Æsop's* my Son-in-Law, he'll make me a Lord: If thou art my Son-in-Law---- thou'lt make me a grand-father. Now I have more mind to be a Lord than a grand-father, give my Daughter to him, and not to thee.

Or. Then shall her happiness weigh nothing with you?

Lear. Not this. If it did, I'd give her to thee, and not to him.

Or. Do you think forc'd marriage the way to keep women vertuous?

Lear. No; nor I don't care whether women are vertuous or not.

Or. You know your daughter loves me.

Lear. I do so.

Or. What if the children that *Æsop* may happen to father shou'd chance to be begot by me?

Lear. Why, then *Æsop* wou'd be the cuckold not I.

Or. Is that all your care?

Lear. Yes: I speak as a Father.

Or. What think you of your child's concern in t'other world?

Lear. Why, I think it my child's concern, not mine. I speak as a Father.

Or. Do you remember you once gave me your
E 5 consent

consent to wed your daughter?

Lear. I did.

Or. Why did you so?

Lear. Because you were the best match that offer'd at that time. I did like a Father.

Or. Why then, Sir, do like a Lover. I'll make you keep your word, or cut your throat.

Lear. Who waits there, hey?

Enter Servants.

Seize me that bully there. Carry him to prison, and keep him safe. *[They seize him.]*

Or. Why, you won't use me thus?

Lear. Yes, but I will tho': away with him. Sir, your most humble Servant: I wish you a good nights rest; and as far as a merry dream goes, my Daughter's at your service.

Or. Death and Furies!

[Exeunt Servants with Orances,]
Lear. Singing.] *Dol, de tol dol, dol, de tol dol.*
Lilly burleighre's lodg'd in a bough.

Enter a Troop of Musicians, Dancers, &c.

Lear. How now? What have we got here?

Mus. Sir, we are a troop of trifling fellows; fiddlers, and dancers, come to celebrate the wedding of your fair Daughter, if your honour pleases to give us leave.

Lear. With all my heart: But who do you take me for, Sir; ha?

Mus. I take your honour for our noble Governour of Syficus.

Lear. Governour of Syficus; Governour of a cheese-cake! I'm Father-in-Law to the great Æsop, Sirrah.

All

All bow to him.

Aside.] -- I shall be a great man:

Come, tune your fiddles; shake your legs; get all things ready. My Son in law will be here presently -- I shall be a great Man.

[*Exit.*

Mus. A great marriage, Brother: What dost think will be the end on't?

2 *Mus.* Why, I believe we shall see three turns upon't. This old fellow here will turn fool; his Daughter will turn Strumpet; and his Son-in-law will turn 'em both out of doors. But that's nothing to thee nor me, as long as we are paid for our fiddling, So tune away, Gentleman.

1 *Mus.* D'ye hear, trumpets? When the Bride appears, salute her with a melancholy waft. 'Twill suit her humour; for I guess she mayn't be over-well pleas'd.

Enter Learcus with several friends, and a Priest.

Lear. Gentlemen and friends, y'are all welcome. I have sent to as many of you as our short time wou'd give me leave, to desire you wou'd be witnesses of the honour the great *Æsop* designs our self and family. Hey; who attends there?

Go, let my Daug ter know I wait for her.

[*Ex. Servants.*

-- 'Tis a vast honour that is done me, Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* It is indeed, my Lord.

Lear. Aside.] Look you there; if they don't call me my Lord already -- I shall be a great man.

Enter Euphronia weeping, and leaning upon Doris, both in deep mourning.

Lear. How now? What's here? All in deep mourning?

mourning? Here's a provoking baggage for you.

[*The Trumpets sound a melancholy air till Æsop appears; and then the violins and hautboys strike up a Lancashire hornpipe.*]

Enter Æsop in a gay, foppish dress, long peruke, &c. a gaudy equipage of Pages and Footmen, all enter in an airy, brisk manner.

Æsop in an affected tone to Euphronia.] Gad take my soul, Mame, I hope I shall please you now -- Gentlemen all, I'm your humble Servant. I'm going to be a very happy man, you see.

To Euph.] When the heat of the ceremonie's over, if your Ladiship pleases, Mame, I'll wait upon you to take the air in the park. Hey, Page; let there be a coach and six horses ready instantly.

Observing her dress.] -- I vow to Gad, Mame, I was so taken up with my good fortune, I did not observe the extream fancy of your Ladiships wedding-cloaths... Infinitely pretty, as I hope to be fav'd; a world of variety, and not at all gaudy.

To Lear.] -- My dear Father-in-law, embrace me.

Lear. Your Lordship does me too much honour.

Aside.] -- I shall be a great Man.

Æsop. Come, Gentlemen, are all things ready? where's the Priest?

Priest. Here my Noble Lord.

Æsop. Most Reverend -- Will you please to say grace that I may fall to, for I'm hungry, and here's very good meat. But where's my Rival all this while? The least we can do, is to invite him to the wedding.

Lear. My Lord, he's in prison.

Æsop. In prison! How so?

Lear. He would have murder'd me.

Æsop.

Æsop. A bloody fellow! But let's see him however.
Send for him quickly.

Ha, Governour - that handsome Daughter of yours
I will so mumble her --

Lear. I shall be a great Man.

Enter Oronces pinion'd and guarded.

Æsop. O ho: Here's my Rival: Then we have all
we want. Advance, Sir, if you please. I desire
you'll do me the favour to be a witness to my marriage,
lest one of these days you shou'd take a fancy to dispute
my wife with me.

Or. Do you then send for me to insult me? 'Tis
bale in you.

Æsop. I have no time now to throw away upon
points of generosity; I have hotter work upon my
hands. Come, Priest, advance.

Lear. Pray hold him fast there; he has the Devil and
all of mischief in's eye.

Æsop. to Euph.] Will your Ladiship please, Mame,
to give me your fair hand -- hey -- day.

[She refuses her hand.

Lear. I'll give it you, my noble Lord, if she
won't.

Aside.] A stubborn, self-will'd, stiff-necked
strumpet.

*[Learcus holds out her hand to Æsop, who takes it;
Oronces stands on Æsops left hand, and the Priest
before 'em.*

Æsop. Let my Rival stand next me: Of all men I'd
have him be satisfy'd.

Or. Barbarous inhumane monster.

Æsop. Now, Priest, do thy office.

Flourish with the Trumpets.

Priest. Since the eternal Laws of Fate decree,
That he, thy husband; she, thy wife shou'd be,
May

May Heaven taken you to its care;

May *Jupiter* look down,

Place on your heads contentments crown;

And may his Godhead never frown

Upon this happy pair. [*Flourish again of Trumpets.*

[*As the Priest pronounces the last line, Æsop joins Oronces and Euphronias hands.*

Or. O happy change: blessings on blessings wait on the generous *Æsop*.

Æsop. Happy, thrice happy may you ever be,
And if you think there's something due to me,
Pay it in mutual love and constancy.

Euph. to Æsop. [You'll pardon me, most generous man,
It in the present transports of my soul,
Which you your self have by your bounty caus'd,
My willing tongue is ty'd from uttering
The thoughts that flow from a most grateful heart.

Æsop. For what I've done I merit little thanks,
Since what I've done my duty bound me to.
I wou'd your Father had acquitted his:
But he who's such a Tyrant o'er his children,
To sacrifice their peace to his ambition,
Is fit to govern nothing but himself.

Lo Lear.] And therefore, Sir, at my return to Court,
I shall take care this City may be sway'd
By more humanity than dwells in you.

Lear. Aside.] I shall be a great man.

Euph. to Æsop.] Had I not reason, from your
constant goodness,

To judge your bounty, Sir, is infinite;
I shou'd not dare to sue for farther favours:
But pardon me, if imitating Heaven and you,
I easily forgive my aged Father,
And beg that *Æsop* wou'd forgive him too.

[*Kneeling to him.*

Æsop. The injury he wou'd have done to you was
great

great indeed: but 'twas a blessing he design'd for me,
If therefore you can pardon him, I may

To Lear] Your injur'd Daughter, Sir, has on
her knees

Intreated for her cruel, barbarous Father;

And, by her goodness, has obtain'd her bitt.

If in theremnant of your days you can

Find out some way to recompence her, do it;

That men and Gods may pardon you, as she and I have
done. But let me see, I have one quarrel still to make
up. Where's my old friend, *Doris*?

Dor. She's here, Sir, at your service; and as much
your friend as ever: true to her principles, and firm to
her Mistress. But she has a much better opinion of you
now than she had half an hour ago.

Æsop. She has reason: For my soul appear'd then as
deform'd as my body. But I hope now one may so far
mediate for t'other, that provided I don't make love,
the women won't quarrel with me; for they are worse
enemies even than they are friends.

Come, Gentlemen, I'll humour my dress a little
longer, and share with you in the diversions these boon
companions have prepar'd us. Let's take our places,
and see how they can divert us.

*Æsop leads the Bride to her place. All being seated;
there's a short consort of hautboys, Trumpets, &c.
After which a dance between an old man, and young
woman, who shuns him still as he comes near her.
At last he stops, and begins this dialogue; which they
sing together.*

Old Man.

Why so cold, and why so coy?

What I want in youth and fire,

I have in love and in desire:

To my arms, my love, my joy:

Why so cold, and why so coy?

Woman

Woman.

'Tis sympathy perhaps with you;
You are cold, and I'm so too.

Old Man.

My years alone have froze my blood;
Youthful heat in female charms,
Glowing in my aged arms,
Wou'd melt it down once more into a flood.

Woman.

Women, alas, like flints, ne'er burn alone:
To make a virgin know
There's fire within the stone,
Some manly steel must boldly strike the blow.

Old man.

Assist me only with your charms,
You'll find I'm man, and still am bold;
You'll find I still can strike, tho' old:
I only want your aid to raise my arm.

Enter a Youth who seizes on the young woman,

Youth.

Who talks of charms, who talks of aid?
I bring an arm
That wants no charm,
To rouse the fire that's in a flinty maid.
Retire old age,
...Winter be gone:
Behold the youthful spring comes gayly on.
Here, here's a torch to light a virgins fire!
To my arms, my love, my joy;
When women have what they desire,
They're neither cold nor coy.

[She takes him in her arms.

The Song and Dance ended, Æsop takes Euphronia and Oronces by the hands, leading them forwards.

Æsop. By this time, my young eager couple, 'tis probable you wou'd be glad to be alone; perhaps you'll have a mind to go to-bed even without your supper; for Brides and Bridegrooms eat little on their wedding-night. But since, if matrimony were worn as it ought to be, it wou'd perhaps fit easier about us than usually it does, I'll give you one word of counsel, and so I shall release you.

When one is out of humour, let the other be dumb.
Let your diversions be such as both may have a share in 'em.

Never let familiarity exclude respect.

Be clean in your cloaths, but nicely so in your persons.

Eat at one table, lye in one room, but sleep in two beds.

I'll tell the Ladies why.

Turning to the Boxes.

In the sprightly month of *May*,
When males and females sport and play,
And kiss and toy away the day,

An eager sparrow and his mate,
Chirping on a tree were fate,
Full of love...and full of prate.

They talk't of nothing but their fires,
Of raging heats, and strong desires;
Of eternal constancy;

How true and faithful they wou'd be:
Of this and that, and endless joys,
And a thousand more such toys.

The only thing they apprehended,

F

Was

Was that their lives wou'd be so short;
 They cou'd not finish half their sport
 Before their days were ended.
 But as from bough to bough they rove,
 They chanc'd at last
 In furious haste,
 On a twig with birdlime spread,
 (Want of a more downy bed)
 To act a scene of love.
 Fatal it prov'd to both their fires:
 For tho' at length they broke away,
 And baulk'd the school-boy of his prey,
 Which made him weep the liev long day:
 The bridegroom, in the hasty strife,
 Was stuck so fast to his dear wife,
 That tho' he us'd his utmost art,
 He quickly found it was in vain,
 To put himself to farther pain,
 They never more must part.
 A gloomy shade o'ercast his brow;
 He found himself... I know not how;
 He look'd... as husbands often do.
 Where-e'er he mov'd, he felt her still,
 She kiss'd him oft against his will:
 Abroad, at home, at bed and board,
 With favours she o'erwhelm'd her Lord.
 Oft he turn'd his head away,
 And eldom had a word to say,
 Which absolutely spoil'd her play,
 For she was better stor'd.
 Howe'er at length her stock was spent,
 (For female fires sometimes may be
 Subject to mortality,)
 So back to back they sit, and sullenly repent.
 But the mute scene was quickly ended,
 The Lady for her share pretended
 The want of love lay at his door;

For her part she had still in store
Enough for him, and twenty more;
Which cou'd not be contented.
He answer'd her in homely words,
(For sparrows are but ill-bred birds)
That he already had enjoy'd
So much, that truly he was cloy'd.
Which so provok'd her spleen,
That after some good hearty prayers,
A jostle, and some spightful tears,
They fell together by the ears,
And ne'er were fond again.





Æ S O P.

P A R T I I.

S C E N E I.

Enter Players.

Æ S O P.

Well good people, who are all you?
Omnes. Sir we are Players...

Æsop. Players? What Players?

Play. Why, Sir, we are Stage-Players,
 That's our calling:

Tho' we play upon other things too; some of us play
 upon the fiddle; some play upon the flute; we play
 upon one another; we play upon the Town: We play
 upon the patentees.

Æsop. Patentees! prethee what are they?

Play. Why, they are, Sir ... Sir they are ...!
 Cod I don't know what they are ... Fish or flesh ...
 masters or servants ... Sometimes one ... Some-
 times t'other, I think ... just as we are in the
 mood.

Æsop. Why, I thought they had a lawful authority
 over you!

Play.

Play. Lawful authority, Sir... Sir, we are freeborn Englishmen, we care not for Law nor authority neither, when we are out of humour.

Æsop. But I think they pretended at least to an authority over you; 'pray' upon what foundation was it built?

Play. Upon a rotten one...if you'll believe us. Sir, I'll tell you what the Projectors did : They imbark'd twenty thousand pound upon a leaky vessel... She was built at *White-hall* ; I think they call'd her...the Patent...ay the Patent; Her keel was made of a Broad seal...and the King gave 'em a white staff for their main mast. She was a pretty tight frigot to look upon, indeed : They spar'd nothing to set her off; they gilded her, and painted her, and rigg'd, and gunn'd her. And so sent her a privateering. But the first storm that blew, down went the mast ; ashoar went the ship... Crack says the keel, mercy cry'd the Pilot ; But the wind was so high his pray'rs cou'd not be heard...so they split upon a rock... That lay hid under a petticoat.

Æsop. A very sad story, this: But what became of the ship's company?

Play. Why, Sir, your humble Servants here, who were the Officers, and the best of the sailors --- (Little Ben amongst the rest) seiz'd on a small bark that lay to our hand, & away we put to sea again. To say the truth, we were better mann'd than rigg'd, and ammunition was plaguy scarce amongst us... However, a cruising we went, and some petty small prizes we have made ; but the blessing of Heaven not being among us... Or how the devil 'tis, I can't tell; but we are not rich.

Æsop. Well, but what became of the rest of the crew?

Play. Why, Sir, as for the scoundrels, they, poor

poor dogs, stuck by the wrack. The Captain gave 'em bread and cheese, and good words... He told them, if they wou'd patch her up, and venture t'other cruise, he'd prefer 'em all; So to work they went, and to sea they got her.

Æsop. I hope he kept his word with 'em?

Play. That he did; he made the boatswains mate, Lieutenant; he made the Cook, Doctor: he was forc'd to be Purser, and Pilot, and Gunner himself; And the Swabber took orders to be Chaplain.

Æsop. But with such unskilful Officers I'm afraid they'll hardly keep above water long.

Play. Why truly, Sir, we care not how soon they are under: But curst folks thrive, I think. I know nothing else that makes 'em swim. I'm sure, by the rules of navigation, they ought to have over-set long since; for they carry a great deal of sail, and have very little ballast.

Æsop. I'm afraid you ruin one another. I fancy if you were all in a ship together again, you'd have less work, and more profit.

Play. Ah, Sir... we are resolv'd we'll never sail under Captain Patentee again.

Æsop. Prithee, why so?

Play. Sir, he has us'd us like dogs.

Wom. ... And bitches too, Sir.

Æsop. I'm sorry to hear that; pray' how was't he treated you?

Play. Sir, 'tis impossible to tell; he us'd us like the *English* at *Ambosyna*...

Æsop. But I wou'd know some particulars; tell me what 'twas he did to you?

Play. What he did, Sir, ... why, he did in the first place, Sir...

... In the first place, Sir, he did... I cod I don't know what he did... Can you tell, wife?

Wom. Yes, marry can I; and a burning shame it was too.

Play.

Play. O, I remember now, Sir, he wou'd not give us plumbs enough in our pudding.

Æsop. That indeed was very hard; but did he give you as many as he promis'd you?

Play. Yes, and more; but what of all that, we had not as many as we had a mind to ...

1 *Wom.* Sir, my husband tells you truth...

Æsop. I believe he may; but what other wrongs did he do you?

1 *Wom.* Why, Sir, he did not treat me with respect; 'twas not one day in three he wou'd so much as bid me good-morrow ...

2 *Wom.* Sir, he invited me to dinner, and never drank my health.

1 *Wom.* Then he cock'd his hat at Mrs. *Pert*.

2 *Wom.* Yes, and told Mrs. *Slippery* he had as good a face as she had.

Æsop. Why, these were unfufferable abuses ...

2 *Play.* Then, Sir, I did but come to him one day--and tell him I wanted fifty pound; and what do you think he did by me, Sir ...

Sir, he turn'd round upon his heel like a top ...

1 *Play.* But that was nothing to the affront he put upon me, Sir,

I came to him, and in very civil words, as I thought, desir'd him to double my pay: Sir, wou'd you believe it? He had the barbarity to ask me if I intended to double my work; and because I told him, No, Sir ... he did use me, good Lord, how he did use me.

Æsop. Prithee how?

1 *Play.* Why he walk'd off, and answer'd me never a word.

Æsop. How had you patience?

1 *Play.* Sir, I had not patience. I sent him a challenge: And what do you think his answer was ... he sent me word, I was a scoundrel Son of a whore, and he wou'd only fight me by proxy ...

Æsop. Very fine.

I Play. At this rate, Sir, were we poor dogs us'd ... till one frosty morning down he comes amongst us ... and very roundly tells us ... That for the future, no purchase no pay. They that wou'd not work should not eat ... Sir, we at first ask'd him coolly and civilly ... Why? His answer was because the Town wanted diversion, and he wanted money ... Our reply to this, Sir, was very short; but I think to the purpose.

Æsop. What was it?

I Play. It was, Sir, that so we wallow'd in plenty ... and ease, the Town and he might be damn'd ... This, Sir, is the true history of our separation and we hope you'll stand our friend ...

Æsop. I'll tell you what, Sirs ...

I once a pack of a beagles knew ...
That much resembled I know who:
With at good Huntsman at their tail.
In full command,
With whip in hand,
They'd run apace
The cheartful chace,
And of their game were seldom known to fail.
But being at length their chance to find
A Huntsman of a gentler kind,
They soon perceiv'd the rein was slack.
The word went quickly through the pack ...
They one and all cry'd liberty:
This happy moment we are free.
We'll range the woods,
Like Nymphs and Gods,
And spend our mouths in praise of mutiny.
With that old Fowler trots away,
And Lowman singles out his prey.
Thunder bellow'd through the wood,
And swore he'd burst his guts with blood.

Venus tript it o'er the plain,
 With boundless hopes of boundless gain.
 ... *Juno*, she slipt down the hedge,
 But left her sacred word for pledge;
 That all she pickt up by the by ...
 Shou'd to the publick treasury.
 And well they might rely upon her,
 For *Juno* was a bitch of honour.
 In short, they all had hopes to see
 A heavenly crop of mutiny,
 And so to reaping fell.
 But in a little time they found,
 It was the Devil had till'd the ground,
 And brought the seed from hell.
 The pack divided, nothing throve:
 Discor'd seiz'd the throne of love.
 Want and misery all endure,
 All take pains, and all grow poor.
 When they had toyl'd the live long day,
 And come at night to view their prey,
 Oft alas so ill they sped,
 That half went supperless to-bed.
 At length they all in council sate,
 Where at a very fair debate,
 It was agreed at last,
 That slavery, with ease and plenty,
 When hounds were something turn'd of twenty,
 Was much a better fate,
 Then 'twas to work and fast.
 I *Play*. We'll, Sir ... and what did they do
 then?

Æsop. Why they all went home to their kennel again.
 If you think they did wisely, you'll do well to follow
 their exemple.

[Exit *Æsop*.

I *Play*. Well, Beagles. What think you of the little
 Gentlemans advice?

2 *Wom.* I think he's a little ugly Philosopher, and talks like a fool.

1 *Play.* Ay, why there's it now! if he had been a tall handsome blockhead, he had talk't like a wise Man.

2 *Wom.* Why, do you think, Mr. Fowler, that we'll ever join again?

1 *Play.* I do think, sweet Mrs. Juno, that if we do not join again, you must be a little freer of your carcass than you are, or you must bring down your pride to a serge petticoat.

1 *Wom.* And do you think, Sir, after the affronts I have receiv'd, the Patent and I can ever be friends?

1 *Play.* I do think, Madam, that if my interest had not been more affronted than your face, the Patent and you had never been foes.

1 *Wom.* And so, Sir, then you have serious thoughts of a reconciliation?

1 *Play.* Madam, I do believe I may.

1 *Wom.* Why then, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that ... make it my interest, and I'll have serious thoughts on't too.

2 *Wom.* Nay, if you are thereabouts, I desire to come into the treaty.

3 *Play.* And I.

4 *Play.* And I.

2 *Play.* And I. No separate Peace. None of your *Turin* play, I beseech you.

1 *Play.* Why then, since you are all so Christianly dispos'd ... I think we had best adjourn, immediately to our Council-Chamber; chuse some potent Prince for mediator, and guarantee ... Fix upon the place of treaty, dispatch our Plenipos, and whip up the Peace like an oyster. For under the rose, my confederates, here is such a damn'd discount upon our Bills, I'm afraid, if we stand it out another Campaign we must live upon slender substance.

[*Exeunt.*



S C E N E I I.

Enter Æsop. And a little after,

Enter a Country Gentleman, who walks too and fro, looking angrily upon Æsop.

Æsop.

HAve you any business with me, Sir?

Gent. -- I can't tell whether I have or not.

Æsop. You seem disturb'd, Sir.

Gent. I'm always so at the sight of a Courtier.

Æsop. Pray what may it be that gives you so great an antipathy to 'em?

Gent. My profession.

Æsop. What's that?

Gent. Honesty.

Æsop. 'Tis an honest profession.

I hope, Sir, for the general good of mankind, you are in some publick employment?

Gent. So I am Sir -- no thanks to the Court.

Æsop. You are then, I suppose, employ'd by, --

Gent. My Country.

Æsop. Who have made you ---

Gent. A Senator.

Æsop. Sir, I reverence you.

[*bowing.*

Gent. Sir you may reverence as low as you please; but I shall spare none of you. Sir, I am intrusted by my Country with above ten thousand of their grievances, and in order to redress 'em, my design is to hang ten thousand Courtiers.

Æsop. Why, 'tis making short work, I must confess: But are you sure, Sir, that wou'd do't?

Gent. Sure -- Ay sure.

Æsop. How do you know?

Gent. Why the whole country says so, and I at the head of 'em: now let me see who dares say the contrary.

Æsop. Not I, truly. But, Sir, if you won't take it ill, I'll ask you a question or two.

Gent. Sir, I shall take ill what I please. And if you, or e'er a Courtier of you all pretend the contrary, I lay, it's a breach of Priviledge -- Now put your question, if you think fit.

Æsop. Why then, Sir, with all due regard to your character, and your priviledge too, I wou'd be glad to know what you chiefly complain of?

Gent. Why, Sir, I do chiefly complain, that we have a great many ships, and very little trade.

A great many tenants, and very little money.

A great many Soldiers, and very little fighting.

A great many *Gazettes*, and little good news.

A great many States-men, and very little wisdom.

A great many Parsons, and not an ounce of Religion.

Æsop. Why truly, Sir, I do confess these are grievances very well worth your redressing. I perceive you are truly sensible of our diseases, but I'm afraid you are a little out in the cure.

Gent. Sir, I perceive you take me for a Countrey-Physician: But you shall find, Sir, that a Countrey Doctor is able to a deal with a Court-Quack; and to shew you, that I do understand something of the state of the body Politick, I will tell you, Sir, that I have heard a wise Man say; the Court is the stomach of the Nation, in which, if the business be not thoroughly digested, the whole carcass will be in disorder. Now, Sir, I do find by the latitude of the Members, and the vapours that fly into the head, that this same stomach is full of indigestions, which must be remov'd. And therefore, Sir, I am

come

come post to Town with my head full of *Crocus Mem.* and design to give the Court a vomit.

Æsop. Sir, the Physick you mention, tho' necessary sometimes, is of too violent a nature to be us'd without a great deal of caution. I'm afraid you are a little too rash in your prescriptions. Is it not possible you may be mistaken in the cause of the distemper?

Gent. Sir, I do not think it possible I shou'd be mistaken in any thing.

Æsop. Have you been long a Senator?

Gent. No, Sir.

Æsop. Have you been much about Town?

Gent. No, Sir.

Æsop. Have you convers'd much with men of business?

Gent. No, Sir.

Æsop. Have you made any serious enquiry into the present disorders of the nation?

Gent. No, Sir.

Æsop. Have you ever heard what the men now employ'd in business have to say for themselves?

Gent. No, Sir.

Æsop. How then do you know they deserve to be punish'd for the present disorders in your affairs?

Gent. I'll tell you how I know.

Æsop. I wou'd be glad to hear.

Gent. Why I know by this -- I know it, I say; by this -- that I'm sure on't -- And to give you demonstration that I'm sure on't, there is not one man in a good post in the nation -- but I'd give my vote to hang him: now I hope you are convinc'd?

Æsop. As for example. The first Minister of State, why wou'd you hang him?

Gent. Because he gives bad council.

Æsop. How do you know?

Gent. Why they say so.

Æsop. And who wou'd you put in his room?

Gent. One that wou'd give better.

Æsop. Who's that?

Gent. My self.

Æsop. The Secretary of State, why wou'd you hang him?

Gent. Because he has not good intelligence.

Æsop. How do you know?

Gent. I have heard so.

Æsop. And who wou'd you put in his place?

Gent. My Father.

Æsop. The Treasurer, why would you hang him?

Gent. Because he does not understand his business.

Æsop. How do you know?

Gent. I dreamt so.

Æsop. And who would you have succeed him?

Gent. My Uncle

Æsop. The Admiral, why would you hang him?

Gent. Because he has not destroyed the enemies.

Æsop. How do you know he could do it?

Gent. Why I believe so.

Æsop. And who would you have command in his stead?

Gent. My Brother.

Æsop. And the General, why would you hang him.

Gent. Because he took ne'er a Town last campaign?

Æsop. And how do you know 'twas in his power?

Gent. Why, I don't care a fous whether it was in's power or not. But I have a Son at home, a brave chopping lad; he has been Captain in the *Militia* this twelve months. and I'd be glad to see him in his place. What do you stare for Sir? ha? I gad I tell you he'd scoure all the Devils. He's none of your fencers; none of your *Sa, Sa* men. *Numphs* is downright; that's his play. You may see his courage in his face. He has a pair of cheeks like two bladders, a nose as flat as your hand, and a forehead like a bull.

Æsop.

Æsop. In short, Sir, I find if you and your family were provided for things would soon go better than they do.

Gent. And so they wou'd, Sir. Clap me at the head of the State, and *Nymphs* at the head of the Army; He with his club musquet, and I with a club head-piece, we'd soon put an end to your business.

Æsop. I believe you wou'd indeed. And therefore since I happen to be acquainted with your extraordinary abilities, I am resolv'd to give the King an account of you, and employ my interest with him, that you and your Son may have the posts you desire.

Gent. Will you by the Lord? Give me your fist, Sir -- the only honest Courtier that ever I met within my life.

Æsop. But, Sir, when I have done you this mighty piece of service, I shall have a small request to beg of you, which I hope you won't refuse me.

Gent. What's that?

Æsop. Why 'tis in behalf of the two Officers who are to be displac'd to make room for you and your Son.

Gent. the Secretary and the General?

Æsop. The same. 'Tis pity they should be quite out of business. I must therefore desire you'll let me recommend one of 'em to you for your Balliff, and t'other for your Huntsman.

Gent. My Balliff and my Huntsman? -- Sir, that's not to be granted.

Æsop. Pray why?

Gent. Why? -- Because one wou'd ruin my land and t'other wou'd spoil my fox-hounds.

Æsop. Why do you think so?

Gent. Why do I think so? -- These Courtiers will ask the strangest questions -- Why Sir, do you think that men bred up to the State and the Army,
can

can understand the business of ploughing and hunting?

Æsop. I did not know but they might.

Gent. How cou'd you think so?

Æsop. Because I see men bred up to ploughing and hunting, understand the business of the State and the Army.

Gent. I'm shot--I ha'n't one word to say for my self-- I never was so caught in my life.

Æsop. I perceive, Sir by your looks what I have said has made some impression upon you; and would perhaps do more if you wou'd give it leave.

Taking his hand.] Come, Sir, tho' I am a stranger to you, I can be your friend; my favour at Court does not hinder me from being a lover of my Country. 'Tis my nature, as well as principles, to be pleas'd with the prosperity of mankind. I wish all things happy, and my study is to make 'em so.

The distempers of the government, which I own are great, have employ'd the stretch of my understanding, and the deepest of my thoughts, to penetrate the cause and to find out the remedy; But alas! all the product of my study is this; that I find there is too near a resemblance between the diseases of the State and those of the body, for the most expert Minister to become a greater master in one, than the College is in t'other. And how far their skill extends, you may see by this lump upon my back. Allowances in all professions there must be, since 'tis weak man that is the weak Professor. Believe me, Senator, for I have seen the proof on't. The longest heard amongst us is a fool. Cou'd you but stand behind the curtain, and there observe the secret springs of State, you'd see in all the good or evil that attends it, ten ounces of chance for one grain of wisdom or roguery.

You'd see, perhaps, a venerable Statesman sit fast asleep

asleep in a great downy chair ; whilst in that soft vacation of his thought , blind Chance (or what at least we blindly call so) shall so dispose a thousand secret wheels , that when he wakes , he needs but write his name , to publish to the world some blest event , for which his statue shall be rais'd in brass.

Perhaps a moment thence , you shall behold him torturing his brain : His thoughts all stretcht upon the rack for publick service. The live-long night , when all the world's at rest , consum'd in care , and watching for their safety , when by a whirlwind in his fate , in spite of him some mischief shall befall 'em , for which a furious Sentence strait shall pass , and they shall vote him to the scaffold. Even thus uncertain are the rewards and punishments ; and even thus little do the people know when 'tis the Statesman merits one or t'other.

Gent. Now do I believe I am beginning to be a wise man ; for I never till now perceiv'd I was a fool. But do you then really believe , Sir , our men in business do the best they can ?

Æsop. Many of 'em do : Some perhaps do not. But this you may depend upon ; He that is out of business is the worst Judge in the world of him that is in : First , because he seldom knows any thing of the matter ; and secondly , because he always desires to get his place.

Gent. And so , Sir , you turn the tables upon the plaintiff , and play the fool and knave at his door.

Æsop. If I do him wrong I'm sorry for't. Let him examine himself , he'll find whether I do or not.

[*Exit Æsop.*]

Gent. ... Examine ! ... I think I have had enough of that already. There's nothing left , that I know of , but to give sentence : And truly I think there's no great difficulty in that. A very pretty fellow I am indeed. Here am I come bellowing and roaring 200. miles

miles post to find my self an ass ; when with one quarter of an hours consideration I might have made the self-same discovery , without going over my threshold. Well ! if ever they send me on their errand to reform the State again, I'll be damn'd. But this I'll do : I'll go home and reform my family if I can : Them I'm sure I know : There's my father's a peevish old coxcomb. There's my Uncle's a drunken old sot : There's my brother's a cowardly bully : Son *Nymphs* is a lubberly whelp : I've a great ramping daughter , that stares like a heifer , and a wife that's a flatteringly sow. [Exit.]



SCENE III.

Enter a young gay , airy Beau , who stands smiling contemptibly upon Æsop.

Æsop. Well, Sir, what are you ?

Beau. A Fool.

Æsop. That's impossible ; ... for if thou wer't thou'd't think thy self a wise man.

Beau. So I do... This is my own opinion ... the t'others my neighbours. [Walking airily about.]

Æsop. *gazing after him.*] Have you any business with me, Sir ?

Beau. Sir , I have business with no body ... pleasure's my study.

Æsop. *Aside.*] An odd fellow this ... Pray Sir , who are you ?

Beau. I can't tell...

Æsop. ... Do you know who I am ?

Beau. No Sir : I'm a favourite at Court, and I neither know my self, nor any body else.

Æsop. Are you in any employment ?

Beau. Yes...

Æsop.

Æsop. What is it?

Beau. I don't know the name on't.

Æsop. You know the business on't I hope?

Beau. That I do ... the business of it is ... to ...
put in a Deputy, and receive the money.

Æsop. ... Pray what may be your name?

Beau. Empty.

Æsop. Where do you live?

Beau. In the side-box.

Æsop. What do you do there?

Beau. I ogle the Ladies.

Æsop. To what purpose?

Beau. To no purpose.

Æsop. Why then do you do it?

Beau. Because they like it, and I like it.

Æsop. Wherein consists the pleasure?

Beau. In playing the fool.

Æsop. ... Pray Sir, what age are you?

Beau. Five and twenty ... my body ... my head's
about fifteen

Æsop. Is your father living?

Beau. Dead, thank God.

Æsop. Has he been long so?

Beau. Positively yes.

Æsop. Where were you brought up?

Beau. At school.

Æsop. What school?

Beau. The school of *Venus*.

Æsop. Were you ever at the University?

Beau. Yes.

Æsop. What study did you follow there?

Beau. My bed maker.

Æsop. How long did you stay?

Beau. Till I had lost my maidenhead.

Æsop. Why did you come away?

Beau. Because I was expell'd.

Æsop. Where did you go then?

Beau. To Court.

Æsop. Who took care of your education there?

Beau. A whore and a dancing master.

Æsop. What did you gain by them?

Beau. A *Menuet*, and the *Pox*.

Æsop. Have you an estate?

Beau. I had.

Æsop. What's become on't?

Beau. Spent.

Æsop. In what?

Beau. In a twelvemonth.

Æsop. But how?

Beau. Why, in dressing, drinking, whoring, claps, dice and Scriveners. What do you think of me now, old Gentleman?

Æsop. Pray what do you think of your self?

Beau. I don't think at all: I know how to bestow my time better.

Æsop. Are you married?

Beau. No... have you ever a daughter to bestow upon me?

Æsop. She wou'd be well bestow'd.

Beau. Why, I'm a strong young dog, you old Put you; she may be worse coupled...

Æsop. Have you then a mind to a wife, Sir!

Beau. *Yaw myn Heer.*

Æsop. What wou'd you do with her.

Beau. Why, I'd take care of her affairs, rid her of all her troubles, her maidenhead, and her portion.

Æsop. And pray what sort of wife wou'd you be willing to throw your self away upon?

Beau. Why, upon one that has youth, beauty, quality, vertue, wit and money.

Æsop. And how may you be qualified your self, to back you in your pretensions to such a one?

Beau

Beau. Why, I am qualified with ... a periwig... a snuff-box, a feather, ... a ... smooth face, ... a fools head ... and a patch.

Æsop. But one question more: What settlements can you make?

Beau. Settlements? ... Why, if she be a very great heiress indeed, I believe I may settle ... my self upon her for life, and my pox upon her children for ever.

Æsop. 'Tis enough; you may expect I'll serve you, if it lyes in my way. But I wou'd not have you relye too much upon your success, because people sometimes are mistaken... As for example...

An Ape there was of nimble parts;
A great intruder into hearts,
As brisk, and gay, and full of air,
As you, or I, or any here;
Rich in his dress, of splendid shew,
And with an head like any beau.
Eternal mirth was in his face;
Where'er he went
He was content,
So Fortune had but kindly sent
Some Ladies... and a looking-glass:
Encouragement they always gave him;
Encouragement to play the fool;
For soon they found it was a tool,
Wou'd hardly be so much in love,
But that the mumbling of a glove,
Or tearing of a fan wou'd save him.

These bounties he accepts as proof
Of feats done by his wit and youth;
He gives their freedom gone for ever;
Concludes each female heart undone,
Except that very happy one,
To which he'd please to do the favour.

In short, so smooth his matters went,
He quest, where-e'er his thoughts were bent
The Lady he must carry.

So put on a fine new cravat,
He comb'd his wig, he cock't his hat,
And gave it out, he'd marry.

But here, alas! he found to's cost,
He had reckon'd long without his host:
For whereso'er he made the attack,
Poor pug with shame was beaten back.

The first fair she he had in chace;
Was a young cat, extreamly rich,
Her mother was a noted witch;
So had the daughter prov'd but civil,
He had been related to the Devil.
But when he came
To urge his flame,
She scratcht him o'er the face.

With that he went among the bitches;
Such as had beauty, wit and riches,
And swore miss *Maulkin*, to her cost,
Shou'd quickly see what she had lost.
But the poor unlucky swain
Miss'd his shepherdes again;
His fate was to miscarry.
It was his destiny to find,
That cats and dogs are of a mind,
When monkeys come to marry.

Beau. 'Tis very well; ... 'Tis very well, old spark;
I say, 'tis very well. Because I han't a pair of plod
shoes, and a dirty shirt, you think a woman
won't venture upon me for a husband... Why now
to shew you, old father, how little you Philoso-
phers know of the Ladies, -- I'll tell you an Adventure
of a friend mine.

A Band, a bob wig, and a feather;
 Attack'd a Ladys heart together:
 The Band in a most learned plea,
 Made up of deep Philosophy,
 Told her, if she wou'd please to wed
 A reverend beard, and take instead
 Of vigorous youth,
 Old solemn truth,
 With books and morals into bed,
 How happy she wou'd be.

The Bob he talk't of management,
 What wondrous blessings Heaven sent
 On care, and pains, and industry;
 And truly he must be so free,
 To own he thought your airy Beaus,
 With powder'd wigs and dancing shoes,
 Were good for nothing (mend his soul)
 But prate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas *Wealth* gave joy and mirth
 And that to be the dearest wife
 Of one who labour'd all his life,
 To make a mine of gold his own,
 And not spend *six-pence* when he'd done,
 Was Heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
 The Feather (as it might be me)
 Steps out, Sir, from behind the skreen,
 With such an air, and such a mien!
 Look you, old Gentleman, in short,
 He quickly spoil'd the statesmens sport.

It prov'd such Sun-shine weather,
 That you must know, at the first beck,
 The Lady leapt about his neck,
 And off they went together.

To *Æsop*.] There's a tale for your tale, Old Dad
and so... *Serviteur*. [Exit.

The End of the Second Part.





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